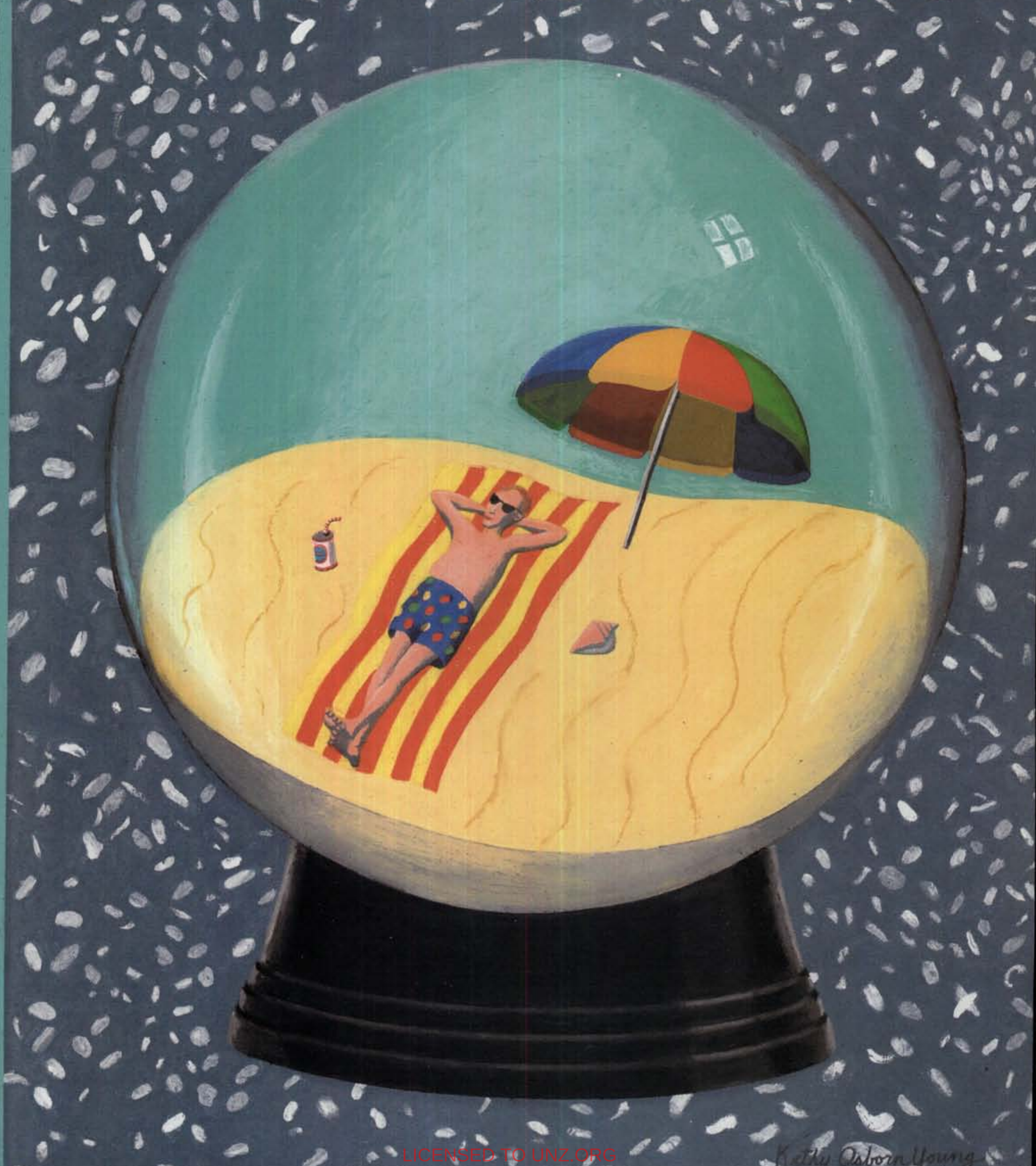
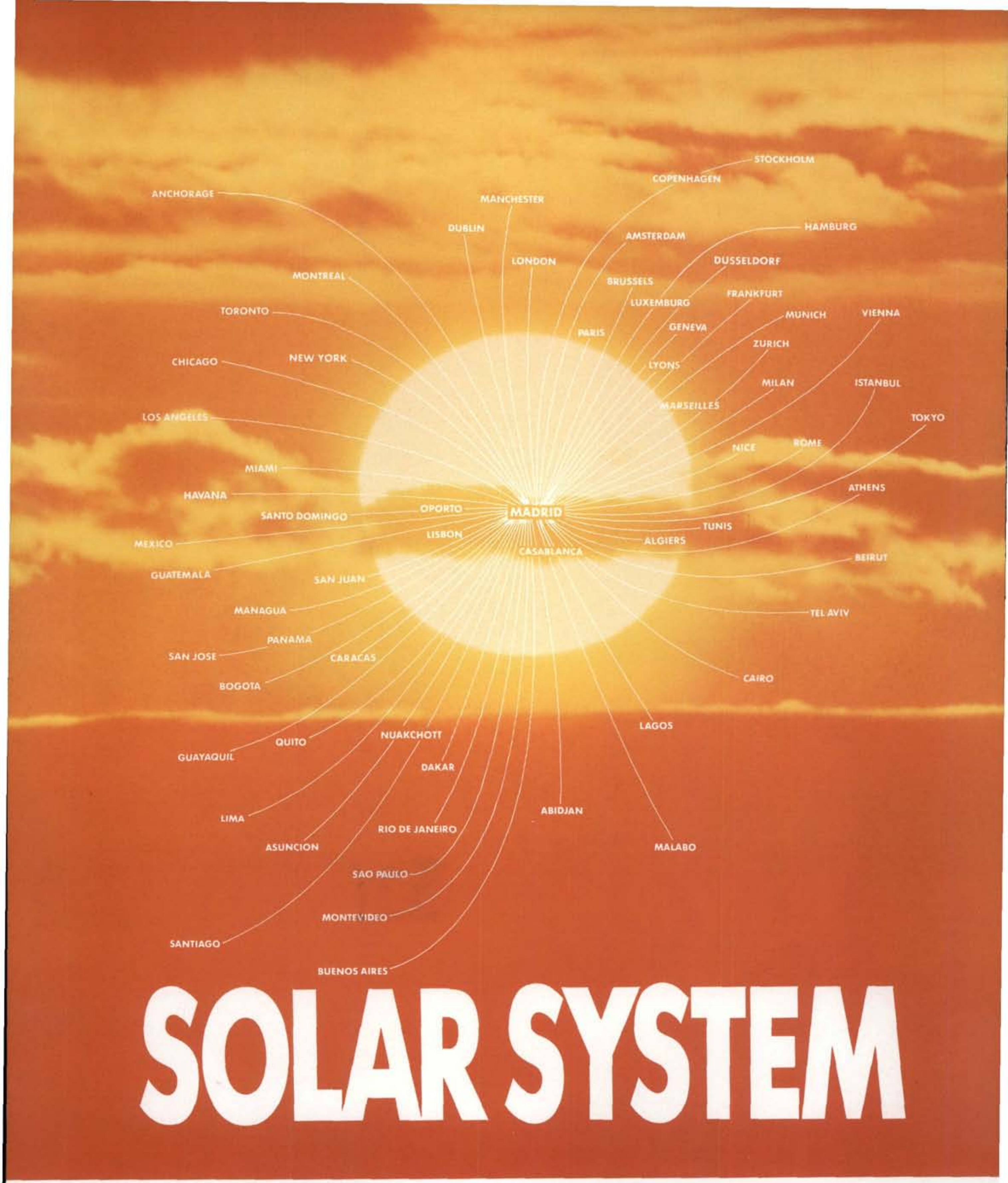
Mar. 12, 1990 Price $1.75

THE NEW YORKER


Kathy Osborn Young


STOCKHOLM
COPENHAGEN
ANCHORAGE
MANCHESTER
DUBLIN
AMSTERDAM
HAMBURG
LONDON
DUSSELDORF
MONTREAL
BRUSSELS
LUXEMBURG
FRANKFURT
TORONTO
MUNICH
VIENNA
GENEVA
PARIS
ZURICH
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
LYONS
MILAN
ISTANBUL
MARSEILLES
LOS ANGELES
TOKYO
NICE
ROME
MIAMI
ATHENS
HAVANA
OPORTO
MADRID
SANTO DOMINGO
TUNIS
LISBON
MEXICO
ALGIERS
CASABLANCA
BEIRUT
GUATEMALA
SAN JUAN
MANAGUA
TEL AVIV
PANAMA
SAN JOSE
CARACAS
BOGOTA
CAIRO
LAGOS
NUAKCHOTT
QUITO
GUAYAQUIL
DAKAR
ABIDJAN
LIMA
RIO DE JANEIRO
ASUNCION
MALABO
SAO PAULO
MONTEVIDEO
SANTIAGO
BUENOS AIRES
SOLAR SYSTEM

When you're travelling it's reassuring to know you can rely on a perfectly coordinated flight schedule. Carefully devised to allow for time differences at each destination, with no-wait connections, at convenient times. Ensuring you can make the most of your day.

Only a truly international airline can make this possible. And if that airline can also offer you the warmth and hospitality of the Spanish sun, you should have no doubts as to which way to fly.

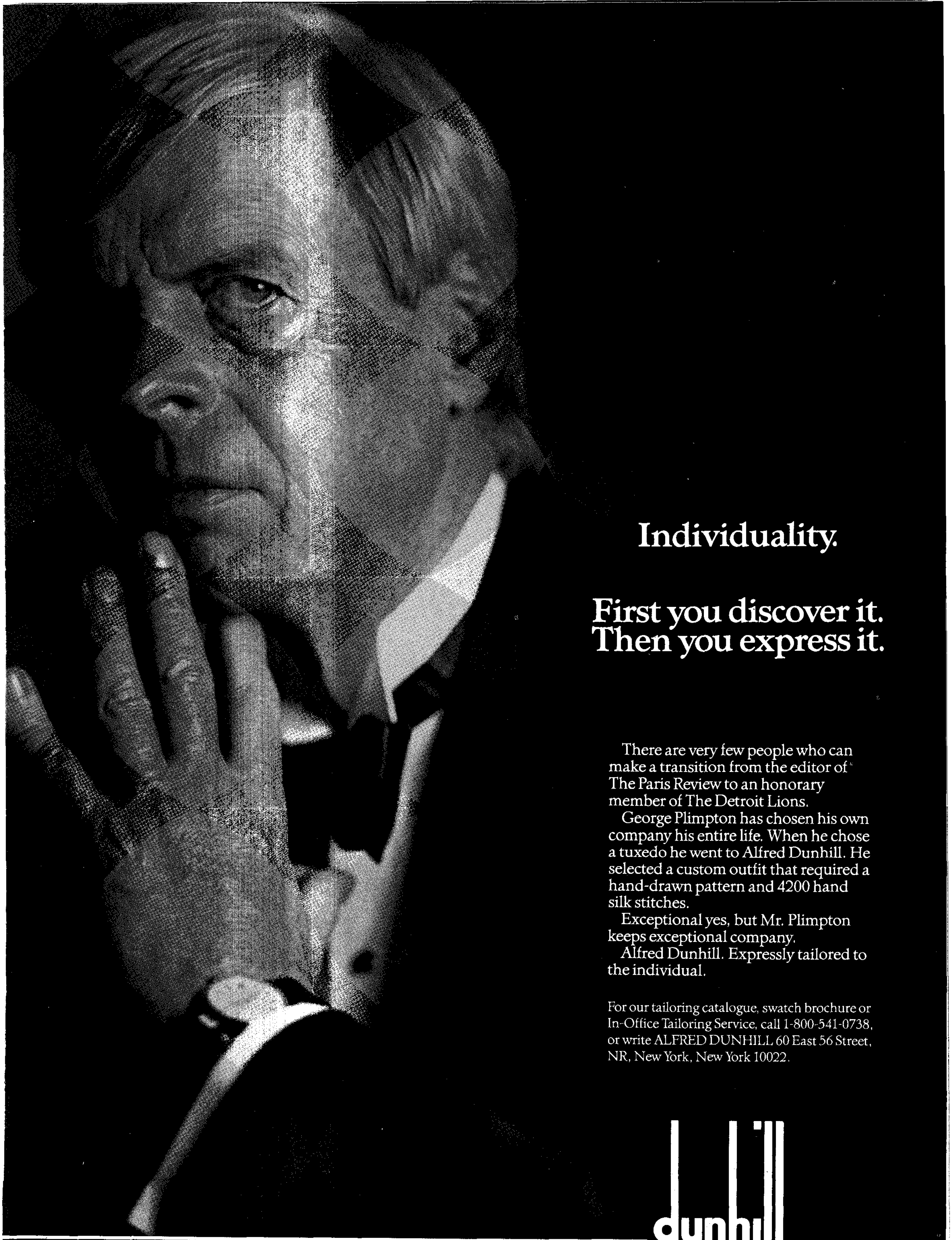
Call your travel agent or 1-800-SPAIN-IB.

IBERIA

AIRLINES OF SPAIN

WARM TO THE EXPERIENCE.

Ayer



Individuality.

First you discover it. Then you express it.

There are very few people who can make a transition from the editor of The Paris Review to an honorary member of The Detroit Lions.

George Plimpton has chosen his own company his entire life. When he chose a tuxedo he went to Alfred Dunhill. He selected a custom outfit that required a hand-drawn pattern and 4200 hand silk stitches.

Exceptional yes, but Mr. Plimpton keeps exceptional company.

Alfred Dunhill. Expressly tailored to the individual.

For our tailoring catalogue, swatch brochure or In-Office Tailoring Service, call 1-800-541-0738, or write ALFRED DUNHILL 60 East 56 Street, NR, New York, New York 10022.

dunhill

NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA • BEVERLY HILLS • SAN FRANCISCO • SOUTH COAST PLAZA • CHICAGO • ATLANTA • HOUSTON • DALLAS • HONOLULU
VISIT OUR NEW LOCATIONS: IN NEW YORK AT 60 WALL STREET • IN PHILADELPHIA AT THE BELLEVUE

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

RECEIVED
MAR 8 1990

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

MARCH 12, 1990

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27

"THE CUSTODIAN" . . . . *Deborah Eisenberg* 32

"THE AFTERLIFE" (POEM) . . . . *Debora Greger* 36

"WHAT WORK IS" (POEM) . . . . *Philip Levine* 42

PROFILES (JUSTICE WILLIAM BRENNAN) . . . . *Nat Hentoff* 45

"IN APHRODISIAS" (POEM) . . . . *Stephen Stepanchev* 64

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Terrence Rafferty* 71

LETTER FROM EUROPE (THE SOVIET UNION) . . . . *Jane Kramer* 74

AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 91

BOOKS . . . . *Judith Thurman* 97

COVER: *Kathy Osborn Young*

DRAWINGS: *Bernard Schoenbaum, Donald Reilly, Tom Cheney, Danny Shanahan, William Steig, Lee Lorenz, Roz Chast, Edward Frascino, Robert Mankoff, Eldon Dedini, Jack Ziegler, Burt Silverman, Victoria Roberts, Eric Teitelbaum, Mick Stevens, Michael Maslin, Leo Cullum, Dana Fradon, Mike Twohy, Richard Cline, Gahan Wilson, Mischa Richter*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and business manager; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and advertising director; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Carol Orr & Co., Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 500, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXVI, No. 4, March 12, 1990. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. *© 1990 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada.* All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $50.00. Other foreign, one year, $56.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

UNITED STATES

Austin

Boston

Chicago

Chicago
(Ritz-Carlton)

Houston
(Center)

Houston
(Inn on the Park)

Los Angeles
(At Beverly Hills)

New York
(The Pierre)

Newport Beach, California

Philadelphia

San Francisco

Seattle

Washington, D.C.

CANADA

Montreal
(Le Quatre Saisons)

Ottawa

Toronto
(Yorkville)

Toronto
(Inn on the Park)

Vancouver

UNITED KINGDOM

London
(Inn on the Park)

RESORTS

Dallas
(Las Colinas)

Maui
(Wailea)

Nevis
(Winter 1990)

Santa Barbara
(The Biltmore)

Canada
(Minaki Lodge,
Northern Ontario)

For reservations, call your travel agent, or in the U.S. call: (800) 332-3442; in Canada (800) 268-6282.

Four Seasons
Hotels • Resorts

© 1990 Four Seasons Hotels Ltd.

LILOO IS WARM, KNOWLEDGEABLE, GRACIOUS AND ABSOLUTELY RUTHLESS IN THE FULFILLMENT OF YOUR EVERY WISH.
Liloo, Concierge
Four Seasons Hotel,
Toronto

Not only can our incandescent concierge find you a secretary fluent in Japanese, but also deftly corner the last First-Class seat on the evening flight. Moreover, she possesses the worldliness that opens doors to the newest bistros and makes sold-out tickets appear before your eyes. For Liloo, like all our employees, believes accommodating you must not merely be a livelihood but a life's passion.

Four Seasons
Hotels • Resorts

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14			

THE THEATRE

WHOEVER'S tired of London imports (and upper-middle-class gender comedy) might do well to check out a play by Willy Holtzman called "Bovver Boys," currently running at the 45th Street Theatre. Set in 1970, "Bovver Boys" is about an American conscientious objector (a Quaker) who goes over to Scotland to do community-service work and the hostility he encounters from youth gangs there. (A "bovver" is a rumble.) The themes of the play are violence versus passive resistance, class conflict, and the desperation and confinement felt by the young people of Britain's industrial cities. Holtzman doesn't offer any easy solutions—on the contrary, the play's point is the futility of trying to change hopeless people and situations.

The production, by the Primary Stages theatre company, is one of those rare instances in which a play with a disheartening message fails to depress, because the experience of watching first-rate acting has been so uplifting. The pleasure here has to do with seeing a cast of (for the most part) extremely young actors accurately and rivetingly portray people from another time and place. We were so wowed by the quality of the acting and direction of this production that we didn't really worry too much about the quality of the play. It's probably not flawless (we wouldn't like to oversell it). Still, there's good writing there: two wonderful sports metaphors—one about boxing, one about basketball—and a cleverness in the title, which ends up haunting you. "Bovver," you have to figure, is a Cockney corruption of the word "bother," as in the very British and aloof expression "I'm not bothered" (for "I don't mind" or "I don't care"). As you learn more about the importance of violence to the young people in the play—it's the only thing they live for—the word they use for it takes on the quality of a hideous but informative understatement. It tells you that much more about the way things are in Britain and why they will always stay the same.

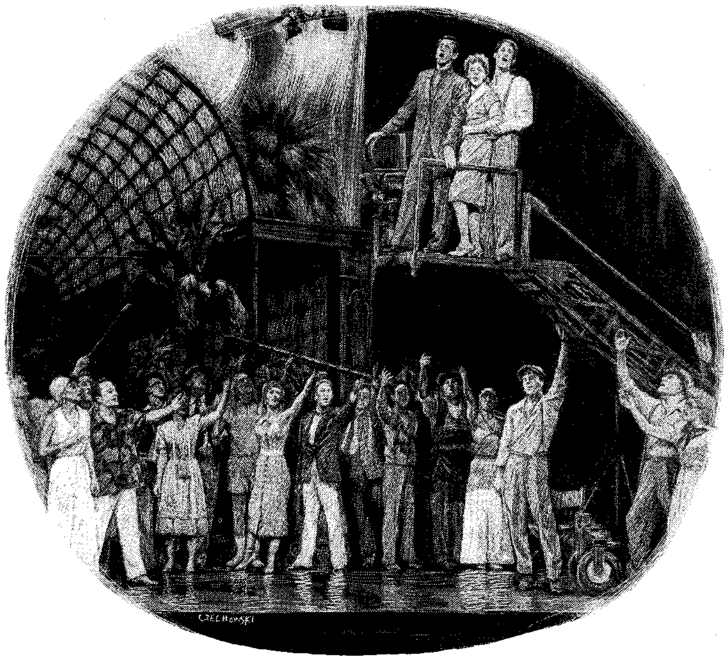
OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Bad Habits—A revival of two 1973 one-acts by Terrence McNally. Nathan Lane, Kate Nelligan, and Faith Prince are in the cast. Directed by Paul Benedict. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

By and for Havel—Two one-act plays: **AUDIENCE,** by Václav Havel, and **CATASTROPHE,** Samuel Beckett's 1982 drama dedicated to Havel. Kevin O'Connor and Lou Brockway are in both works, which were staged by the Czech director Vasek Simek. Previews March 6-7. The show opens March 8 at 8. (John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Circle Repertory Company—Presenting **PRELUDE TO A KISS,** a new comedy by Craig Lucas. Alec Baldwin, Barnard Hughes, and Mary-Louise Parker are in the cast, which was directed by Norman René. Previews through March 13. Opens March 14 at 8. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)


"City of Angels"

Jonah—A new musical by Elizabeth Swados, based on Robert Nathan's novel "Jonah and the Whale." In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Making Movies—A new comedy by Aaron Sorkin, the author of "A Few Good Men." With Michael Countryman and David Marshall Grant. In previews. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

A Mom's Life—A one-woman play written and performed by Kathryn Grody, and directed by Timothy Near. Previews through March 10. Opens March 11 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Oba Oba '90—An updated version of a Brazilian music-and-dance revue that played here in 1988. Previews begin March 7. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.)

The Sound of Music—Debby Boone is Maria in the New York City Opera's production of the Rodgers and Hammerstein classic. Previews through March 7. Opens March 8 at 6:30. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Spare Parts—A play by Elizabeth Page. Previews through March 11. Opens March 12 at 7. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

NEW THIS SEASON

Away Alone—No one could accuse Janet Noble's sweet, feckless comedy about young Irish immigrants in the Bronx of being overly sophisticated. The play is innocent, sentimental, and old-fashioned—a little like the characters it portrays—but the feeling it creates in the audience becomes infectious, a little like the laughter it inspires. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

Bovver Boys—A play by Willy Holtzman, presented by the Primary Stages theatre company. (45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. 333-7471. Closes March 10.)

Cahoots—A new comedy by Rick Johnston, set on the Upper East Side. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Carbondale Dreams—Steven Sater's trilogy about a family of Ugly-American Jews in the Midwest began life as a pair of one-acts entitled "Beth" and "Bradley." (A third, "Arnold," has since been added.) We sat through "Beth" and found it so full of Jewish self-hate and hostility toward one's parents (the work reeks of autobiography) as to be unendurable. *Perhaps Sater needs to be reminded that the best revenge is living well, not writing poorly.* (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

The Circle—Rex Harrison, Glynis Johns, Stewart Granger, and an able supporting company have raised Somerset Maugham to the heights of Sheridan and Congreve. The play is about an elderly couple who pay a visit to the wife's middle-aged son, whom she deserted thirty years before. Brian Murray directed the fine production. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/4/89.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

City of Angels—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in absolutely top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular settings and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (12/25/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

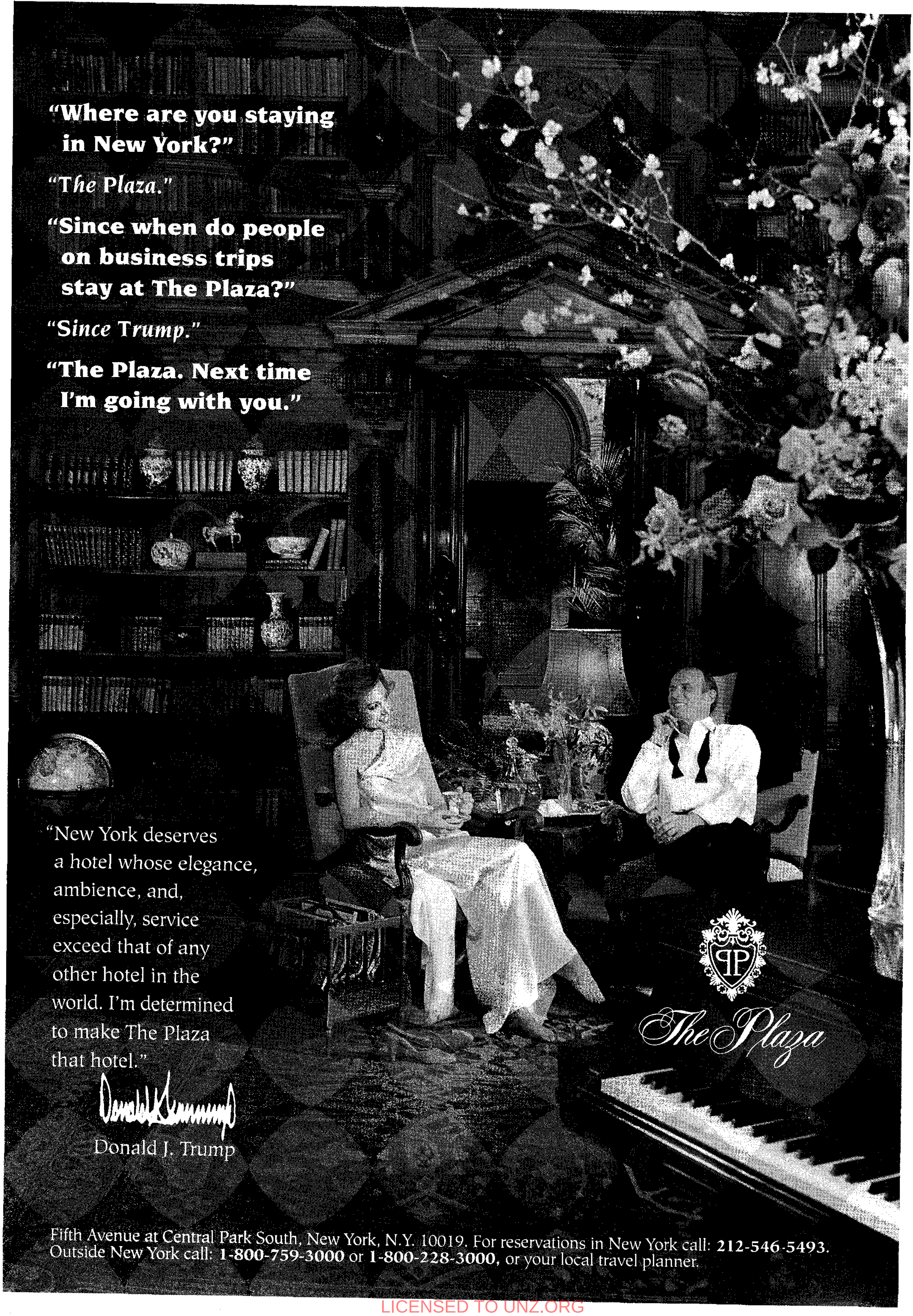
Closer than Ever—This charmer amounts to an anthology of songs and sketches by Richard Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music), as sung and performed by Brent Barrett, Sally Mayers, Richard Muenz, and Lynne Wintersteller. They are a gifted quartet, and lucky to have such attractive, humorous, and tender songs to sing and words to speak. The fact that there is no amplification is an extra boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Dividends—This comedy, presented by the Jewish Repertory Theatre, features Reizl Bozyk and Fyvush Finkel. Written by Gary Richards and directed by Tony Giordano. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. For reservations, call 505-2667.)

Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde—Another example of the current literary and dramatic vogue for recasting the strange case, this time by Georg Osterman. The production has the Ridiculous Theatrical Company's usual vices (excessive length, scattershot antics) and virtues (clever sets, animated performances by, among others, Everett Quinton and Eureka). (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Closes March 11.)

Dylan Thomas: Return Journey—The Welsh actor Bob Kingdom stands shoulder to shoulder with Emlyn Williams and Alec Guinness, who have also played Thomas, in this performance of excerpts from the prose and poetry, both public and private, of the late Mr. T. It may strike some members of the audience that the passages from the short stories, reminiscences, and letters have more feeling and humor—even beauty—than the poems. Anthony Hopkins directed. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Closes March 18.)

A Few Good Men—"Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino's direction, are wonderful. (11/27/89) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)



"Where are you staying in New York?"

"*The Plaza.*"

"Since when do people on business trips stay at The Plaza?"

"*Since Trump.*"

"The Plaza. Next time I'm going with you."

"New York deserves a hotel whose elegance, ambience, and, especially, service exceed that of any other hotel in the world. I'm determined to make The Plaza that hotel."

Donald J. Trump

The Plaza

Fifth Avenue at Central Park South, New York, N.Y. 10019. For reservations in New York call: **212-546-5493.** Outside New York call: **1-800-759-3000** or **1-800-228-3000,** or your local travel planner.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THEATRE—Cont'd

Grand Hotel—The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show (except for a glorious eccentric dance by Michael Jeter), but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

Gypsy—This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast (led by Tyne Daly, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary) so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). Trust Broadway; you'll have ample time to welcome Miss Daly when she mounts the steps and delivers her first onstage line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—If you like the old M-G-M musical, you probably won't like this stage version, which combines the earnest, wholesome values of the movie with an aesthetic of surpassing vulgarity. In any case, why see the show when you can rent the movie? (11/20/89) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

The Merchant of Venice—This production, directed by Peter Hall, tries a little too hard to avoid anti-Semitism (by making Christians look awful) and seems more interested in the quality of male bonding than that of mercy. As Shylock, Dustin Hoffman is dignified but ultimately ineffective. Fortunately, the production is about great ensemble Shakespeare rather than about Hoffman's Shylock, and it would be worth seeing if only for Michael Siberry (Gratiano) and Geraldine James (Portia). (1/9/90) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Closes March 10.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Presenting **Burner's Frolic**, by Charles Fuller. With Adam Wade and Charles Weldon. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Closes March 18.)

Rough Crossing—The New York première of a comedy by Tom Stoppard. (The New Theatre of Brooklyn, 465 Dean St. 1-718 230-3366. Closes March 11.)

Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll—All manner of hypocrites, fakes, liars, and other ethical discards are subjected to Eric Bogosian's incomparable mimicry and wit. The evening is anything but depressing. (2/26/90) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

Some Americans Abroad—Yank Anglophilia and self-hatred among a group of academics on their department's annual theatre tour of England. The play, by Richard Nelson, would be worth seeing if only for the quality and style of performances—particularly from Colin Stinton and Henderson Forsythe. As it is, you could do a lot worse than this well-observed and amusing comedy of manners. (So, as the record shows, could the playwright.) (2/26/90) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Square One—Steve Tesich's two-character play about contemporary courtship and marriage will either charm you to pieces or irritate the hell out of you. Directed by Jerry Zaks—with Richard Thomas and Lizbeth Mackay—it mixes slightly absurdist comedy with dystopian clichés. (3/5/90) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

Tru—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. The play was written and directed by Jay Presson Allen. (1/1/90) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

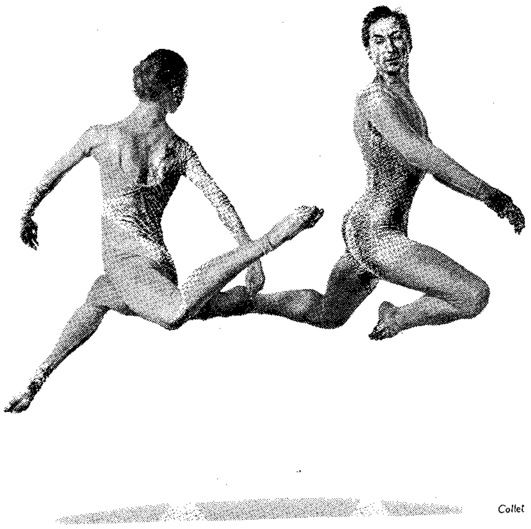
Uncle Vanya—Michael Frayn's adaptation of Chekhov's play. With John Bakos. (Rapp Arts Center, 220 E. 4th St. 529-5921. Closes March 25.)

Violent Peace—A two-character play by Lavonne Mueller, with Jenny Robertson and Dennis Parlato. Presented by the Women's Project. (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. 627-3624. Closes March 11.)

When She Danced—"She" is Isadora Duncan in this sad-edged comedy, by Martin Sherman, which is set in Paris in 1923, when Isadora's career has come to a close, although she doesn't know it. She is surrounded by her crazy Russian husband and an international bevy of servitors and admirers; the polyglot dialogue is one of the better jokes. Elizabeth Ashley appears in the leading role, and she is admirably supported by, among others, Marcia Jean Kurtz, Jonathan Walker, Robert Sean Leonard, and Marcia Lewis. Tim Luscombe was the impeccable director. (2/26/90) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

LONG RUNS

Black and Blue: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **Cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A Chorus Line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **Driving Miss Daisy:** Frances Sternhagen and Arthur French star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038) . . . **The Fantasticks:** The longest-running long run turns thirty this year. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **Forbidden Broadway 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this recently updated revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **The Heidi Chronicles:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Brooke Adams. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **Jerome Robbins' Broadway:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **The Kathy and Mo Show: Parallel Lives:** Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.) . . . **Lend Me a Tenor:** The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **Les Misérables:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **Nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **Other People's Money:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **The Phantom of the Opera:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)



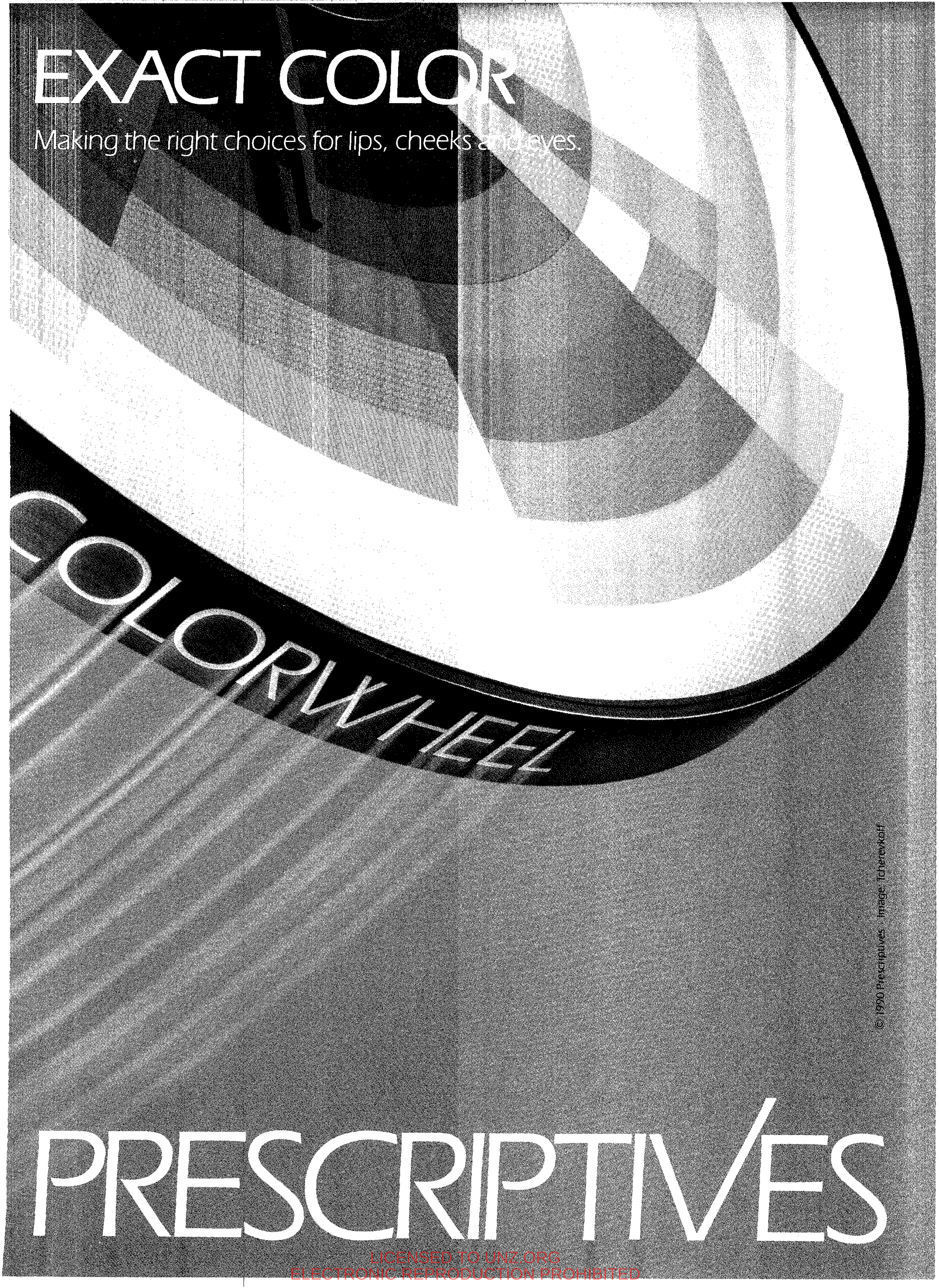
Collet

Kimberly Bartosik and Robert Swinston in Merce Cunningham's "Inventions"

DANCE

WE were interested to read in a theatre column the other day that the supernatural element in "Macbeth" is "sophomoric, an excuse for special effects." The supernatural element is, of course, the very thing that attracts dancers to the play; after "Romeo and Juliet," it may well be Shakespeare's most inspiring tragedy to choreographers worldwide. At St. Ann's, in Brooklyn, for example, we recently saw "Maya," by the choreographer Manhong Kang, a fantastical evocation of the characters and themes of "Macbeth" through ritual imagery associated with Korean shamanism. In the course of an hour, we saw several startling events, among them an apparently innocuous mound of sand suddenly breaking up from the inside, where a living human being was buried.

"Maya" put us in mind of another, more faithful "Macbeth" spectacle: a vigorous Zulu dance-drama, by Welcome Msomi, called "Umabatha," which played in London in 1973. When we discovered that one of its choreographers, Thuli Dumakude, lives in New York, we called her. Miss Dumakude, also a well-known singer, was preparing a program called "Zulu Womanhood Through Song and Dance," to be presented at the Studio Museum in Harlem on March 8. What was the attraction of "Macbeth" to a dancer? we asked. She reminded us that "Umabatha" had used dancing for events connected with societal rites, and that this reflected the traditional function of dance in Zulu society, where, especially among the men, it is a highly communal, even competitive activity, suitable for proud warriors. "You have to have the strongest legs in the world to do them," Miss Dumakude said of the Zulu men's explosive jumping dances. She also pointed out the links for her people between the actions of the dance and the expression of emotion and psychic states. What a theatre critic might think of as the exotic supernatural, a dancer understands as the familiar nature of the spirit.


EXACT COLOR
Making the right choices for lips, cheeks and eyes.
COLORWHEEL
© 1990 Prescriptives Image: Tcherevkoff
PRESCRIPTIVES

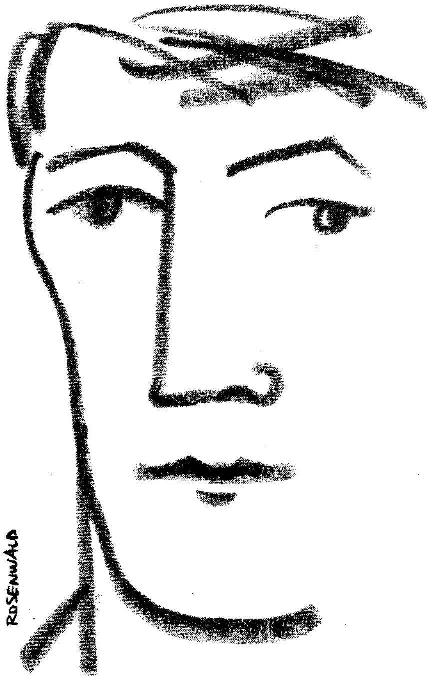
Merce Cunningham Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through March 25. March 13 at 7:30: "August Pace" (New York première), "Fabrications," and "Cargo X." . . . ¶ March 14 at 8: "RainForest," "Inventions" (New York première), and "Pictures." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Feld Ballets/NY—March 6 at 8: "Excursions," "Kore," "Charmed Lives," and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ March 7 at 8 and March 11 at 7:30: "Contra Pose," "Shadow's Breath," "Danzon Cubano," and "Mother Nature." . . . ¶ March 8 at 8: "Theatre," "The Gods Amused," "Danzon Cubano," and "Ah Scarlatti." . . . ¶ March 9 and March 13 at 8: "A Footstep of Air," "Circa," and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ March 10 at 8: "Kore," "Danzon Cubano," "Adieu," and "Ah Scarlatti." . . . ¶ March 11 at 2: "Contra Pose," "At Midnight," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ March 14 at 8: "Medium:Rare," "Charmed Lives," "At Midnight," and "Mother Nature." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through April 1.)

Siberian Music and Dance from the Island of Sakhalin—Ten performers from the Nanai, Nivkh, and Orok peoples. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. March 6-9 at 8, March 10 at 2:30 and 8, and March 11 at 2:30.)

Deborah Hay—In a trilogy of solos entitled "The Man Who Grew Common in Wisdom." (Warren Street Performance Loft, 46 Warren St. 732-3149. March 8-10 at 8.)

Daniel West Dancers—Presenting the New York première of "You Go Ahead, I Think I'll Just Stay Here and Drink," a full-evening work. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 673-2207. March 10-11 at 8.)



Peter Hammill at the Bottom Line

NIGHT LIFE

From foxtrotting to slam dancing, the city's clubs offer a range of hoofing options. The following is an incomplete list of live-music danceterias around town, arranged according to house styles.

Ballroom steps: For high rollers, there's the dependably grand, up-in-the-clouds Rainbow Room, with its old-movies glamour, revolving dance floor, and society-band music. Closer to street level but still sky-priced is Maxim's, on the East Side, which offers fancy French grub, up-to-the-ears Art Nouveau décor, and a cross between jazz, pop, and wedding music. On Sunday nights, the Swing Dance Society wrests control of the Cat Club from the metalheads; the big bands are tops and the joint is crawling with Lindy Hoppers. Red Blazer Too offers Dixieland, swing, and other old-time stuff seven nights a week; the small dance floor does a business, and there's ample seating for the two-left-footed.

Rock, etc.: The Lone Star Roadhouse has plenty of room to promenade—to rock, blues, country, and Cajun bands. Around the corner is the Ritz, where the large dance floor thrives between sets but tends to clot when the band strikes up. At Wetlands, the sound system is good, there's room to express yourself, and no one will stare if you're barefoot. The music at Woody's leans toward big-hair hard rock; there's a shiny black dance floor and disco lights, but the few times we've been there we didn't see anyone dancing. At the Continental Divide, there's no dance floor per se, but that doesn't stop the club's leather-accessorized toughies from dancing; after all, there's always the tables.

World Beat: At Sounds of Brazil, which also features sounds of Africa, Jamaica, and elsewhere, the floor tends to be packed, sweaty, and bacchanalian. Kilimanjaro, the challenger, is as big as a shopping mall, but instead of Muzak the club offers juju, Mbaqanga, and soukous.

Notably absent: Lambada, because haven't you heard enough about it already?

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Singer-pianist **STEVE ROSS,** whose lively, time-for-another-tosh shows are heavily spiked with the transatlantic chatter of Noël Coward, Cole Porter, and other latter-day saints, starts up in the Oak Room on March 13. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—Night clubs don't give just anybody a string section and a full-page ad in the *Times*. **PEGGY LEE,** who has said of her fifty-odd-year career, "I tried to retire several times, but it didn't work," will be in residence through March 25. The singer recently released a collection of her own songs called "There'll Be Another Spring: The Peggy Lee Songbook," and she'll be here reciting chapter and verse. Ms. Lee's band will include pianist Mike Renzi, guitarist John Chiodini, and drummer Peter Grant. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A glitzy, color-coördinated jazz house. Guitarist **RICK STONE'S** All-Stars—including pianist **RICHARD WYANDS** and saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK**—will perform on March 5; **OSCAR PETERSON,** a redwood in the forest that is mainstream jazz piano, brings an outfit here Tuesdays and Wednesdays at ten, and Thursdays through Sundays at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Singer-pianist **PETER HAMMILL,** a raw-voiced, often spellbinding avant-garde rocker, formerly of the strange British aggregate Van Der Graaf Generator, will be here March 6; **BUSTER POINDEXTER,** who seems to have got some sort of illegal sublet on this place, brings his **BANSHEES OF BLUE** here March 9-10. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to the gravelly contralto **JULIE WILSON.** Ms. Wilson's new offering—in the past half-dozen years she has dedicated revues to famous and obscure chatter by Cole Porter, Stephen Sondheim, the Gershwins, and others—takes on the music of Cy Coleman, whose work can also be heard in "City of Angels," currently on Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, singer **RONNY WHITE** presides at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans. The Ray Abrams big band is here on March 11, concentrating on Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, and others. Music from eight to midnight.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A snug, candlelit catacomb just east of Union Square. The sparkling bebop pianist-about-town **TOMMY FLANAGAN** heads a trio through March 11. Music after ten.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, posers, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. The Funky Nights are in action on March 8, at ten; the Dragsters step in on March 9, at midnight; and the Devil Dogs perform on March 12, at ten. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A low-ceilinged, below-stairs jazz room, its walls decorated with alternating bands of mirror and red plush, which will seem intimate to some people and too intimate to tall people, who may want to remove their top hats before entering. **HELEN MERRILL,** a singer whose muted tone and airy phrasing sometimes bring to mind Miles Davis, is in residence March 6-11. After gaining recognition in the fifties, Ms. Merrill went on to conquer new mediums: the next decade found her starring in an Italian TV show. Guitarist **JON ABERCROMBIE'S** quartet gets going on March 13. Mondays remain in the hands of **LES PAUL,** the guitarist, guitar-builder, and over-dubbing pioneer. The music starts at eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Chinese food served in a greenhouse setting. Through the glass roof, which supports a jungle of potted greenery, you can admire the fruits of the midtown real-estate boom and, when available, the moon. A Steinway grand is encamped in the middle of the room, making things tricky for the waiters but improving the over-all quality of life. Tuesdays through Sundays the bench is occupied by jazz iconoclast **DOROTHY DONEGAN,** whose shows include a fair amount of mugging, foot-stomping, and whirligig Art Tatum-style piano. Music from eight Tuesdays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

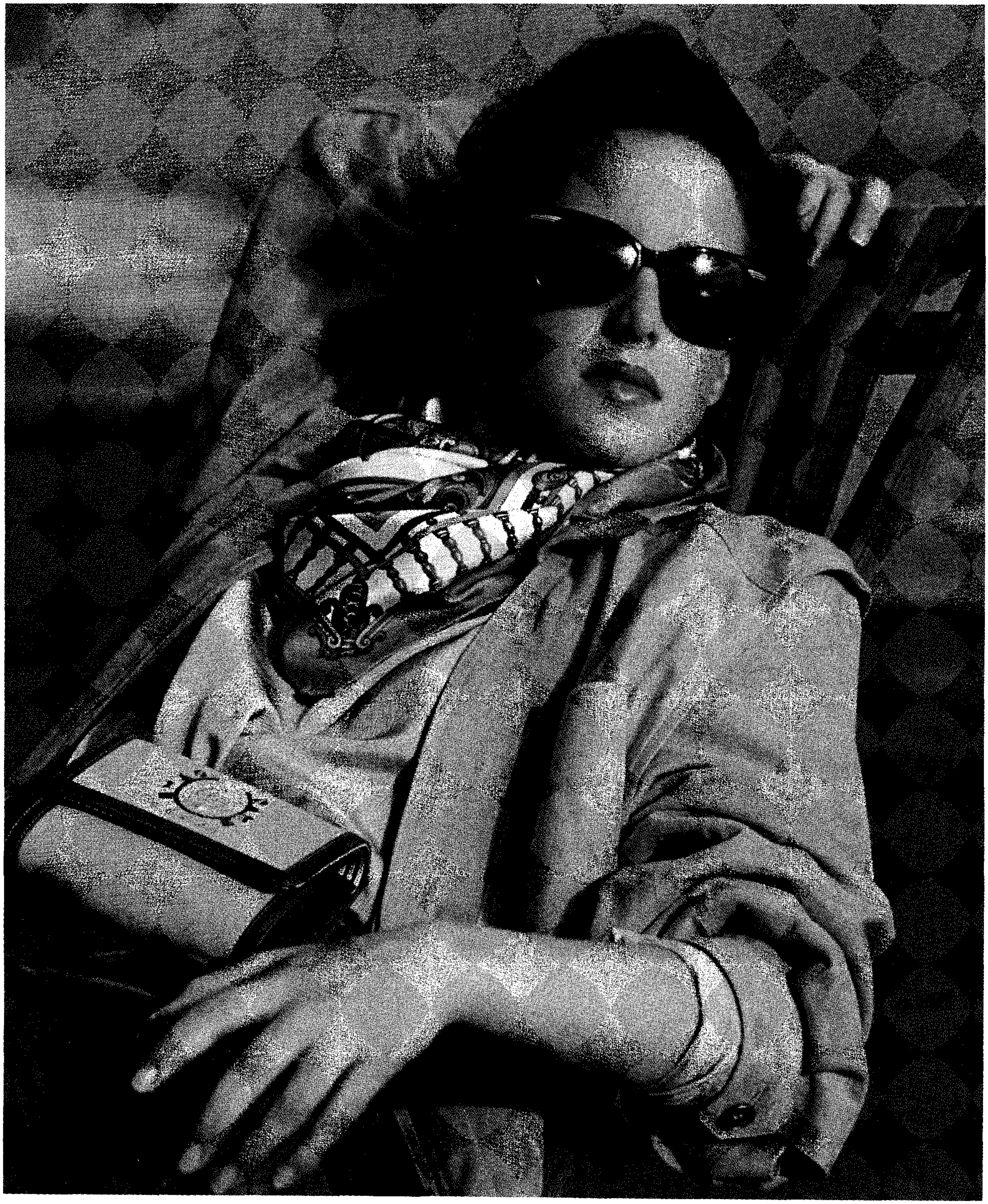
Kilimanjaro, 531 W. 19th St. (627-2333)—A recently opened, northern branch of the popular Washington, D.C., night spot. The stage is empty for the next week or so, but the d.j.s will be on duty.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CECIL MC BEE** are at work March 6-10; **BILL MAYS** and **STEVE LA SPINA** start up on March 13. Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music-and-performance space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the post-ness of postmodernism. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin, whose views on such things as cover charges are enlightened. **STRANGE CAVE,** James Mastro's lyrical, strings-enhanced group, is here on March 7, along with **CARRY NATION.** On March 10, **TINY LIGHTS,** who sometimes sound like a neo-psychedelic gypsy band, will be in action. Music after nine.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A Texan hangout where good old boys and Southern sorority girls mix with urban cowboys and those just looking. "Roadhouse" is about right: it's a checked-tablecloth, long-necked-Bud, side-of-beef kind of place. **BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO,** a Mamou, La., band led by the accordionist-singer Stanley (Buckwheat) Dural, holds forth March 8-10. Their bag is modern-day zydeco—traditional Cajun music mixed with rock, blues, and soul. Music after nine. Dining.

Maxim's, 680 Madison Ave., at 61st St. (980-6988)—A don't-clap-just-rattle-your-jewelry kind of place. Upstairs there's dancing with



Gucci Eyewear.

Like all products that bear the distinctive Gucci name, Gucci eyewear represents the finest in Italian craftsmanship, quality and design, as well as the best of today's technology. Style shown: GG1111.

GUCCI

AN ON-GOING THING.

Suppose, today, you made the decision to purchase an Infiniti Q45 luxury sedan or M30 sports coupe.

Now race ahead in your imagination to the year 1995.

Based on our continuing commitment to customer service, this is what those five years of ownership might be like.

In those five years, Infiniti will have contacted you regularly to make certain that your car is living up to your expectations and that your ownership experience has remained positive.

Minor service procedures, every repair, visits to the dealership—for whatever reason—will be kept as part of a computerized file...a personal history of your Infiniti. Should you move from the area; should you require service elsewhere, that file can be called up by any other Infiniti dealer in the country.

We hope with this approach to ensure steadily higher levels of service over your years of ownership.

Along these lines, Infiniti will have a roadside assistance and warranty program* that will exceed the standards for such service activities. Additionally, Infiniti will encourage and reward high levels of customer satisfaction achievement from our dealers.

Infiniti dealership employees will attend periodic training and career development programs. They are modeled after training curricula designed for many of America's most progressive customer-oriented retailers and service companies.

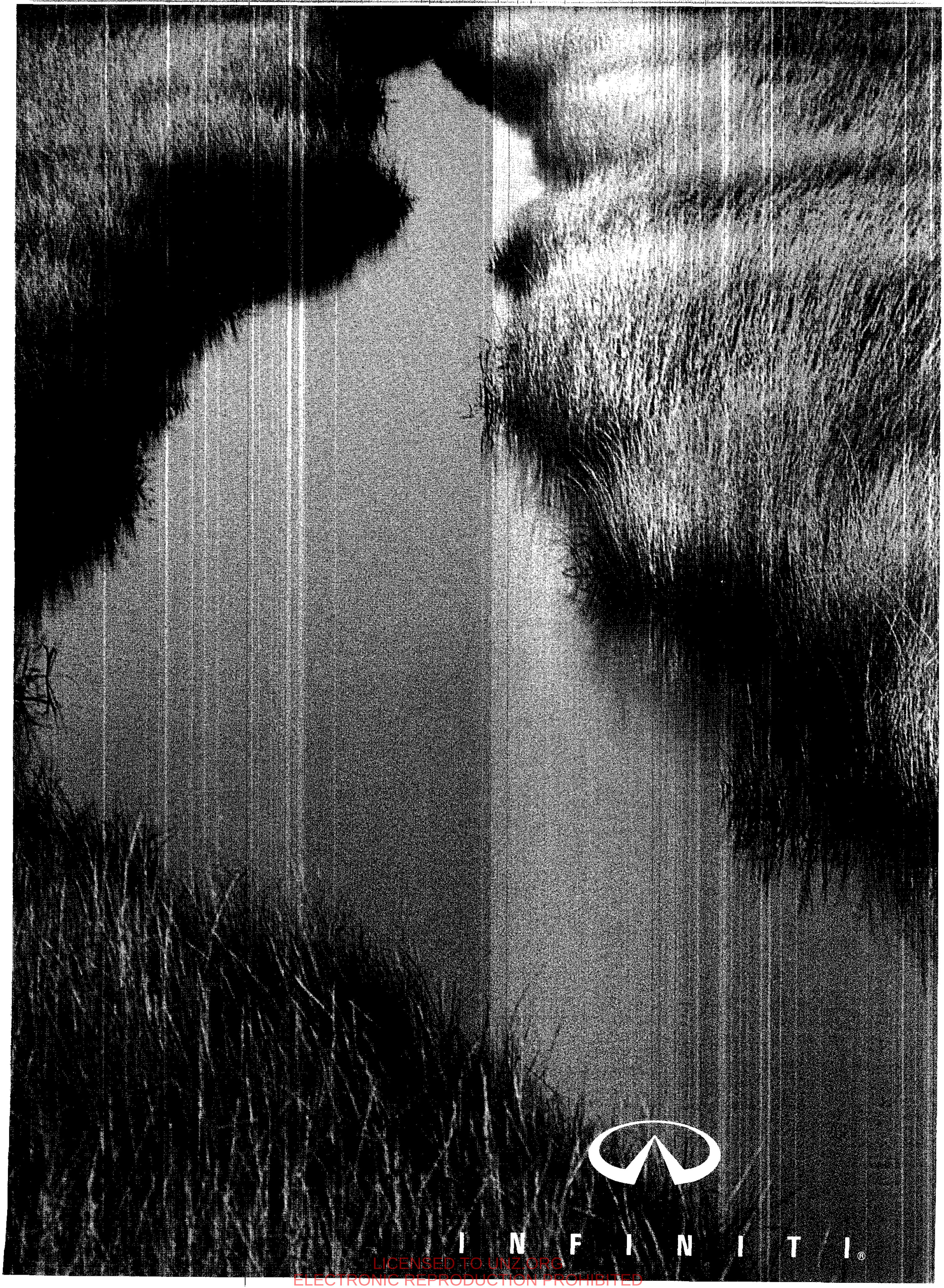
We believe that an Infiniti is not simply an automobile, it is an automobile and an agreement to provide the highest level of service for as long as you own the automobile.

If you believe there's some merit to this approach, or if this is the kind of approach that you'd like to know more about, call us for the name of the Infiniti dealer nearest you: 1-800-826-6500.

Thank you.

created by Nissan

*See your dealer for details. ©1990 Infiniti Division of Nissan Motor Corporation in U.S.A.


INFINITI®

Marty Stevens' five-piece band. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight. Downstairs, at L'Omnibus de Maxim's, Chris Barret presides at the piano. Music at six and nine-thirty.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—**MAUREEN MC GOVERN** is currently appearing at this moondust-in-your-hair cabaret. Ms. McGovern has long outgrown her reputation as the "disaster-theme queen," which she earned after her 1973 hit "The Morning After," the theme from "The Poseidon Adventure." She gave up movie music for Broadway and the cabaret scene, and as a pop singer she has been widely praised for her versatile, four-octave voice, her impressive technique, and the humor she brings to her interpretations. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **RAINBOW ROOM** (632-5000): The great ballroom-in-the-sky was restored a few years back to its beautiful Art Deco self. The non-stop music is by the Rainbow Room Dance Band, a nineteen-thirties-and-onward show-tune outfit, and by Mauricio Smith & Friends, a rocketing Latin band. Music from seven-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, from eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and from six on Sundays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can strap on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. **VINCE GIORDANO & THE NIGHTHAWKS,** a tuxedoed outfit with felt-bannered music stands and vintage instruments, are here on Mondays and Tuesdays. Mr. Giordano, who commutes from the upright bass to the crooner's mike, leads the band through numbers by Hoagy Carmichael, Fletcher Henderson, and others. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine on Fridays and Saturdays.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—A rock establishment where the customer is not always right. **MEATLOAF** (serves twelve) will perform on March 10. His "Bat Out of Hell" LP, a flamboyant teen drama, was, believe it or not, one of the biggest-selling records of the seventies. But many remember the singer-actor primarily as Eddy from "The Rocky Horror Picture Show." **ALICE COOPER,** for whom school has been out for a very long time now, takes the stage on March 12, backed up by the Front. The **CREATURES,** the brainchild of Siouxie and Budgie (of Siouxie & the Banshees), claim March 14. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This former luncheonette has a tropical motif—straw huts, bamboo, a fake palm tree, a mosaic of gourds—and an internationalist booking policy. The schedule: March 7-8, Kanda Bongo Man; March 9-10, Kasse Mady. Music from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. Drummer and hard-bop kingpin **ART BLAKEY**—whose group, the **JAZZ MESSENGERS,** has for years been one of the business's most prestigious finishing schools—holds forth March 6-11. A quintet belonging to the spare, eloquent flugelhorn player **ART FARMER** starts a two-week engagement on March 13. Miles Evans' big band is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the downstairs room, which is as big and plain as a mess hall, March 9-10 belongs to a group led by the guitarist **SON SEALS,** who is one of Chicago's leading bluesmen. Sets are at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14			

OLD HAUNTS

The Queens Historical Society has provided a reminder that only a century or two ago—long before pet cemeteries and pricey grave sites with views—we buried Grandma in the back yard. Its new exhibit, of photographs, maps, and a tombstone, entitled "Hallowed Ground: The Lost Cemeteries of Queens," illuminates the way the borough has developed over and around a number of family graveyards dating from the days when Queens was rural. Hints of the old burial plots might be a vacant lot or a playground in a dense area, a lone lawn at the edge of a housing project, or a garden paved with gravestones. Among the places parked on top of cemeteries are the Queens Tower Mall and the Marine Air Terminal, where today fuel-storage tanks shoot from the earth like mausoleums, chalky as ghosts. And in Little Neck you can have breakfast at Denny's or Hot Bagels while perching smack on the remnants of Cornell Cemetery. (A stone there used to read "Strangers, remember you must die.") Makes us wonder what's lying dead under us and what we'd do if we found out. Tread lightly? Throw out our Edgar Allan Poe? Head screaming for the hills?

Death in Queens will be on display at the society (143-35 37th Avenue, Flushing) until the daisies start pushing up, in late April.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The décor is homey and a little faded, like an attic full of memorabilia, but the music is anything but stale. At eighteen, **WYNTON MARSALIS** was named best trumpet player in *down beat's* readers' poll, trouncing Miles Davis by almost five hundred votes. Roughly ten years later, his enfant-terrible reputation—as a practitioner of both jazz and classical music—is still on the upswing. He'll be performing here March 6-11. Mondays are reserved for the late **MEL LEWIS'S** swinging big band. Music after ten.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—**LINTON KWESI JOHNSON,** the reggae chanter and dub poet, will be here on March 12, backed up by the Dennis Bovell Dub Band. L.K.J. is an earnest, serious-looking performer who dresses like a country preacher and delivers sermons on race relations, poverty, and global politics. Many of his rhymes are in Jamaican patois, so it's easy to lose the thread of the narrative, but even if you do, his band, which hops from one reggae style to the next, will keep your feet moving.

WOODY'S, 82 E. 4th St. (982-3686)—Rolling Stones guitarist Ron Wood's recently opened club is a basic-black basement with mirrors, comfy couches, and rotating spotlights. Stones memorabilia, with an emphasis on Ronnie himself, provide the primary decoration. Those perennial thrashing local psychedelic rockers the **FLESHTONES** perform on March 9, at about ten.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

BY twelve-thirty on a recent Sunday night, the waiters and waitresses at Café Luxembourg had endured an evening of hot air from the guys who'd come in from the cold, and they were eager to blow off their own steam.

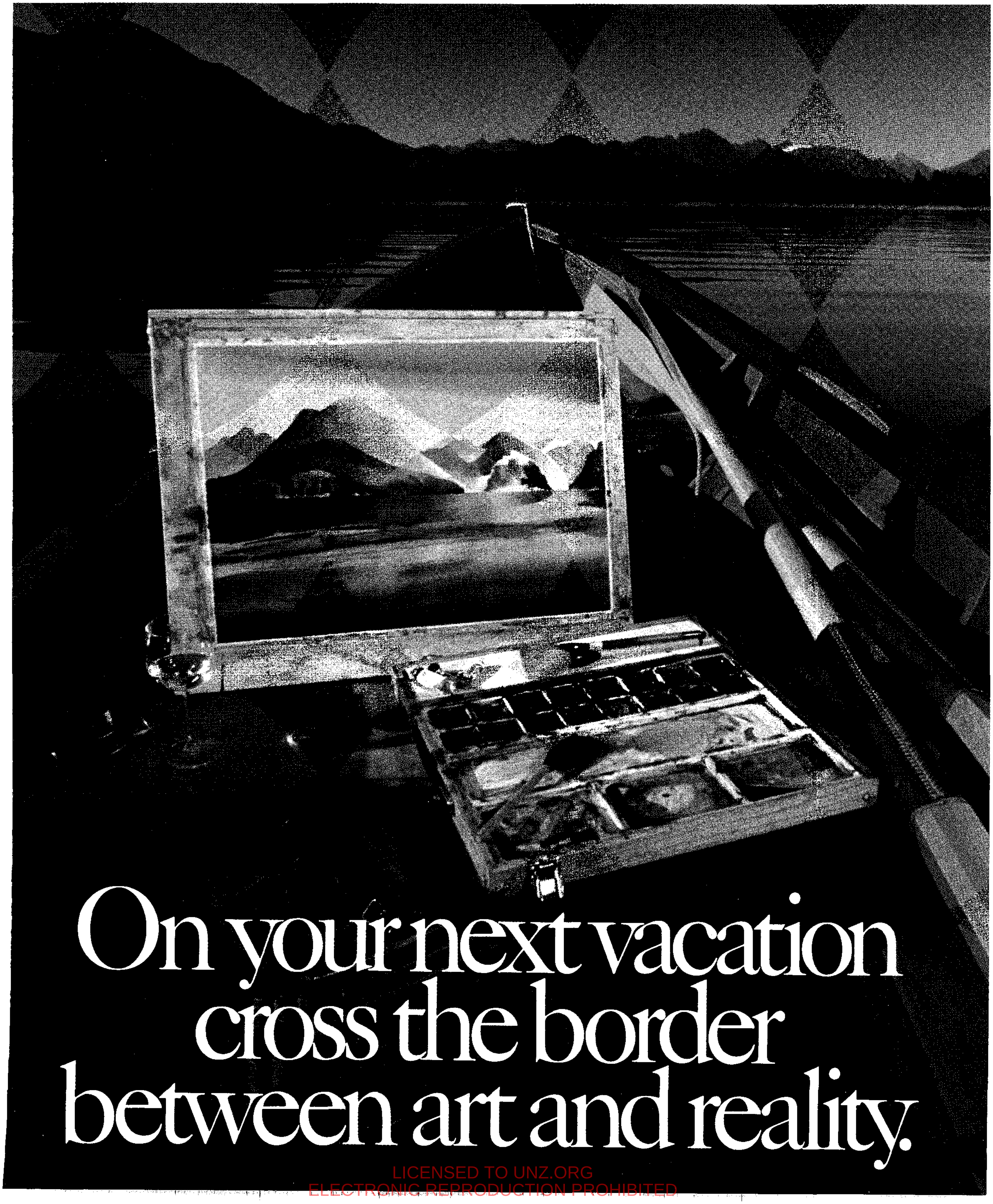
First they raced down to Nell's, which can usually get away with a velvet rope on Sunday; at 1 A.M. on this night, though, there were more homeless on 14th Street than people waiting for admittance. Inside, however, the place was busy, but the landroving service staff didn't last long. According to one woman pinned against the basement coat-check counter, the dance floor was hoop earring to hoop earring "with everyone who makes you glad you live alone." Taking the steps two at a time, the staff scarcely paused to listen to the dynamite band (with a less than explosive singer) playing for a crowd who danced as if they got out less than one night a week, before heading over to Pyramid in time to catch the floor show at Hapi's Backdoor.

Unfortunately, either Hapi's better acts had very cozy apartments or the performers' teeth had done so much chattering that afternoon they'd had little time to practice lip-synching. Rarely has a show begged for less encore, and except for a good mix of Lisa Stansfield's "All Around the World," by one-forty-five it was time to exeunt with flourish to the evening's safe bet, Mars.

The second floor of the planet's namesake was, naturally, red-hot, but not because of the high-grade energy derived from a stew of sweaty bodies and smoking music. Blasts of convection-oven-like air shot forth from overhead vents until one semi-shirtless dancer asked if anyone had a clove of garlic so he could feel truly "spit-roasted." Even more demoralizing is when you can discern friends easily in a club, and everyone can see everyone from any corner of the room. "Now what?" one of the waiters asked, as he got hit in the face with the answer—an eight-foot scarf. A Sunday just below freezing had turned into the most frigid night of winter.

FLOWER SHOW

British Columbia offers a new perspective on beauty. As wave after wave of coastal mountains reveal themselves, you may be moved to get out your camera. Or like artist Toni Onley, open a paint box. The soft pinks of sunset. Vancouver and Victoria's deep forest greens. The line between city and country here is very fine indeed. For more colourful words and pictures on travelling our province, call **1-800-663-6000** Tourism British Columbia, Parliament Bldgs., Victoria, B.C. V8V 1X4. You'll be inspired. Super, Natural British Columbia CANADA


On your next vacation
cross the border
between art and reality.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"Crowbar"—A play, of sorts, presented by En Garde Arts and performed in the old Victory Theatre, which has most recently been a porn-film house. The score is by David Van Tieghem. (209 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Closes March 25.)

"The Nature of Things"—A theatrical work written and performed by David Cale. Roy Nathanson and Marc Ribot have composed the score, which they will play live. Performances begin March 7 and will run through April 7. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3.)

"I Think It's Gonna Work Out Fine"—A loosely adapted version of the Ike and Tina Turner story, performed by Rhodessa Jones and Idris Ackamoor, who wrote the piece in collaboration with Ed Bullins. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. March 8-10 at 10. Through March 17.)

"Everything That Rises Must Converge"—Seven actors, five video cameras, and a wall get together in John Jesurun's new performance work about language and media. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. March 8-11 at 8:30. Through March 18.)

V-Girls—Five faux panelists discussing "The Question of Manet's 'Olympia': Posed and Skirted." Papers to be presented include "My Man Manet" and "Man A, Woman B." (The New Museum, 583 Broadway. 219-1222. March 10 at 9.)

ART

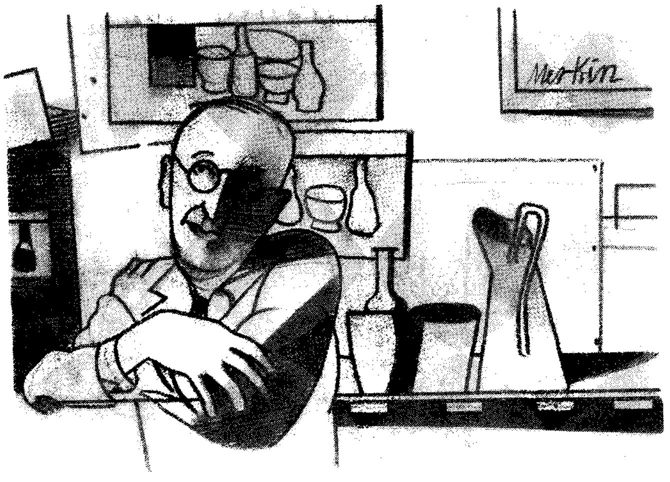
IN 1980, when Keith Haring's crawling, haloed babies and barking, haloed dogs made their subway-system débuts in vacant advertising slots, it seemed as if things were looking up in town. The city, for one, had begun to feel palpably richer but not yet grotesquely so. Ethnically mixed, non-posh neighborhoods such as Alphabet City were still cheap-rent zones and were turning into the parade grounds for an especially vivid changing of the guard, culturally speaking. Ghetto styles (rap music, graffiti) and art-school styles (performance art, Expressionism) were charging each other's batteries at places like Club 57 and the Mudd Club. A newly triumphant and expansive gay sensibility seemed—to all sorts of people—a big-city norm. The marketplace for art, while revived, was still somewhat amiably naïve. AIDS hadn't been named yet.

Haring's earliest works were pure emanations of that moment. The almost theosophic optimism of the radiant babies, the dogs, and, shortly afterward, the dolphins, merpersons, winged creatures, and U.F.O.s was obvious to everyone who saw them at the time. The anxiety level in Haring's work, however, increased virtually week by week. By 1982, the people in his pictographs were falling through manholes, had manholes instead of guts, were obsessed with their "manhood," were kicking holes through other men, and were "connecting" in all ways imaginable, for better or worse. As the unmistakable mod-Aztec storyboards got more fraught, Haring's pictures often seemed to be hip homilies. If you let your member do the walking, one drawing seemed to say, you might miss love. The art world, said another, can eat you alive. More recently, the Female Principle loomed larger, as did a homoeroticism charged with new and powerfully conflicting currents.

Haring, who died because of AIDS last month at age thirty-one, was without doubt *the* populist, ecumenical communicator of his generation of artists, and he was a hero to world youth—an honor usually reserved for the rare musician. His œuvre, furthermore, will almost surely go down in history as the most legible, most telling record of the urban eighties to have been produced during the period itself. Not unlike the early scribes of Mesoamerica, Haring invented a pictorial language. In losing him, we've lost a truly public figure, and not only a figure in public art.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Caravaggio": This inspiring exhibition (a golden opportunity to inspect the two "Lute Players" side by side) includes only five paintings by the great early Baroque painter; with luck, the show will herald a new era of blockbuster-busters. It documents with clarity Caravaggio's first years in Rome, his interest in genre subjects, and his developing relationship with his first patron, Cardinal del Monte. The Caravaggios are followed by paintings and prints from the same period of musicians, fortune-tellers, and cardplayers, many directly influenced by Caravaggio, ending in symphonic glory with Georges de la Tour's delightful "Fortune Teller." Through April 22. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings by Jean-Baptiste Greuze (1725-1805), whose work Diderot once praised as "morality in paint." Through May 6. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)



Giorgio Morandi

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The twist on Robert Moskowitz' brand of minimalist painting is that his central image is usually a representation of something phallic, and subtly so—a skyscraper, a cane, a smokestack. An exhilarating retrospective traces the motif's methodical evolution. Through May 1. . . . ¶ "Photography Until Now," a show of nearly three hundred works, examines the technological, commercial, and creative developments that have shaped the medium over the past century and a half. Through May 29. . . . ¶ Photographs by Tina Barney. Through April 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Before the museum closes in May to complete restoration, visitors can see about a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures (by Chagall, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Léger, Calder, Giacometti, and others) from the collection. Through April 29. (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Sculpture from 1965 to 1975 as represented by ten artists, among them Eva Hesse, Robert Smithson, Richard Serra, and Lynda Benglis. Through May 20. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A different kind of Prague Spring appears in a show called "Czech Modernism: 1900-1945," which includes more than a hundred paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by thirteen artists. Through May 7. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An annual exhibition of paintings and sculptures, this year by thirty-two contemporary artists, eight of whom will receive awards from the Academy-Institute. Among those represented are Ida Applebroog, Milton Resnick, Mel Bochner, and Petah Coyne. Through April 1. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of Alexander Calder's homemade art: jewelry, toys, tools, and furnishings he whipped up for himself, his family, and his friends. Included are necklaces and brooches made with precious metals, and rude tin roasting pans and spatulas. Through March 11. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of ebullient paintings and watercolors by the brilliant and irresistibly charming Thomas Rowlandson. Through April 8. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—During Japan's Kamakura period (1185-1333), power shifted from the court to the samurai. In this dramatic installation the court paintings—mostly scrolls with angular portrayals of poets—run down one wall, and swords, gleaming with perfection, run down the opposite wall in a duel for refinement and mastery. Through April 8. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of illuminated manuscripts from fifteenth- and early-sixteenth-century Holland that indicates the influence these works had on later painters. Through May 6. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Mary Kelly's "Interim" is the closest the art world gets to a cult classic. The newest work continues her critique of traditional gender and class roles, this time through an examination of identity, desire, and desirability in women approaching middle age. The four parts of this environmental, text-centered, post-women's-movement work are visually distinct and distanced. They challenge traditional expectations of how art works should function and are deliberately nonauthoritarian and only somewhat seductive. . . . ¶ Jana Sterbak's post-body-art objects have great style—a metal chaise that emits a mild electrostatic shock, for example. Through April 8. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Spring training for non-players in a show called "Diamonds Are Forever," which offers the reflections of contemporary authors and artists on that most American of pastimes: baseball. The parks, players, equipment, and action are all immortalized, by fans such as Claes Oldenburg, Edna Ferber, Nicholas Nixon, Roger Angell, and Andy Warhol. Through April 21. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Queens Museum, Flushing Meadow Park—An exhibition of about fifty new British paintings. Through March 18. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Neil Jenney—A no-nonsense display of six industrial-strength paintings by a five-star homeboy. Four are from 1969-70 and are painted in Jenney's bright, brushy Dick-and-Jane style. They look freshly hatched, as if the artist had discovered a fountain of youth for pigments. The other two—"Atmosphere" and "Morning"—are recent and are placed in solid, Dutch-looking frames, suggesting solid Dutch air the morning after. Through March 31. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Center for African Art—In yet another provocative exhibition, the Center questions the very value of what we have come to call art work. This time the subject is portraiture, but the show is really about representation in broader terms. Through texts and traditional sculptures in wood, bronze, and other materials, it contrasts the concept of portrayal in African history with those in the West and the East. Through Aug. 12. (54 E. 68th St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

A Tribute to Alfred H. Barr, Jr.—It's a bit odd for the Forum Gallery to pay tribute to Alfred Barr with an exhibition of oils and watercolors by nineteen early-twentieth-century American painters, since the founding director of the Museum of Modern Art championed European modernism at the expense of its backwoods American cousin. There are some truly great paintings here, however, most notably Edward Hopper's "House by the Railroad," the quintessential portrait of American isolation, and Georgia O'Keeffe's "Radiator Building," which provides an amusing turn on the artist's self-perpetuated mythology: the name of her husband and promoter, Alfred Stieglitz, appears in red-hot lights atop a skyscraper. Through March 10. (1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Show—A selection of books that gives ample evidence that the twenties were a golden age in Germany for avant-garde publishing. A rare portfolio of prints by the Hungarian Constructivist Laszlo Peri is a gem, as are many of the great Kurt Schwitters covers (and Dada works by others) on view. Through March 24. (MJS Books & Graphics, 9 E. 82nd St. Opens at noon.)

Short List—**georg baselitz,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (through April 14); **michael heizer,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through March 25); **paul resika,** Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through March 31).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Alexander Archipenko (1887-1964)—"The Sculptor as Printmaker," with sculptures and assemblages on view, too. Archipenko seems a bit of a mini Brancusi in this pleasant but somehow indistinct show. Through March 17. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jim Dine—A big, pompous show of recent works on paper, including a series titled "Glyptotek"—studies of sculptures the artist visited at that German museum—and other assorted figurative themes. Showoffy talent, vulgar emotionalism (signalled here by dreadful splurges of red), and, increasingly, an oppressive and sanctimonious humorlessness have, sadly, become Dine's way. Through March 31. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Sondra Freckelton—Watercolors of zinnias on rocking chairs and begonias on quilts: it doesn't get cozier than this. Through March 14. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Giorgio Morandi (1890-1964)—If you've lost your faith in painting, this show will restore it. During a period in which European art went through radical transformations, Morandi spent his entire life painting eternal still-lifes with the same vases, cups, and occasional flower. Every stroke serves a purpose in these monastic paintings—small, humble, dry, and ever compelling. Through March 10. (Daverio, 41 E. 57th St.)

Izhar Patkin / Elsa Rady—The centerpiece is a wax sculpture of a mythological musical group, inspired by Sicilian grotesques and arranged in a composition borrowed from Bernini's "Ecstasy of St. Teresa." / Lovely porcelain vessels that are an amalgam of all the best characteristics of ceramics from the fifties. Through March 17. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

José María Sicilia—A few of these thick, pockmarked white-on-white paintings depict what could be wisps of light in a seductive, if somewhat clichéd, way, but the rest are highly mannered new imagism in a Mediterranean whitewash style. Through March 17. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Lee Stoliar / Bruce Helander—Contemporary sculptures of W.P.A.-style doughmen crammed into little black compartments. / Adept collages with transportation imagery. Through March 17. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—The work of this great Spanish painter is experiencing an overdue reëvaluation. In his new paintings it is clear that Tàpies has an unerring sense of composition. But the smears, spills, and graffiti scribbles in the artist's signature iron reds and watered blacks look a bit rushed. Through March 23. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—The painters Paul Cadmus, Jared French (1905-88), and George Tooker were friends and were among the best American realists of this century. Each dealt with eroticism of various persuasions and had a sharp eye for social commentary. Tooker's painting of a sea of lockjawed society matrons is as hilarious as it is horrifying; French's portrait of pubescent boys in a hallway, like many of his paintings, has a compositional touch of Delvaux; and Cadmus's homoerotic pictures, though known for most of the century, could put a few senators on edge. Also included are some fine drawings, prints, and photographs. Through April 7. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**arman,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 31); **john digby,** Suzuki, 24 W. 57th St. (opens at 11:30, through March 24); **llyn foulkes,** Kent, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 31); **jane freilicher,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (through March 28); **minoru kawabata,** Tilton, 24 W. 57th St. (through March 28); **loren madsen,** McKee, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 17); **joan nelson** and **edward ruscha,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 31); **bridget riley,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through March 24); **michael tetherow,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 31); **robin utterback,** de Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through March 28); **james valerio,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through March 31); **lawrence weiner,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through March 31).

GALLERIES—SoHo

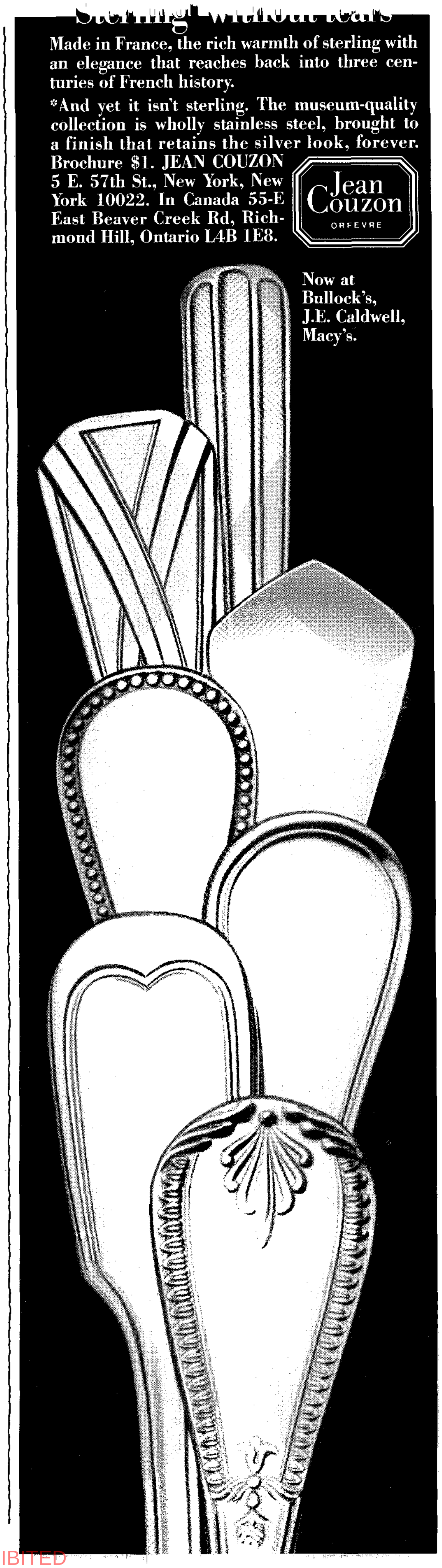
James Casebere / Shengé Ka Pharaoh—The two pieces in this New York début of Casebere's large-scale sculptures are truly startling. One of them shows the devastation of the American West and consists of a collapsed heap of arrows piercing cannons, guns, saddles, and boots, as well as a scattering of less specific cans and pots. The surfaces are smooth, unarticulated, and painted mirage white, resulting in an arresting stillness. / New drawings that have the primitive intensity of the art of the insane, and paintings that look like a watered-down mixture of Hundertwasser, Gorky, and Carroll Dunham. Through March 10. (Baghoomian, 555 Broadway.)

Walter Dahn—An exceptionally good show of recent paintings and vitrine sculptures by a mercurial young German artist. In the two-dimensional works, paint, pigment, and silk-screened images from a variety of sources, including Alfred Jarry and the great Mexican satirist Posada, meet on canvas to create strange, plangently beautiful little odes on the poetic grotesque. Through March 24. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Suzan Etkin—The intervention of the hand in these constructions is sometimes so slight that the results can be bland, but more often than not Etkin comes up with a situation of quiet mystery, especially when she uses lights. Through March 10. (Audiello, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Goodnough—A fresh, startling, and spectacular show of paintings from 1965. All consist of same-size circles in basic colors, but the artist has managed to create a variation in which each work recalls the painting of a different artist; at the same time, the pieces never seem derivative. Through March 17. (Greenberg Wilson, 560 Broadway.)

Peter Greenaway—A quirky show of paintings, drawings, and collages by the very unusual and often brilliant English director of movies such as "The Draughtsman's Contract," "The Belly of an Architect," and "Drowning by Numbers." All have something to do with the films. Some include pages from shooting scripts. In the case of "The Draughtsman's Contract," drawings (a couple of which are on view) were the starting point for the film. Also, there's a fun, spooky installation of clothes, designed by Jean-Paul Gaulthier, worn in Greenaway's new, Grand Guignol-ish movie, "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover." Greenaway short subjects are being



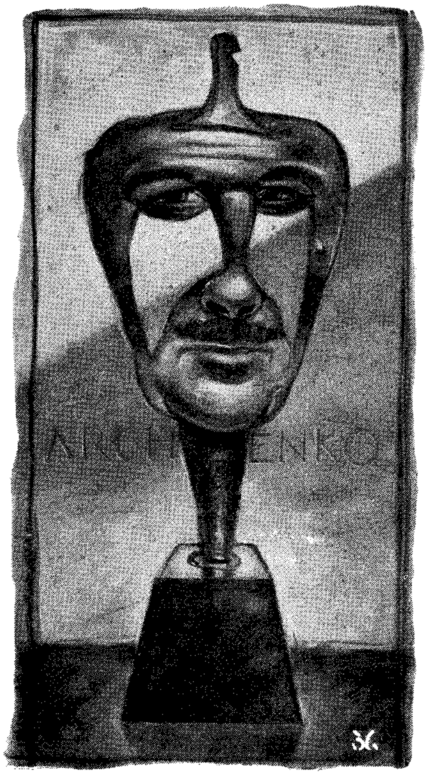
Made in France, the rich warmth of sterling with an elegance that reaches back into three centuries of French history.

*And yet it isn't sterling. The museum-quality collection is wholly stainless steel, brought to a finish that retains the silver look, forever.

Brochure $1. JEAN COUZON
5 E. 57th St., New York, New York 10022. In Canada 55-E East Beaver Creek Rd, Richmond Hill, Ontario L4B 1E8.

Jean Couzon
ORFEVRE

Now at Bullock's, J.E. Caldwell, Macy's.



Alexander Archipenko

shown on video during the run of the exhibition. Through March 8. (Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St.)

Keith Haring (1958-90) **and William Burroughs**—This unfortunately timely exhibition displays two collaborative print editions. Haring came up with simple line etchings of surprisingly unstylized Expressionism to illustrate handwritten texts from Burroughs' "The Valley," a story about isolation, disease, and quarantine. The images are striking and tender. The artist's economy of line matches the writer's lean prose. Through March 17. (Lucien, 555 Broadway.)

Will Insley—These old-fashioned grid paintings were made with a regularized Impressionistic technique. The brushwork brings depth to the pieces, which the grid short-circuits. An early painting on view indicates that these are part of an ongoing enterprise to depict the artist's "one city." The works are very pretty, if a bit stiff, and more interesting than engaging. Through March 24. *(Protetch, 560 Broadway.)*

Win Knowlton—Rough concrete sculptures that are much more appealing than the artist's better-known, slick, sleek-surfaced ones. Most of the new pieces play with balance—a chair that has fallen on its rocklike head, or another work delicately balanced on a point. Some have metal reinforcing rods jutting out of them, forming a kind of drawing in air. There's a certain dumbness to the materials, but for the most part the forced primitivism has paid off. Through March 24. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

Carl Ostendorp—An engaging New York début by an abstract painter. The large monochromatic paintings look as if they were done with a huge stream of colored shaving cream that was sprayed and dripped and has hardened. The smaller ones look like pebbly residue from the side of the road that has been covered in colored epoxy; they are both straightforward and coy. Through March 31. (Wolff, 560 Broadway.)

Allen Ruppersberg—These new and very characteristic conceptual image/word plays are clever and engaging, but their ideas also *seem to be milked for more than they're* worth. A series of postwar calendars is displayed behind Duchampian windows and includes phrases printed in reverse, many of them clichés. In another series of works, the artist lines up incredibly beautiful graphite drawings of books whose titles form sometimes silly conceptual rebuses. Through March 17. (Burgin, 130 Prince St.)

Patrick Strzelec—A strong first show of large bronze and iron sculptures of organic forms by Joel Shapiro's patinator. The works are fairly evenly divided between those with seemingly pounded surfaces and those that look whipped. Through March 10. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Matthew Weinstein—The small paintings here have an O'Keeffe-Dove aura, but the large ones are uncreative erotic dreams in Peter Max colors—dreams of Elizabeth Murray, with Judy Chicago flash. Through March 17. (Postmasters, 80 Greene St.)

"Selections 49"—The Drawing Center's displays of lesser-known artists are annoyingly democratic. There's always one social commentator; a collagist; a gridder; a diaristic narrator; someone who makes painfully personal little drawings, usually for the Center's glass cases; something neo-conceptual; and something in "new" materials. Fortunately, in this instance, there is also an installation, by Paul A. Ramirez, that takes paper about as far as it can go: out of the pages of a dictionary he has made a bomb, which is about to blow up, among other things, a huge paper sculpture of the human heart. Some *new paintings on paper by Billy Copley in* his ever-appealing comic-book-surrealistic mode are also worthwhile. Through March 14. (35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**jonathan borofsky,** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through March 28); **jay coogan,** Helander, 415 West Broadway (through March 24); **jane dickson,** Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through March 28); **ralph humphrey,** Boone, 417 West Broadway (through March 31); **stephen lack** and **buster cleveland,** Gracie Mansion Gallery, 532 Broadway (through March 24); **gary lang,** Nosei, 100 Prince St. (through March 21); **donald lipski,** Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway (through March 31), and Kasmin, 580 Broadway (through April 7); **allan mc collum,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through March 24), and Julian Pretto, 251 Sixth Ave., at Houston St. (opens at 1, through March 17); **charlotte moorman,** Harvey, *537 Broadway (through March 17);* **bruce nauman,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through March 24), Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through March 31), and 65 Thompson Street Gallery (through March 31); **ed paschke,** Kind, 136 Greene St. (through March 14); **christy rupp,** P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway (through March 17); **han schuil,** Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through March 24); **dorothea tanning,** Nahan Contemporary, 380 West Broadway (through March 31); **meyer vaisman,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through March 24); **ursula von rydingsvard,** Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway (through March 31); **charmion von wiegand,** Marilyn Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through March 14); **peter voulkos,** Charles Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through March 24).

OTHER GALLERIES

Richmond Burton—*A formally elegant and in*tellectually savvy show of recent geometric and neo-minimalist paintings—several works play on early-Stella motifs—by a young artist who knows how to joust with precedent, not in order to kill it or codify it but to animate it with the fervor of new authorship. Clearly an adept. Through March 17. (Watson, 241 Lafayette St.)

Florine Stettheimer (1871-1944)—A rare, delicious chance to see a substantial group of paintings, all from the Columbia University Collection, by an artist to whom the epithets iron butterfly, hothouse flower, Proustian flapper, and great American original might equally apply. The mayfly and George Washington's bust were among her personal pictorial logos, tinsel and cellophane flowers among her trademarks in life—a life in which the word "trade" was otherwise taboo. Stettheimer's faintly sinister, hieratic portraits of herself, and of her sisters Ettie (as a Christmas ornament) and Carrie (with her famous doll house), are among the dazzlers. Through March 31. (Wallach Art Gallery, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

"Fragments, Parts, Wholes; The Body and Culture"—A big, likable, deeply muddled mixed-media show. It's likable mainly because of the eclectic (abstruse) choice of well- and little-known art—ranging from one of Joseph Kosuth's characteristic deadpan dictionary definitions (here, of a cube) to one of the late Paul Thek's fetishistic excrescences. There's a lot of awful stuff on view, but the show does have its high points: Kiki Smith's ledge of perversely elegant fetus drawings on pieces of leaning glass; and an unusually funny yellow Cibachrome by Sarah Charlesworth, of a three-legged ceramic vessel, titled "Self-*Portrait (Pregnant).*" Through March 11. (White Columns, 142-54 Christopher St. Opens at noon, Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Short List—**leon golub,** Baer, 270 Lafayette St. (through March 21); **lucio pozzi,** Bromm, 90 West Broadway (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through April 30); **gerhard richter,** Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (through April 21); **alan saret,** P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City (opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays, through March 11); **james turnbull,** Sragow, 67-73 Spring St. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6, through April 14).

PHOTOGRAPHY

JUST for the pleasure of its fantastic images, the show at the gallery on the fourth floor of the Seagram Building, 375 Park Avenue, is a gem. (It runs through the end of March.) Titled "Photographs of the Fifties," and organized as a celebration of the designation of the Seagram Building as a landmark, this exhibition, though small, portrays a richer and more complex view of that decade than the usual fifties fare. There are some classics, some surprises, and some works—for instance, by Aaron Siskind—that demonstrate photography's contribution to abstraction, plus many images that would come under the subhead "Living in the Fifties." One can find O. Winston Link's marvellous disjunctions, his ironic but fond combines that variously include cars, drive-ins, planes, trains, people, and chintz. And there's also an example of the work of John Szarkowski, the man known not for his own photography but for his curatorial impact on the field. Szarkowski's picture, of the front porch of a house in Minnesota, is a record of the beauty of plainness, and it's cleverly unpicturesque. Oddly, the work of only one woman is included here. There is, however, a photograph of a woman and a little girl, by Harry Callahan, that's so full of feeling we found it hard to move on to the next picture. Taken in Chicago, this photograph shows the city's skyline, and two tiny figures standing in a huge expanse of empty park. The child looks attached to the adult (who we think is Callahan's wife, Eleanor) like a root to a tree. The bond between the two, and their scale compared with everything else in the picture, create as perfect a portrait of innocence as we have ever found in a photograph.

Carollee Pelos—Color photographs of adobes in Africa, India, and Afghanistan that are noteworthy more for their content than for their display of photographic achievement. Text panels by Jean-Louis Bourgeois accompany the prints. Through March 24. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

Short List—**dawoud bey,** Ledel, 168 Mercer St. (opens Wednesdays through Saturdays at noon, through April 28); **roy decarava,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (opens at noon on Saturdays, through April 7); **arthur leipzig,** Photofind, 138 Spring St. (through March 17); **marcia lippman,** Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. (opens at noon, through March 31); **robert mapplethorpe,** Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St. (through March 31); **jennifer sloan,** Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. (open daily, except Saturdays, at noon, through March 18); **william wegman** and **victor schrager,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through March 24).

Slow road to glory

The Story of the Lands' End Rugby Shirt

by Red Mulcahy

We had high hopes for our original Rugby Shirt when we introduced it in 1980.

After all, it was heavyweight cotton. Not a bit flimsy. And darn good-looking too, with its jaunty stripes. (We called 'emTeam Stripes, which we thought had a real ring of authenticity.)

So we mailed out our catalogs, and waited for the applause.

Setback Number One.

What we got was more like a sustained Bronx cheer. Our customers complained that our rugby shirts shrank too much. Up to 20%. Went in the dryer a Large, came out a Medium.

We were embarrassed. Took the shirts out of our catalog, and even wondered whether we should leave rugby shirts to the sporting goods companies.

But our feisty nature got the best of us. We went back to the drawing board and developed a preshrunk 100% cotton jersey fabric. A beefy fabric, 10.5 oz. versus the usual 5 to 9 oz. A fabric that reduced shrinkage to a tolerable 3%.

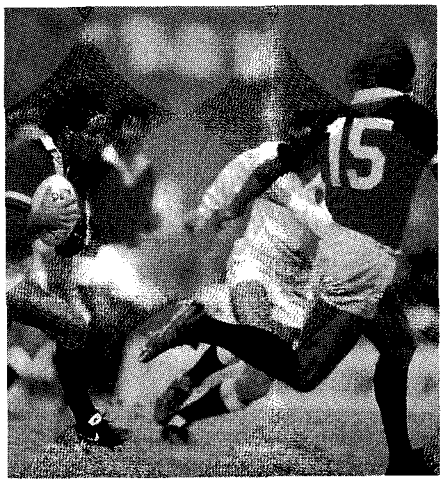
So far, so good. But we wanted to be sure our improved shirts were the real thing. Especially since about this time, lots of "rugby shirts" were appearing on the market that were really nothing more than colorful sportshirts.

We figured a "field test" was in order. And gave our shirts to the University of Chicago rugby team. (They happened to be close at hand.)

Setbacks Number Two and Three.

The results were disastrous. While our new fabric stood up, almost nothing else did. A particular problem was the two-piece placket, which the ruggers consistently tore asunder.

Again, we went back to the drawing board, and developed a more rugged continuous placket—all one piece, with no weak point.



Would this make our shirt tough enough for rugby? We decided to submit our latest shirts to the ultimate test—international rugby—giving them to the USA Eagles, America's national team. The biggest, toughest rugby players in the country. (Some of these guys were born with five o'clock shadow.)

OUR SHIRTS FAILED AGAIN! Seams came apart. Buttons popped off. In a Hong Kong match, one Eagle came off the field wearing nothing above the waist but a collar.

We went (no, we trudged) back to the drawing board. But this time, we had the help of the Eagles. We switched to stronger thread. Developed deeper biting seams. Beefed up our shirt at collar, placket. And added other indomitable (we hoped) features.

The Eagles took our shirts into action in June 1984 against Canada. And we held our breath.

LANDS' END®
DIRECT MERCHANTS

©1990, Lands' End, Inc.

At long last: "Tough as the game!"

To our relief, these Lands' End Rugby Shirts finally stood up to all the bruising, tugging, grabbing, tackling punishment the Eagles could put them through, in some of the toughest international competition imaginable.

And have continued to stand up, year after year. In 1987, they even survived three tough matches at the Rugby World Cup in Australia.

Now, that makes us pretty proud. Especially considering where these shirts came from.

Just shows what hard work (and a little humiliation) can do.

A Postscript...

If you'd like to put our "tough as the game" Rugby Shirt (or any of our other clothing and soft luggage) to your own "field test," write or call today for a free Lands' End catalog.

You'll discover more than a great shirt—you'll discover a new direct way of shopping in which Quality, Value and Service are absolutely, positively GUARANTEED. PERIOD.®

Please send free catalog.
Lands' End, Inc. Dept. G-34
Dodgeville, WI 53595

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City ______________________

State ____________ Zip ____________

Or call Toll-free:
1-800-356-4444

MUSIC

THERE are an unusual number of tempting recitals and chamber concerts over the next week or so. Jessye Norman, whose ruby-colored voice is one of the marvels of the contemporary musical scene, has a song recital at Avery Fisher Hall on Wednesday the 7th. Mitsuko Uchida, the wonderful Japanese pianist who focusses her attention so carefully on known but not quite familiar areas of the repertory, plays Schubert and the études of Debussy on the 11th in Alice Tully Hall. (She has just recorded the Debussy, most satisfyingly, for Philips.) Maurizio Pollini's Carnegie Hall recital, on the 12th, includes some of the music he plays best (Berg, Schoenberg, Stravinsky).

Meanwhile, the Met has "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" under James Levine, whose interpretation of it we recall with admiration, and "Otello" under Carlos Kleiber, whose few and celebrated Met appearances have already become more or less legendary.

But good heavens! All week (on the 6th, 7th, 9th, 10th, and 11th, to be precise), the Vienna Philharmonic will be in residence at Carnegie Hall, with Mr. Levine and Leonard Bernstein, no less, taking turns at the podium, the programs chosen from Mahler, Beethoven, Bruckner, Mozart, Berg, Brahms, and Sibelius. We don't know where we will be, but we expect to be out often, and may need a long break from concert-going after all this.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**MANON LESCAUT,** with Mirella Freni, Peter Dvorsky, Brian Schexnayder, and Renato Capecchi; conducted by Nello Santi. (March 6 at 8.) . . . With Italo Tajo as Geronte. (March 13 at 8.) . . . **FAUST,** a new production, with Ashley Putnam, Francisco Araiza, Thomas Hampson, and James Morris; Charles Dutoit. (March 7 at 8.) . . . With Gino Quilico as Valentin. (March 14 at 8.) . . . **DIE ENTFÜHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL,** with Mariella Devia, Barbara Kilduff, Deon van der Walt, and Lars Magnusson; James Levine. (March 8 at 8.) . . . **OTELLO,** with Katia Ricciarelli, Diane Kesling, Placido Domingo, and Justino Díaz; Carlos Kleiber. (March 9 and March 12 at 8.) . . . **NOTE:** On March 10 at 1:30 there will be a special concert commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of opera broadcasts. The program of songs and arias will feature numerous singers and conductors.

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—A new production of "Un Ballo in Maschera." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. March 10 at 7:30 and March 11 at 2:30.)

BEIJING OPERA TROUPE—Presenting "The Legend of Lady White Snake." With Qi Shu-Fang. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. March 10 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting. March 6 at 7:30: Four works by Webern and a piano concerto by Beethoven. With Maurizio Pollini, piano. . . . ¶ March 8-10 at 8: The world première of David Del Tredici's "Steps," a single-movement work. Also, works by Telemann and Beethoven; with Sandra Church, flute; David Carroll, bassoon; and Uto Ughi, violin.

VIENNA PHILHARMONIC—At Carnegie Hall. March 6 at 8: James Levine conducting Mahler's Third Symphony. With Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; the Westminster Symphonic Choir; and the American Boychoir. . . . ¶ March 7 and March 9 at 8: Leonard Bernstein conducting Bruckner's Ninth Symphony. . . . ¶ March 10 at 8: James Levine conducting works by Mozart, Berg, and Brahms. . . . ¶ March 11 at 2: Leonard Bernstein conducting works by Mahler and Sibelius; with Thomas Hampson, baritone.

Patti LaBelle

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Erich Leinsdorf conducting, among other works, Davidovsky's "Concertante for String Quartet and Orchestra," with the Guarneri Quartet. (Carnegie Hall. March 13 at 8.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Seiji Ozawa conducting a program of compositions by Bartók and Beethoven. With Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin. (Carnegie Hall. March 14-15 at 8.)

JUPITER SYMPHONY—Jens Nygaard conducting. With Lilian Kallir, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. March 12 at 8.)

HUNTER SYMPHONY—André Watts is the piano soloist in a benefit concert, conducted by Clayton Westermann. (Hunter College Auditorium, Park Ave. at 69th St. 772-4448. March 14 at 7.)

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHOIR—James Litton directing an all-Brahms program. With Beverly Myers, soprano; Diane Curry, mezzo-soprano; Paul Rowe, baritone; and a full orchestra. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. March 7 at 8. For information about tickets, call 751-1616, ext. 227.)

NEW AMSTERDAM SINGERS—Clara Longstreth directing a program devoted to choral and vocal chamber music by the Swiss composer Frank Martin. With D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano. (St. Ignatius Episcopal Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. March 11 at 4. Tickets at the door.

RECITALS

NORTH/SOUTH CONSONANCE—Playing premières by Orlando Garcia, Charles Mason, and Will Ogdon, among others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. March 6 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

MIA WU—Violin. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. March 6 at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

JESSYE NORMAN—Soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. March 7 at 8.)

ART OF THE EARLY KEYBOARD—An original-instrument concert of Italian music for guitar and fortepiano. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. March 7 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

NEW YORK CONCERT SINGERS—Presenting an all-American program. With Margery Hellmold, soprano; Carl Halvorson, tenor; and Jan Opalach, bass-baritone. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 7 at 8.)

NEW YORK AMATI TRIO—In an all-Beethoven program. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. March 7 at 8.)

CHRISTOPHER PARKENING—Classical guitarist. (Metropolitan Museum. March 8 at 8.)

THE MUSIC OF HASKELL SMALL—With Mr. Small, piano; the Amadeus Orchestra, Timothy Rowe conducting; the Paul Hill Chorale; and others. (Carnegie Hall. March 8 at 8.)

ELIZABETH McCULLOUGH AND JOAN KRUEGER—Soprano and piano in a program of songs by Copland, Rorem, and Bolcom. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. March 9 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ALEXANDER BAILLIE—Cello. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. March 9 at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC—Michala Petri, recorder; Edward Brewer, harpsichord; and the New World String Quartet will play, among other works, a new piece by Ezra Laderman. (Metropolitan Museum. March 9 at 8.)

NEW YORK CONSORT OF VIOLS—Performing recent and historical compositions for viol consort. (Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E. 20th St. March 10 at 2. For information about tickets, call 1-718 816-7878.)

BARRY DOUGLAS—Piano. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. March 10 at 8.)

MITSUKO UCHIDA—Playing four Schubert Impromptus and Debussy's Twelve Études (Books I and II). (Alice Tully Hall. March 11 at 3.)

NAC-U.S.A.—Works for voice and chamber ensemble by Stefania de Kennesy, Mary Inwood, Michael Kibbe, and others. Among the performers is Max Lifchitz, piano. A discussion will follow the performance. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. March 11 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800—Presenting Alessandro Scarlatti's oratorio "Agar et Ismaele Esiliati," directed by Louise Basbas. Among the vocal soloists are Margery Daley, soprano, and Robert Kuehn, baritone. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. March 11 at 4. For information about tickets, call 666-0675.)

MANHATTAN NEW MUSIC PROJECT—The inaugural concert by this seventeen-member ensemble of brass, reed, percussion, and string instruments. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. March 11 at 7. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

ISRAELA MARGALIT—Piano, in a program of Brahms and Chopin. (Alice Tully Hall. March 11 at 7:30.)

MAURIZIO POLLINI—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. March 12 at 8.)

NEW YORK NEW MUSIC ENSEMBLE—Robert Black directing a program of works by Louise Talma, Morton Feldman, Robert Hall Lewis, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 12 at 8.)

ANDREW BOLOTOWSKY AND ROBERT SHAUGHNESSY—Winds and guitar in a program of music by Mr. Shaughnessy. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. March 12 at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

NEW YORK WOODWIND QUINTET—With Robert Levin, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 14 at 8.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

PATTI LABELLE—Great hair. With James Ingram. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. March 7-9 and March 11 at 8, and March 10 at 8 and midnight.)

THE HIGHWAYMEN—It sounds like a TV movie—Waylon Jennings, Willie Nelson, Kris Kristofferson, and Johnny Cash get together for a rootin'-tootin' good time. They are, of course, some of country-and-Western's most popular and prolific singer-songwriters, and each, in his own way, has pioneered the distinctive sound of "outlaw" country music. The group has a fairly aggressive sound that relies on a certain hippie attitude to keep the music loose and free. The Highwaymen are sneaking in quietly, like a gang pulling a holdup, and the evening will probably be one of the best country shows of the year. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 422-9222. March 14 at 7:30.)

THE SUGARCUBES—"Here Today, Tomorrow Next Week," the Sugarcubes' 1989 follow-up to their electrifying début album, "Life's Too Good," is a major disappointment. The edgy, dangerous tunes of the earlier record are gone; in their place are silly, bouncy songs with indecipherable lyrics. It's a trite, annoying piece of work. But if the band, in concert, takes a step back and allows lead singer Bjork's extraordinary voice to whoop and soar, some of the weaker tunes may be redeemed. Opening for the group are the Primitives, a pure-pop band that, like Blondie, dyes its roots—musical and otherwise. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. March 13 at 8.)

GLORIA ESTEFAN & MIAMI SOUND MACHINE—Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. March 7 at 8.

DIFFA BENEFIT—Marlo Thomas and Christopher Reeve are the narrators of a two-act musical revue called "Heart Strings." With, among others, the New York City Gay Men's Chorus, Tommy Tune, Sandy Duncan, and Joel Grey. (Beacon Theatre. March 8 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 727-3100.)

LESTER BOWIE—Presenting the première of "Brooklyn Works: Behind the Rainbow." With the MOBI Orchestra, conducted by Earl McIntyre, and soloists Oliver Lake, Stanton Davis, Renee Manning, and Jerome Harris. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. March 9 at 8.)

FRED HERSCH—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. March 9 at 8.

FRANK PATTERSON—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. March 10 at 8.

LA MONTE YOUNG—Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. 925-8270. Mondays at 8.

FOURTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF WOMEN IMPROVISERS—March 8 at 9: Kit Fitzgerald (with Peter Gordon and Blue Gene Tyranny) and Fostina Dixon. . . . March 9 at 9: Maria Mitchell (with Billy Bang) and Zusaan Kali Fasteau. (Roulette, 228 West Broadway. 219-8242.) . . . ¶ March 10 at 8: The Festival Invitational Ensemble, with Akua Dixon, Janet Grice, Gretchen Langheld, and others. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.) . . . ¶ March 11 at 3: Meriân Soto and Edwina Lee Tyler. (Prospect Park Picnic House, Brooklyn. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the performance.)

SPORTS

IF you've flipped your cable channels recently, then chances are you've seen a Big East Conference college basketball game. We generally steer away from TV sports, but since we do get a kick out of high-calibre live college basketball, we plan to drop in at Madison Square Garden this Thursday through Sunday, for the Big East championship tournament. The quarter-final round, on Friday, is among the most satisfying days on the sports calendar: eight of the nine Big East teams face each other, in a pair of single-elimination doubleheaders lasting from noon until almost midnight. With eight factions of delirious road-tripping fans also in attendance, there will be nary a lull in the pep bands playing, the cheerleaders putting up human pyramids, and the fans doing war dances and heckling the other team's foul shooters—in short, basketball as it oughta be.

HOME TEAMS

RANGERS—Vs. the Detroit Red Wings, March 5. . . . ¶ Vs. the Los Angeles Kings, March 12. (Game time, 7:30.)

ISLANDERS—Vs. the Hartford Whalers, March 6. . . . ¶ Vs. the Boston Bruins, March 10. . . . ¶ Vs. the Montreal Canadiens, March 13. (Game time, 7:35.)

DEVILS—Vs. the St. Louis Blues, March 6. . . . ¶ Vs. the Islanders, March 8. . . . ¶ Vs. the Quebec Nordiques, March 10. (Game time, 7:45.)

KNICKS—Vs. the Portland Trail Blazers, March 6 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Nets, March 10 at 8:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago Bulls, March 13 at 7:30.

NETS—Vs. the Sacramento Kings, March 5. . . . ¶ Vs. the Los Angeles Clippers, March 7. . . . ¶ Vs. the Detroit Pistons, March 9. . . . ¶ Vs. the Milwaukee Bucks, March 12. (Game time, 7:30.)

(The Devils and the Nets play at the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-3900; the Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; and the Islanders play at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 422-9222.)

RACING

HORSES—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights, except Wednesdays, at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . ¶ At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

BIG EAST TOURNAMENT—The nine Big East basketball teams fight for their conference title at Madison Square Garden. (563-8300. March 8-11.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

EARLY BLOOMERS—Spring will be along any minute now—the groundhog didn't spy his furry little shadow—so it's time for the Flower Show. This annual late-winter display of hot-house numbers is sponsored by the Horticultural Society of New York and occupies Pier 92 (where 51st Street meets the Hudson River), through March 11. Among this year's attractions is a replica of a façade of a thatch-roofed Irish cottage, with its adjacent gardens in bloom. (Monday through Saturday, 10 to 8; Sunday, 10 to 6.)

AT PIER 90—Judith McHugh is sponsoring two separate antiques shows on the same weekend. The first has European and American furniture, decorative arts, and paintings. The second is a little more exotic: a show of antique tribal arts and American Indian arts—weavings, beadwork, jewelry, pottery. A perfect field trip for those who want to give their apartments that Arizona-Tuscany look. (50th Street at the Hudson River. March 10-11, from 10 to 5.)

TALKS—Amy Vedder, a zoologist, talks about the mountain gorillas of east-central Africa. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. March 7 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 769-5606.) . . . ¶ Amy Clampitt and Richard Howard discuss Wordsworth. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. March 8 at 6. Tickets at the door on the evening of the lecture.) . . . ¶ Allen Ginsberg listens to music by Philip Glass (performed by Jon Gibson, Adela Peña, Dora Ohrenstein, and Martin Goldray) and then asks Mr. Glass why he does what he does. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. March 13 at 8.)

READINGS—Martin Amis will read from his new novel, "London Fields." (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. March 8 at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Fran Lebowitz, Ntozake Shange, and Meg Wolitzer reading from their own works. (Ethical Culture Theatre, 2 W. 64th St. March 9 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Vassily Aksyonov and Francine du Plessix Gray reading from their own works. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 645-5848. March 12 at 8.) . . . ¶ Josef Skvorecky and Eva Hoffman reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. March 12 at 8.) . . . ¶ Doris Lessing will be present for an evening of short stories (which she selected) being read by Nancy Marchand, Paul Hecht, Josef Sommer, and Maria Tucci. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. March 14 at 6:30.)

The "boutique" hotel in the heart of Copenhagen.

A uniquely Danish ambiance keeps visitors returning to The Plaza–Copenhagen's leading boutique hotel.

From the renowned Russian cuisine of the Alexander Nevski restaurant to the Library Bar to the elegance of its beautifully appointed guest rooms and suites, The Plaza will make your visit to Copenhagen a warm and treasured memory.

Discover why Denmark–The Other Europe–is called the land of food, fun and fairy tales . . . and why visitors are captivated by the warmth and hospitality of the English-speaking Danes.

For information and reservations, call your travel agent or Steigenberger Reservation Service, Inc., at 1-800-223-5652.

The Plaza is a Royal Classic Hotel.

DENMARK
THE OTHER EUROPE

HOTEL COPENHAGEN
THE PLAZA

ROYAL·CLASSIC·HOTELS

For your free copy of "Denmark–The Other Europe," write The Danish Tourist Board, 655 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10017, or call (212) 949-2333.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 23.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Enemies, A Love Story" (†).
Theatre 2: "Black Rain" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Perfect Murder" (directed by Zafir Hai).
Theatre 4: Through March 8: "New Year's Day" (Henry Jaglom). From March 9: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn.
Theatre 5: "Mystery Train" (Jim Jarmusch).
Theatre 6: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through March 8: "There's Always Tomorrow" (1956, Douglas Sirk), with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray.
From March 9: (Separate admissions) "Moving Pictures: Films by Photographers," a seven-program series, shown thematically, about the impact of the photographer's eye on the art of cinema; and "Mr. Universe" (Gyorgy Szomjas; in Hungarian), with Laszlo Szabo, George Pinter, and Mickey Hargitay.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through March 8: "Roger & Me" (†). From March 9: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (John Patrick Shanley), with Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan.
Theatre 2: "Men Don't Leave" (Paul Brickman), with Jessica Lange.
Theatre 3: "Glory" (†).

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"Born on the Fourth of July" (†).

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: Through March 8: "Internal Affairs" (†). From March 9: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (John Patrick Shanley), with Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan.
Theatre 2: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 8: "Music Box" (†). From March 9: "The Last of the Finest" (John MacKenzie), with Brian Dennehy.
Theatre 4: Through March 8: "Stanley & Iris" (Martin Ritt), with Jane Fonda and Robert De Niro. From March 9: "Love at Large" (Alan Rudolph), with Tom Berenger, Elizabeth Perkins, and Anne Archer.
Theatre 5: "Glory" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"My Left Foot" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through March 8: "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal.
From March 9: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (John Patrick Shanley), with Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through March 8: "Internal Affairs" (†). From March 9: "The Last of the Finest" (John MacKenzie), with Brian Dennehy.
Theatre 2: "Madhouse" (Tom Ropelewski), with John Larroquette and Kirstie Alley.
Theatre 3: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Alec Baldwin.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Revenge" (Tony Scott), with Kevin Costner, Anthony Quinn, and Madeleine Stowe.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Blood of Heroes" (David Peoples), with Rutger Hauer.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Enemies, A Love Story" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Rosalie Goes Shopping" (Percy Adlon), with Marianne Sägebrecht, Brad Davis, and Judge Reinhold.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through March 8: "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal. From March 9: "Revenge" (Tony Scott), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 2: Through March 8: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†). From March 9: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Music Box" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Born on the Fourth of July" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 8: "The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito. From March 9: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (John Patrick Shanley), with Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through March 6: "Men Don't Leave" (Paul Brickman), with Jessica Lange. From March 7: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson.
Theatre 2: Through March 6: "Where the Heart Is" (†). From March 7: "Men Don't Leave."
Theatre 3: "Stella" (John Erman), with Bette Midler and John Goodman.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Steel Magnolias" (†).
Theatre 2: "Glory" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through March 8: "Revenge" (Tony Scott), with Kevin Costner.
From March 9: "Coupe de Ville" (Joe Roth), with Daniel Stern, Arye Gross, Patrick Dempsey, and Alan Arkin.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Alec Baldwin.
Theatre 2: "Internal Affairs" (†).

At Theatre 80 St. Marks, W. C. Fields in "Man on the Flying Trapeze"

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through March 8: "Stanley & Iris" (Martin Ritt), with Jane Fonda and Robert De Niro.
From March 9: "Love at Large" (Alan Rudolph), with Tom Berenger, Elizabeth Perkins, and Anne Archer.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Born on the Fourth of July" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Alec Baldwin.
Theatre 2: "The Hunt for Red October."

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 2: Through March 8: "Basket Case 2" (Frank Henenlotter). From March 9: "The Last of the Finest" (John MacKenzie), with Brian Dennehy.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Labyrinth of Passion" (1982, directed by Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Driving Me Crazy" (Nick Broomfield).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through March 8: "Music Box" (†). From March 9: "The Last of the Finest" (John MacKenzie), with Brian Dennehy.
Theatre 2: Through March 8: "Nightbreed" (Clive Barker), with David Cronenberg. From March 9: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Born on the Fourth of July" (†).
Theatre 2: "Revenge" (Tony Scott), with *Kevin Costner, Anthony Quinn, and Madeleine Stowe.*

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Stella" (John Erman), with Bette Midler and John Goodman.
Theatre 2: "The Laserman" (Peter Wang).
Theatre 3: "Henry V" (†).
Theatre 4: (Separate admissions) "Speaking Parts" (Atom Egoyan); and "Where the Heart Is" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Born on the Fourth of July" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 8: "Steel Magnolias" (†). From March 9: "Mountains of the Moon" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rosalie Goes Shopping" (Percy Adlon), with Marianne Sägebrecht, Brad Davis, and Judge Reinhold.
Theatre 4: Through March 8: "The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Devito. From March 9: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.
Theatre 5: Through March 8: "Enemies, A Love Story" (†). From March 9: "Coupe de Ville" (Joe Roth), with Daniel Stern, Arye Gross, Patrick Dempsey, and Alan Arkin.
Theatre 6: "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 7: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 8: Through March 8: "Men Don't Leave" (Paul Brickman), with Jessica Lange. From March 9: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn.
Theatre 9: "Revenge" (Tony Scott), with Kevin Costner, Anthony Quinn, and Madeleine Stowe.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 8: "The Blood of Heroes" (David Peoples), with Rutger Hauer. From March 9: "House Party" (Reginald Hudlin).
Theatre 3: "Basket Case 2" (Frank Henenlotter).

Test driving a Saab won't just change your mind. It could change your life.

Pretend you're from Missouri.

Bring your skepticism to a Saab showroom and let us show you what a Saab is all about.

Let us challenge you with a car like the 900 Turbo shown here. It hauls like a wagon and goes like a rocket. So which is it? It's whichever you need at the moment.

Allow us to startle you with a car that's built like a block of granite but doesn't handle like one; for five years running, Saabs have ranked best in their class in the Highway Loss Data Institute's survey of injury claim frequency.

Standard ABS brakes and driver's air bags on all 1990 Saabs could make that six years running.

Dare us to alter your views on value. The 900 Turbo, including Saab's new Roadside Assistance Program, can be yours for about $25,500*; which is much less money than many European cars that do less. (Saabs are intelligently priced from $16,995 to $32,995.)

All these things will change your mind when we show you a Saab. But will owning one change your life? Perhaps.

Perhaps you'll find yourself driving more often for the fun of it, or going out in weather that used to keep you in (all Saabs have front-wheel drive for terrific traction). At the most you'll feel wonderful; at the least, less skeptical.

Even if you are from Missouri.

The most intelligent cars ever built.

*MSRP: $25,495, 3 door 5-speed manual, excluding taxes, license, freight, dealer charges and options. Prices subject to change. © 1990 Saab-Scania of America, Inc.

SAAB

MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Revenge" (Tony Scott), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 3: Through March 8: "Field of Dreams" (†). From March 9: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.
Theatre 4: Through March 8: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†). From March 9: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn.
Theatre 5: "Music Box" (†).
Theatre 6: "Shirley Valentine" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through March 8: "Where the Heart Is" (†).
From March 9: "The Last of the Finest" (John MacKenzie), with Brian Dennehy.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Mountains of the Moon" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Henry V" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Roger & Me" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Enemies, A Love Story" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Camille Claudel" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through March 8: "Stanley and Iris" (Martin Ritt), with Jane Fonda and Robert De Niro.
From March 9: "Love at Large" (Alan Rudolph), with Tom Berenger, Elizabeth Perkins, and Anne Archer.

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Revenge" (Tony Scott), with Kevin Costner.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sweetie" (Jane Campion).
Theatre 3: "The Plot Against Harry" (Michael Roemer).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Too Beautiful for You" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Josiane Balasko, and Carole Bouquet.
Theatre 2: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through March 8: "Time of the Gypsies" (Emir Kusturica; in Romany).
From March 9: "Coupe de Ville" (Joe Roth), with Daniel Stern, Arye Gross, Patrick Dempsey, and Alan Arkin.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Men Don't Leave" (Paul Brickman), with Jessica Lange.
Theatre 2: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Alec Baldwin.
Theatre 3: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 4: Through March 8: "Internal Affairs" (†). From March 9: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson.
Theatre 5: "Glory" (†).
Theatre 6: Through March 8: "Madhouse" (Tom Ropelewski), with John Larroquette and Kirstie Alley. From March 9: "The Last of the Finest" (John MacKenzie), with Brian Dennehy.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Born on the Fourth of July" (†).
Theatre 2: "Basket Case 2" (Frank Henenlotter).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 2: Through March 8: "The Blood of Heroes" (David Peoples), with Rutger Hauer. From March 9: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Glory" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Blood of Heroes" (directed by David Peoples), with Rutger Hauer.
Theatre 3: "Nightbreed" (Clive Barker), with David Cronenberg.
Theatre 4: Through March 8: "The White Girl" (James Cannady). From March 9: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (John Patrick Shanley), with Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan.
Theatre 5: Through March 8: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell. From March 9: "House Party" (Reginald Hudlin).
Theatre 6: "Basket Case 2" (Frank Henenlotter).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through March 8: "Madhouse" (Tom Ropelewski), with John Larroquette and Kirstie Alley.
From March 9: "The Last of the Finest" (John MacKenzie), with Brian Dennehy.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid" (†).
Theatre 3: "Stella" (John Erman), with Bette Midler and John Goodman.
Theatre 4: "Internal Affairs" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Alec Baldwin.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Born on the Fourth of July" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 8: "Revenge" (Tony Scott), with Kevin Costner. From March 9: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal
Theatre 2: "Hard to Kill."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through March 6: "Yojimbo" (1961) and "Sanjuro" (1963), both in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
March 7: *"The Idiot"* (1951, *Kurosawa; in* Japanese), with Mifune.
March 8-10: "The Bad Sleep Well" (†); and "Rashomon" (1951, Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura.
March 11-12: "The Drunken Angel" (1948, Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Takashi Shimura; and "I Live in Fear" (1955, Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Mifune.
March 13-14: "No Regrets for Our Youth" (1946, Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Susumu Fujita and Setsuko Hara; and "One Wonderful Sunday" (1947, Kurosawa; in Japanese).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 6: "Hardcore" (1979, Paul Schrader), with George C. Scott, Season Hubley, and Peter Boyle; and "Taxi Driver" (1976, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro.
March 7-8: "Time Bandits" (1981, Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery; and "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (1983, Terry Jones).
March 9-10: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961, Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959, Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.
March 11: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (1983, Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins, Janet Suzman, and Anne Louise Lambert; and "The Dead" (†).
March 12-13: *"Auntie Mame"* (1958, Morton da Costa), with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne; and "Gypsy" (†).
From March 14: "The Saragossa Manuscript" (1964, Wojciech Has); and "Knife in the Water" (1962, Roman Polanski; in Polish).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through March 6: "Detour" (1945, Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; "Strange Illusion" (1945, Ulmer), with Jimmy Lydon and Sally Eilers; and "Bluebeard" (1945, Ulmer), with John Carradine and Jean Parker.
March 7-8: "Meet John Doe" (1941, Frank Capra), with Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward Arnold; and "Made for Each Other" (1939, John Cromwell), with Carole Lombard and James Stewart.
March 9-10: "Beat the Devil" (†); and "Charade" (1963, Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, and Walter Matthau.
March 11: "La Strada" (1954, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965, Fellini; in Italian), with Masina and Sandra Milo.
March 12-13: "The 1000 Eyes of Dr. Mabuse" (1960, Fritz Lang), with Dawn Addams and Peter Van Eyck; and "The Big Heat" (1953, Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, and Lee Marvin.
From March 14: "Imagine: John Lennon" (1988, Andrew Solt), a documentary; and "How I Won the War" (1967, Richard Lester), with Michael Crawford and John Lennon.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
March 5: "La Rupture" (1970, Claude Chabrol; in French), with Stéphane Audran, Jean-Pierre Cassel, and Michel Bouquet; and "Ophélia" (1962, Chabrol; in French), with André Jocelyn and Juliette Mayniel.
March 6: "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back" (1937, Louis King) and "Bulldog Drummond's Peril" (1939, James Hogan), both with John Howard as Drummond.
March 7: "Salome, Where She Danced" (1945, Charles Lamont), with Yvonne De Carlo and Rod Cameron; and "Bird of Paradise" (1932, King Vidor), with Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea.
March 8: "Scarlet Street" (†); and "Man Hunt" (1941, Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Walter Pidgeon, George Sanders, and John Carradine.
March 9-10: "The Spiral Staircase" (1948, Robert Siodmak), with Dorothy McGuire, Ethel Barrymore, George Brent, and Kent Smith; and "Rebecca" (1940, Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, and Judith Anderson.
March 11: "Mr. Arkadin" (1955, Orson Welles), with Welles, Michael Redgrave, Patricia Medina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "The Stranger" (1946, Welles), with Edward G. Robinson, Loretta Young, Welles, Konstantin Shayne, Philip Merivale, Richard Long, and Brian Keith.
March 12: "October" ("Ten Days That Shook the World"; 1927, Sergei Eisenstein, silent) and "Potemkin" (1925, Eisenstein; silent).
March 13: "Man on the Flying Trapeze" (1935, Clyde Bruckman), with W. C. Fields; and "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock" (1947, Preston Sturges), with Harold Lloyd.
March 14: "Young and Innocent" ("The Girl Was Young"; 1937, Alfred Hitchcock), with Nova Pilbeam, Derrick de Marney, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare; and "Murder" (1930, Hitchcock), with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—March 5-6 at 2:30 and 6: Academy Award-nominated films for foreign-language feature. . . . ¶ March 8 at 2:30: "Alice in the Cities" (1974, directed by Wim Wenders; in German). . . . ¶ March 8 at 6: "Blow-Up" (1966, Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave, David Hemmings, and Sarah Miles. . . . ¶ March 9 at 2:30: "Under Fire" (1983, Roger Spottiswoode), with Nick Nolte, Gene Hackman, and Joanna Cassidy. . . . ¶ March 9 at 6: "Salvador" (1986, Oliver Stone), with James Woods, James Belushi, *and Michael Murphy. . . . ¶ March 10 at 2:* "Love as Disorder" (1963, Ben Maddow), with Diana Sanda, Kevin McCarthy, and Viveca Lindfors. . . . ¶ March 10 at 5: "Funny Face" (1957, Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, and Kay Thompson. . . . ¶ March 11 at 2: "Model" (1980, Frederick Wiseman). . . . ¶ March 11 at 5: "Eyes of Laura Mars" (1978, Irvin Kershner), with Faye Dunaway, Tommy Lee Jones, and Brad Dourif. . . . ¶ March 12 at 2:30: "Peeping Tom" (1960, Michael Powell), with Carl Boehm, Moira Shearer, and Anna Massey. . . . ¶ March 12 at 6: "Rear Window" (1954, Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Grace Kelly.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty or so years. March 6-10: Harold Brodkey's "Love and Other Sorrows" (1989, Steven Gomer; PBS), with Elizabeth Franz, Stephen Mailer, and Haviland Morris; and John Updike's "The Music School" (1977, John Korty; PBS), with Ron Weyand. . . . From March 13: James Baldwin's "Go Tell It on the Mountain" (1985, Stan Lathan; PBS), with Paul Winfield, Olivia Cole, Rosalind Cash, Alfre Woodard, James Bond III, and Ruby Dee. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "Twenty Years of Monty Python." March 6-10: An episode from "The Complete and Utter History of Britain" (1969, London Weekend Television), written by, and starring, Michael Palin and Terry Jones. . . . From March 13: "The Pythons" (1979, BBC), interviews filmed on the set of "Life of Brian." Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15. . . . ¶ "Laurence Olivier: The Television Legacy." March 6-10: Two interviews with Olivier, one by Kenneth Tynan (1966, BBC), the other by Elliot Norton (1967, NET). . . . From March 13: "Uncle Vanya" (1967, Stuart Burge; NET), with Olivier, Michael Redgrave, Rosemary Harris, and Joan Plowright. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6, Wednesdays through Fridays at 3, and Saturdays at 1. . . . ¶ "The Reiner Moritz Collection." March 6-10: "Remembrance of Things Past" (1987, Eila Hershon and Roberto Guerra), a survey of twentieth-century fashion. Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 2. . . . March 6-10: "Chanel, Chanel" (1986, Hershon and Guerra), a documentary. Showings Tuesday through Saturday at 3:15.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In the Riklis Theatre. Films directed by Mike Nichols. March 7-9 and March 14 at 1 and March 10-11 at 3:30: "Television Appearances: Mike Nichols and Elaine May," a fifty-five minute compilation, all from 1959-60. . . . ¶ March 7 at 2:30: "The Graduate" (1967), with Anne Bancroft, Dustin Hoffman, and Katharine Ross. . . . ¶ March 8 at 2:30: "Catch-22" (1970), with Alan Arkin, Martin Balsam, Richard Benjamin, and Arthur Garfunkel. . . . ¶ March 9 at 2:30: "Carnal Knowledge" (1971), with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, and Ann-Margret. . . . ¶ March 10 at 1: "Silkwood" (1983), with Meryl Streep, Kurt Russell, and Cher. . . . ¶ March 10 at 5: "Heartburn" (1986), with Streep, Nicholson, Jeff Daniels, and Maureen Stapleton. . . . ¶ March 10 at 7:30: "The Fortune" (1975), with Nicholson, Warren Beatty, and Stockard Channing. . . . ¶ March 11 at 1: "Biloxi Blues" (1988), with Matthew Broderick and Christopher Walken. . . . ¶ March 11 at 5: "Working Girl" (1989), with Melanie Griffith, Harrison Ford, and Sigourney Weaver. . . . ¶ March 14 at 2: "Silkwood."

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. March 7-11 at 6:45 and 8: "To Protect Mother Earth (Broken Treaty II)" (1989, Joel L. Freedman), a documentary, narrated by Robert Redford. . . . ¶ March 7 at 7: "Zvenigora" (1928, Alexander Dovzhenko; silent). . . . ¶ March 7 at 9: "Michael" (1924, Carl Theodor Dreyer; silent). . . . ¶ March 8 at 7: "The Displaced View" (1988, Midi Onodera) and "Unfinished Diary" (1986, Marilu Mallet). . . . ¶ March 8 at 9: "Cycles" (1989, Zeinabu Davis), "Juxta" (1989, Hiroko Yamazaki), "Two Lies" (1989, Pam Tom), and "Illusions" (1982, Julie Dash). . . . ¶ March 9 at 7: "Measures of Distance" (1988, Mona Hatoum), "Sari Red" (1988, Pratibha Parmar), "The Hidden Wisdom" (1988, Patricia Diaz and Michelle McIntosh), "Coffee Colored Children" (1988, Ngozi Onwurah), and "Flesh and Paper" (1990, Parmar). . . . ¶ March 9-11 at 9: "The End of a Love Affair" (1913, O. Stáfl and Max Urban; silent) and "Erotikon" (1929, Gustav Machatý). . . . ¶ March 14 at 7: "Arsenal" (1929, Dovzhenko). . . . ¶ March 14 at 9: "La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc" (1928, Carl Theodor Dreyer).

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—March 9 at 6:30: "L'Amour" (1933, Heinsuke Gosho; in Japanese) and "Once More" (1947, Gosho; in Japanese). . . . ¶ March 12 at 6:30: "Akiko: Portrait of a Dancer" (1985, Sumiko Haneda), a documentary. Miss Haneda will be present.

French Institute–Alliance Française, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6100)—March 7 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "My Favorite Story" (1989, Anne-Marie Miéville; in French), with Gaële Le Roi, Anny Roman, and Hélène Roussel. . . . ¶ March 14 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Carnival in Flanders" (1935, Jacques Feyder; in French), with Françoise Rosay, Jean Murat, André Alerme, and Louis Jouvet.

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—March 12 at 6: "Making 'Do the Right Thing' " (1989, St. Claire Bourne), a documentary; "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (1973, Melvin Van Peebles), with Melvin Van Peebles, Mario Van Peebles, and John Amos; and "Bucktown" (1975, Arthur Marks), with Fred Williamson, Pam Grier, Carl Weathers, and Thalmus Rasulala. . . . ¶ March 12 at 6:30: "The Color Purple" (1985, Steven Spielberg), with Danny Glover, Adolph Caesar, Margaret Avery, Rae Dawn Chong, and Whoopi Goldberg.

IN BRIEF

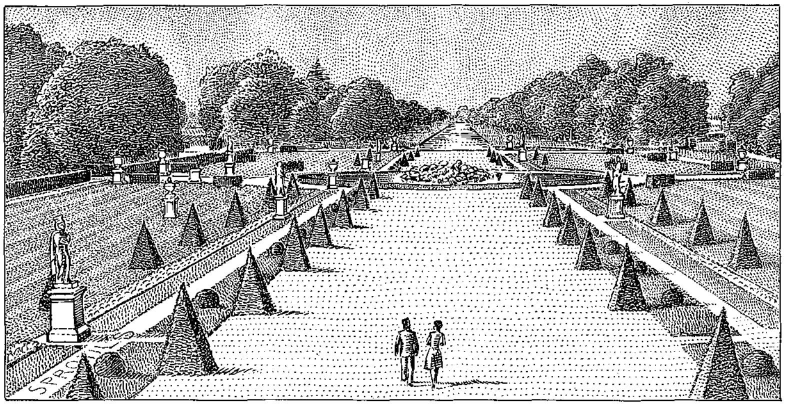
SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

The Bad Sleep Well (1960)—Kurosawa takes on the theme of corruption in business and government in this melodrama about how Toshiro Mifune tries to track down the men responsible for murdering his father. He finds them, all right, but here's the Japanese twist on a basically American story: Mifune is eliminated and business goes on as usual. It's a strangely mixed movie—an attempt at social significance, but with several borrowings from "Hamlet" that take bizarre forms: a giant wedding cake in the shape of an office building serves the plot function of the play within the play in "Hamlet." (The groom's father had committed suicide by jumping from a window of an office building.) The cast includes Masayuki Mori and Takashi Shimura. In Japanese.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; March 8-10.)

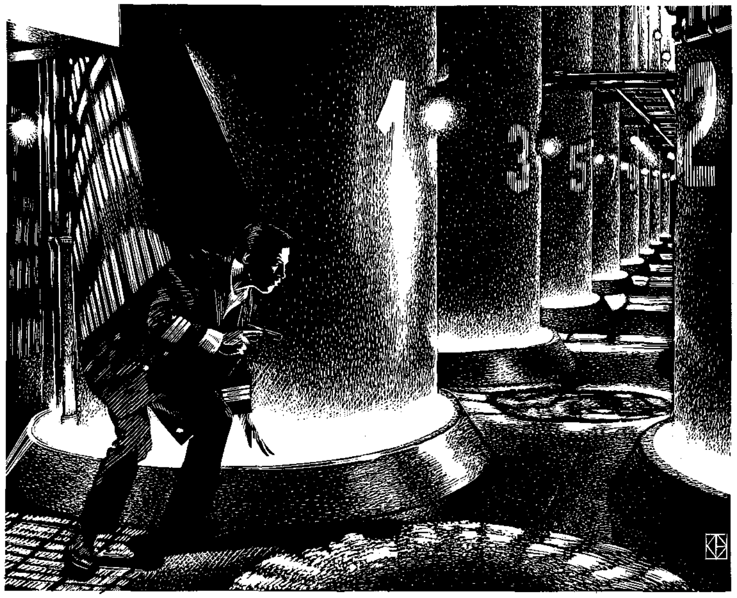
Beat the Devil (1954)—"The formula of 'Beat the Devil,' " its director, John Huston, once remarked, "is that everyone is slightly absurd." The plot of the picture was unknown to the cast but presumably known to Huston and his co-writer, Truman Capote; however, Capote later remarked that he had "a suspicion that John wasn't too clear about it." Commercially speaking, the movie courted—and achieved—disaster. According to most accounts, Capote wrote the script as they went along (reading it aloud to the cast each morning, Robert Morley says), and Huston didn't show any signs of anxiety. This improvisation was not necessarily an actor's delight, and Humphrey Bogart, who looks rather bewildered through much of the film, as if he hadn't been let in on the joke, said, "Only the phonies think it's funny. It's a mess." Yes, but it may be the funniest mess of all time. It kidded itself, yet it succeeded in some original (and perhaps dangerously marginal) way by finding a style of its own. Bogart and his wife, Gina Lollobrigida, are on a ship bound for British East Africa; their travelling companions are a gang of uranium swindlers—Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tulli, and Ivor Barnard. The funniest performer is Jennifer Jones (in a blond wig) as a creative liar; she's married to a bogus British lord (Edward Underdown). Then there's a shipwreck. This straight-faced parody of the international thriller killed off the whole genre. (It also ended the Huston-Bogart working relationship. Bogart had had his own money in the picture.) From a novel by James Helvick (a pseudonym for Claud Cockburn).—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; March 9-10.)



At the Cinema Village, "Last Year at Marienbad"

Black Rain—The most surprising thing about this film, which tells the story of a family of survivors of the atomic-bomb attack on Hiroshima, is that it isn't depressing. It's too intelligent; every scene is drenched in irony. The director, Shohei Imamura, treats the bombing itself with telling poetic concision, as a series of awful tableaux flashing before us with the speed of memory. Then, abruptly, he cuts to a tranquil-looking country scene and a very different kind of story. It's five years later, and the Shizuma family, last seen making their way through the wreckage of the city, now live in a remote village and are preoccupied with a traditional problem of Japanese movie families: arranging a marriage. This leisurely rural existence is restful in only the most superficial ways: two members of the family suffer from radiation sickness and have been ordered not to work hard. The Shizumas live in a perpetual state of suspension, a constant twilight; their survival is more like a wary, static persistence. We're unsure how to respond; we've never seen a family drama quite like this. Imamura's film looks at times like one of Yasujiro Ozu's dignified formal movies about middle-class problems, but the life of the Shizumas is Ozu's world seen in a very dark looking glass. The film's tone is analytical and distanced. Imamura has transformed this Hiroshima story into a Sartrean soap opera. With Yoshiko Tanaka, Kazuo Kitamura, and Etsuko Ichihara. The screenplay, by Imamura and Toshiro Ishido, is based on a novel by Masuji Ibuse. Superb black-and-white cinematography by Takashi Kawamata; a harrowingly beautiful score by Toru Takemitsu. In Japanese.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/26/90.) (Angelika Film Center.)

Born on the Fourth of July—An antiwar epic, it's like one of those commemorative issues of *Life*. This one covers 1956 to 1976, and the counterculture is presented in a nostalgic, aesthetically reactionary way: it's made part of our certified public memories. The director, Oliver Stone, plays bumper cars with the camera and uses cutting to jam you into the action, and you can't even enjoy his uncouthness, because it's put at the service of sanctimony. The pure of heart, Catholic and patriotic hero Ron Kovic (Tom Cruise) thinks war is how he'll prove himself a man. He joins the Marine Corps and is sent to Vietnam; in



Alec Baldwin in "The Hunt for Red October"

1968, his spine is severed, and he's left in a wheelchair, impotent, paralyzed from the chest down. The movie is a scream of rage at how he was betrayed, mutilated, neglected; it's also an uplifting account of how he boozed, quarrelled with everyone, and despaired until he stopped being contemptuous of the war protesters and became active in Vietnam Veterans Against the War. Overblown right from the start, this story is constructed as a series of blackout episodes that suggest the Stations of the Cross; rising strings alert you to the heavy stuff. Then the finale—Resurrection—takes Ron into white light, and John Williams lays on the trumpets. The script, by Stone and Kovic, is based on Kovic's autobiography. With Willem Dafoe, Tom Berenger, Raymond J. Barry as the gentle father, Caroline Kava as the castrating Mom, Kyra Sedgwick as Donna, and Abbie Hoffman.—P.K. (1/22/90) (Bijou Cinema, Baronet, U. A. East, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and National Twin.)

Camille Claudel—She lived, she loved, she sculpted, she went nuts. Bruno Nuytten's first film is a de-luxe biography of a nearly forgotten (but attractive!) artist who studied with the great Rodin, became his assistant and lover, and then struggled to break free of his influence and discover her own identity as a sculptor. Willful (and comely) as she is, Camille never manages to shake her obsession with Rodin, and she makes a mess of her life and her career. This is rich material, but the movie is a real chore to sit through: it's two and a half hours long, and the pace is sluggish. Nuytten, a superb cinematographer ("French Provincial," "Barocco"), doesn't seem to know how to tell a story—not one as complex as this, anyway. Isabelle Adjani plays Camille (there are obvious similarities to her role in "The Story of Adèle H.") with terrific abandon and intensity, yet the performance isn't satisfying; the film is so poorly shaped as drama that even her most striking moments seem to come out of nowhere. Also with Gérard Depardieu as Rodin, Laurent Grevill as Paul Claudel (Camille's younger brother, who became a well-known writer), and Alain Cuny. The script, by Nuytten and Marilyn Goldin, is based on a biography by Reine-Marie Paris. In French.—T.R. (Paris.)

Crimes and Misdemeanors—Written and directed by Woody Allen, it's a sad, censuring look at an eminent ophthalmologist (Martin Landau) and other crooks in high places who (in Allen's view) have convinced themselves that they can do anything, because they don't think God is watching. Allen is making the film equivalent of a play of ideas, and the ideas have no excitement. He's telling us not just what we already know but what we've already rejected. Woody Allen himself plays a little, grubbing-for-a-living documentary filmmaker who falls in love but can't compete for the woman (Mia Farrow) against a darling of the media, a tall, egomaniacal TV producer played with a wonderfully smug, screwy abandon by Alan Alda. Except for Alda, and Landau (when he's showing nervous impatience), and Jerry Orbach, who plays the ophthalmologist's shady brother, most of the large cast is proficient yet brittle and dull. With Sam Waterston (as a rabbi who's going blind), Anjelica Huston, Claire Bloom, Joanna Gleason, Caroline Aaron, Nora Ephron in a bit, and Daryl Hannah—uncredited, but looking so luscious she almost stops the show. The bland cinematography is by Sven Nykvist.—P.K. (10/30/89) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Carnegie Screening Room. . . . ¶ Manhattan Twin; through March 8.)

The Dead (1987)—Working in a mood of tranquil exuberance, the eighty-year-old John Huston made a great, warm, funny movie out of the great story that James Joyce wrote at twenty-five. Huston had never before blended his actors so intuitively, so musically. The party that the Morkan sisters and their fortyish niece give in their Dublin town house on January 6, 1904, the Feast of the Epiphany, suggests the Chekhov production of your dreams, or maybe one of Satyajit Ray's triumphs. The cast is glorious: Donal McCann is Gabriel; Anjelica Huston is Gabriel's wife, Gretta; Donal Donnelly is Freddy; Marie Kean is Freddy's mother; Cathleen Delany is Aunt Julia; Helena Carroll is Aunt Kate; Ingrid Craigie is Mary Jane; Dan O'Herlihy is the Protestant Mr. Browne; and Frank Patterson is the tenor who sings "The Lass of Aughrim." Screenplay by Tony Huston; cinematography by Fred Murphy; score by Alex North.—P.K. (Cinema Village; March 11.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's adaptation of his much honored play is still full of manipulative bits—it's virtually all manipulative bits—but the director, Bruce Beresford, understands how to work them while cutting down on their obviousness. Set in Atlanta, starting in 1948, the movie is the story of the companionship that develops between stubborn, suspicious Miss Daisy (Jessica Tandy), a wealthy Jewish widow of seventy-two, and her resilient chauffeur, Hoke (Morgan Freeman), a widower about a decade younger than she is. Essentially, it's about how he changes her. He's made upright, considerate, humane—he's made perfect—so that nothing will disturb our appreciation of the gentle, bittersweet reverie we're watching. But it's acted (and directed) eloquently. Tandy and Freeman achieve a beautiful equilibrium. And Dan Aykroyd comes through with a fine performance as Miss Daisy's good-old-boy son.—P.K. (12/25/89) (68th St. Playhouse, 8th St. Playhouse, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Cinema 3, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Drugstore Cowboy—Nihilistic humor rarely bubbles up in a movie as freely as it does here. Set in Portland, Oregon, in 1971, the story is about two couples who live together and travel around the Pacific Northwest robbing hospitals and pharmacies, grabbing fistfuls of pills and capsules. They're like a junkie version of Clyde Barrow's gang. The director, Gus Van Sant, takes us inside a lot of underground attitudes: the druggies are monomaniacal about leading an aimless existence—they see themselves as romantic figures. They're comic, but they're not put down for being comic. The picture keeps you laughing because it's so nonjudgmental. Van Sant is half in and half out of the desire of adolescents to remain kids forever. As the gang's twenty-six-year-old leader, Matt Dillon brings the role a light self-mockery that helps set the tone of the film, and Kelly Lynch is strikingly effective as the leader's wife. Also with James Le Gros, Heather Graham, James Remar, Max Perlich, Beah Richards, Grace Zabriskie, and William Burroughs. The script, by the director and Daniel Yost, was based on an unpublished novel by James Fogle, who's in prison for drug-related robberies.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Warner.)

Enemies, A Love Story—Emotionally overwhelming. Adapted from Isaac Bashevis Singer's New York City novel, set in 1949—a post-Holocaust sex farce in which three passionately jealous women are in love with a guilt-ridden, self-effacing man. The director, Paul Mazursky, has gathered a superbly balanced cast and kept the action so smooth that the viewer is carried along on a tide of mystical slyness. Ron Silver is the Polish-Jewish intellectual who survived the Final Solution by hiding in a hayloft. Margaret Sophie Stein is the Gentile peasant (now his wife) who risked her life to take care of him. Lena Olin is his diabolically willful mistress, a survivor of the camps. Anjelica Huston is the wife (with an erotic aura) he thought was killed by the Nazis. This richly satisfying movie is restrained, yet it has its own deeply crazy turmoil. Mazursky pulls the rug out from under us, and we drop through the farce. With Alan King, Judith Malina, Phil Leeds, and Mazursky. The script is by Roger L. Simon and the director.—P.K. (12/25/89) (Angelika Film Center, Gotham Cinema, and Carnegie Hall Cinema. . . . ¶ Chelsea Cinemas; through March 8.)

The Fabulous Baker Boys—Two lounge pianists (brothers, played by Beau and Jeff Bridges) add a vocalist (Michelle Pfeiffer) to their act, and she changes their lives. This romantic fantasy has a forties-movie sultriness and an eighties movie-struck melancholy. Put them together and you have a movie in which eighties glamour is being defined. The young writer-director Steve Kloves trips off your bluesy, narcissistic feelings about popular music and commercial-movie emotions; he invites you to laugh if you want to. (You feel the heat even if you're laughing.) The three stars seem perfect at what they're doing—newly minted icons. When Pfeiffer (who does her own singing) delivers "Makin' Whoopee," while crawling over a grand piano like a long-legged kitty-cat, she rivals Rita Hayworth in "Gilda."—P.K. (10/16/89) (Worldwide Cinemas; through March 8.)

Field of Dreams—Doggerel emotion. Kevin Costner, a New Age farmer in Iowa, longs to be reconciled with his dead father, a minor-league baseball player whose outlook he had rejected in the sixties. He hears a whispered command to build a baseball field, and when he does the spirits of Shoeless Joe Jackson (Ray Liotta) and the other White Sox who were barred from baseball for life after the 1919 World Series scandal arrive and play regularly. This is only the beginning of the hero's mystical encounters. That the film is sincere doesn't mean it's not manipulative; when the weepers in the audience start up, you may feel like a pariah if you're not moved. Adapted by the writer-director Phil Alden Robinson from W. P. Kinsella's 1982 novel, "Shoeless Joe." With Amy Madigan, James Earl Jones, Burt Lancaster, Dwier Brown as the father, and Gaby Hoffman.—P.K. (5/1/89) (Worldwide Cinemas; through March 8.)

Glory—This Civil War epic, based on fiery, spirit-stirring material that has never before been tapped for the movies, is emotionally moving even when the scenes falter. The 54th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry was the first black fighting unit to be formed in the North, and the white colonel in command of the effort to prove that black men had the discipline and valor to stand up against the enemy was Robert Gould Shaw, the twenty-five-year-old son of abolitionists. As the small, sad-faced Shaw, Matthew Broderick shows us the misery of a softhearted commanding officer who is determined to prepare his men for what's ahead. Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Andre Braugher are the usual representative group of enlistees who bicker and quarrel before they shape up and become fine soldiers, but the actors perform the roles as if they've never been played before. Although the script is a conventional melodrama, the director, Edward Zwick, has made something more thoughtful than that. He doesn't have the instinct for images that would burst the written framework, but he's made a good film on a great subject. The screenplay, based partly on Shaw's letters, is by Kevin Jarre. With Jihmi Kennedy.—P.K. (2/5/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Gypsy (1962)—An extremely unpleasant version of the Broadway musical based on Gypsy Rose Lee's memoirs. Rosalind Russell is the psychopathic stage mother who uses and destroys everyone within reach of her excruciatingly loud voice. Natalie Wood (almost pitifully miscast) is the daughter Russell rants at, and Karl Malden gets it, too. Jules Styne and Stephen Sondheim wrote the songs. Mervyn LeRoy's direction is heavy and coarse, and the script (by Leonard Spiegelgass, from the Arthur Laurents play) and the other credits match. With Ann Jillian as Baby June, and an unbilled appearance by Jack Benny. (Rosalind Russell's songs were partially dubbed by Lisa Kirk.)—P.K. (Cinema Village; March 12-13.)

Henry V—Adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, this fast-paced version isn't exultant, like the one made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and, best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

Internal Affairs—Bad fun. This sophisticated variant of other L.A. cops-and-coke-and-art-world thrillers has a creepy, rhythmic quality that sucks you in and keeps you amused. The subtext is ingeniously nasty: it's a dirty, sexy twist on the Iago-Othello relationship. This Iago is a prosperous veteran cop, played by Richard Gere, who's being investigated by two officers from the Police Department's internal-affairs division: a righteous, ramrod-straight Latino (Andy Garcia) with a beautiful blond wife, and his sane, honest partner (Laurie Metcalf). Gere torments the stiff-backed Othello (Garcia), boasting of his adulterous conquest of the blond wife, and manipulates him into a jealous rage. Gere slithers through the picture very dexterously, but Garcia gives a one-note, glaring-eyed performance: except for his key, violent explosions (which are terrific), he's so rigid he's barely human. As Garcia's partner, a lesbian who doesn't try to ingratiate herself with anybody, Metcalf gives a strong, contained performance. Directed by Mike Figgis, whose previous feature was the 1988 "Stormy Monday." The smart script is by Henry Bean.—P.K. (2/5/90) (Loews New York Twin, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through March 8.)

The Little Mermaid—Disney-style kitsch. It's technologically sophisticated, but with just about all the simpering old Disney values in place. They're just slightly updated: the Little Mermaid—a teen-age tootsie in a flirty seashell bra—is like Sleeping Beauty plus tomboy spunk. The film does have a cheerful calypso number ("Under the Sea," by Howard Ashman and Alan Menken), and the color is bright—at least, until the mermaid goes on land, when everything seems to dull out. Pat Carroll provides the voice of Ursula, the Sea Witch; Samuel E. Wright provides the voice of Sebastian.—P.K. (12/11/89) (Embassy.)

Mountains of the Moon—With Patrick Bergin and Iain Glen, directed by Bob Rafelson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld. . . . ¶ Chelsea Cinemas; starting March 9.)

Music Box—When the cast and the script are right for Costa-Gavras—as they are here—he can give a courtroom melodrama the pull and excitement of a thriller. Jessica Lange is the Chicago lawyer defending her retired steelworker father (Armin Mueller-Stahl) against deportation to Hungary, where the Communist government is waiting to try him for war crimes. The emotional core of the movie is that during the trial, as the Second World War victims give their accounts, the daughter begins to lose faith in her father's innocence. There are no flashbacks; there's no shock apparatus. We simply take in what they're saying, and we watch her take it in. Lange verges on the astounding. Costa-Gavras provides a low-key, controlled atmosphere, and she fills it with passion. The final plot developments feel fake, but this is a remarkably lucid piece of storytelling. The script is by Joe Eszterhas.—P.K. (1/8/90) (59th Street East Cinema, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Loews 19th Street East 6, and Waverly; through March 8.)

My Left Foot—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in, yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker.—P.K. (10/2/89) (Gramercy, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Roger & Me—Michael Moore's widely praised muckraking documentary is about his two-and-a-half-year pursuit of Roger Smith, the chairman of General Motors, who, according to the film, is directly responsible for closing eleven plants and bringing about the destruction of Flint, Michigan—GM's birthplace and Moore's home town. The film purports to show what was happening in Flint from February, 1987, to August, 1989, but what happens is that Moore, a big shambling joker who's the director, producer, writer, and star, deadpans his way through interviews with an assortment of unlikely people, who are used as stooges. He chases gags and improvises his own version of history: in his account of the plant closings, the worker layoffs, and the construction of tourist attractions, he compresses the events of many years and fiddles with the time sequence. He comes on in a give-'em-hell style, but he breaks faith with the audience. And he does something that is humanly very offensive: "Roger & Me" uses its leftism as a superior attitude. Members of the audience can laugh at ordinary working people and still feel that they're taking a politically correct position.—P.K. (1/8/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6, and 57th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through March 8.)

Scarlet Street (1946)—Fritz Lang directed this American version of Renoir's "La Chienne." In the American setting it's a sordid, low-life melodrama about illicit love, and it never takes root—it's not one of Lang's best American movies. Edward G. Robinson is a frustrated, gray-haired cashier married to a nag (Rosalind Ivan); his only pleasure is in painting on Sundays. He falls for a tart (Joan Bennett) and sets her up in a Greenwich Village apartment, on stolen money. But the tart is in love with a lout (Dan Duryea), who beats her. The script, by Dudley Nichols, is heavy-handed, and Lang's emphatic style pounds home the ironies and the murder-plot devices. (Robinson kills the girl, and Duryea is electrocuted for the crime.) Robinson's paintings are actually by John Decker.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 8.)

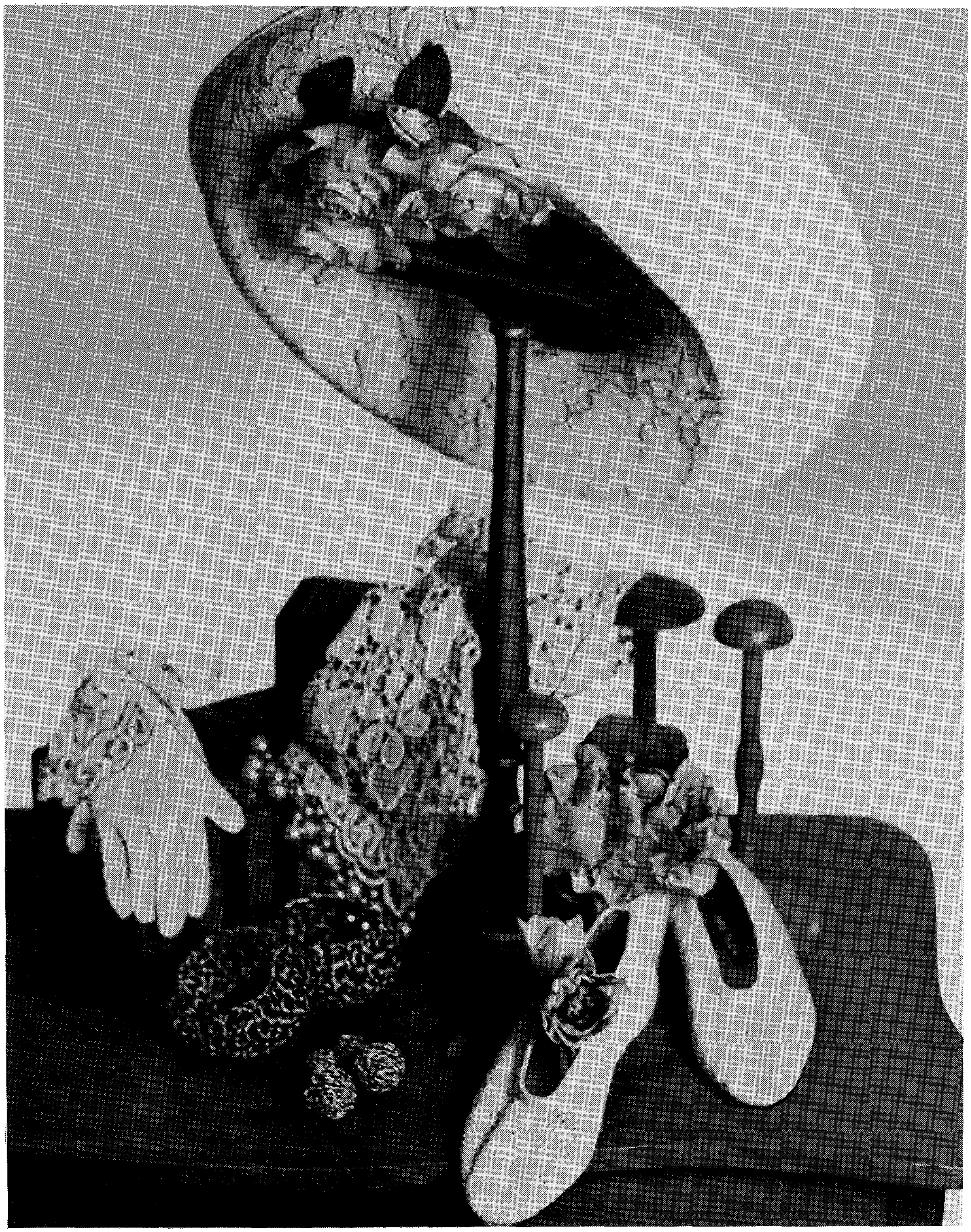
Shirley Valentine—Willy Russell, who wrote the play (and the movie) "Educating Rita," gives us another Englishwoman learning a thing or two about life. This time, it's a housewife in her forties whose kids are grown and gone and whose husband is so unresponsive that she spends a lot of time talking to the kitchen wall. A friend persuades her to come along on a two-week holiday in Greece, and Shirley, away from her dull husband and her constricted life, starts to enjoy herself for the first time since her adolescence. But she's not just having a fling or reliving her giddy youth—the writer wants us to understand that she's experiencing deeper, maturer pleasures. Russell's script is an adaptation of his play, which was a monologue. Though this isn't a one-woman show anymore, it's still a showcase for perky, round-faced Pauline Collins. She's very likable, and her performance is mercifully restrained. Lewis Gilbert's direction is long on maturity and short on pleasure: the picture moves at a careful, measured, guided-tour pace. By the end, poor Shirley seems more than ever like a lost soul: an Edna O'Brien character who woke up and found herself on "The Love Boat."—T.R. (9/4/89) (Worldwide Cinemas.)

"Imagine: John Lennon" (playing March 14-15 at the Thalia SoHo) isn't a great documentary, but it has a great protagonist: a hero who keeps turning into an anti hero and then back into a hero again. The contradictions that rippled through the life of the "intellectual Beatle" energize the whole hundred-and-three-minute movie. Lennon the sometimes violent hell-raiser preached peace and love—occasionally in words that would have looked right on a UNICEF card. Lennon the scarred child, who says he lost his mother twice—once at age five, when he went to live with his aunt, and once at age seventeen, when his mother was struck by the car of an off-duty policeman—couldn't be a parent to his first son, Julian. He zigzagged through sexual and feminist liberation, ending up as a house husband and devoted father to his second son, Sean. Luckily for the filmmakers, Lennon was alternately media-naïve and media-wise, sometimes both at the same time. He couldn't help being himself. And he was never boring—bewildering or agitating, yes, but never boring.

Lennon is a magnetic camera subject, whether he's striking nervy, youthful poses with his pugnacious chin or assuming a raw, sad-eyed stance when he sings "Mother," one of his primal-scream songs. You hear wit and vehemence in his music—not just in his own songs but even in his insistent, emotionally demanding version of "Stand by Me." And you see his directness in the one-on-one encounters with weird and overexuberant fans. There's an extraordinary sequence when Lennon confronts a young man who's been lurking around the rock star's Ascot estate, Tittenhurst, convinced that Lennon has been communicating with him personally through his records. Lennon tells the man without condescension that he writes his songs about himself and hopes they apply to other people. Then he invites the wanderer inside for a bite.

Steel Magnolias—Chalk scraping across a blackboard for two hours.—P.K. (Gemini. . . . ¶ Chelsea Cinemas; through March 8.)

Where the Heart Is—With Dabney Coleman, Uma Thurman, Joanna Cassidy, Crispin Glover, Suzy Amis, Christopher Plummer, and David Hewlett; directed by John Boorman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through March 6. . . . ¶ Guild; through March 8.)



Laced with charm. Appealing to Spring's gentler side—the unexpected delight of lace-y accessories. Clockwise: Straw hat with lace overlay and silk roses by Kokin, $245 (D124); Crochet flats by Anne Klein, $62 (D789); Crochet mesh bangle, $130; Drop Earrings, $95. Both by Gisela Von Eicken (D309); Crochet glove with lace cuff by Carolina Amato, $33 (D017); Lace neck scarf with faux pearl drops by Alchemy, $66 (D054). Herald Square and selected Macy's. Call the fashion consultants at Macy's By Appointment for details: 212-560-4181. Outside New York State call 1-800-343-0121. Use your Macy's charge. Or the American Express® card.

macy's

THE
NEW YORKER

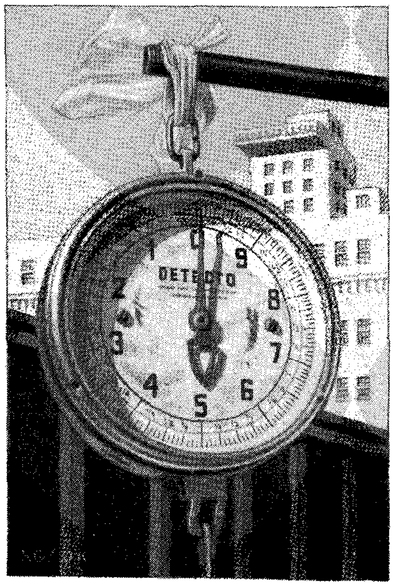
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WITH the completion of elections in Nicaragua, there is reason to hope that the war and the economic agony in that country may finally be coming to an end. As soon as President Bush heard the news of Violeta Chamorro's victory, he announced that "there is no reason at all for further military activity," and the Contras were called in from the field. The United States also moved swiftly to lift its embargo against Nicaragua. Farmers in the countryside there need no longer live in fear of attack. And for families in the cities—where food has been piling up in warehouses, because the currency has collapsed and people cannot afford to buy it—immediate relief for their hungry children is in sight.

In Washington, there was jubilation, and in El Salvador a spokesman for the government said that the defeat of the Sandinistas showed that "changes are not brought about by violent means." But, although the talk now is of peaceful transition, the reality is that for the greater part of the past decade violence was the cornerstone of the United States campaign in Nicaragua. Back in 1982, William Casey, the director of the Central Intelligence Agency, said, "It takes relatively few people and little support to disrupt the internal peace and economic stability of a small country," and the following year Duane Clarridge, the C.I.A.'s Nicaraguan chief, testified before a closed session of the House Intelligence Committee that the Contras, whom the C.I.A. funded and controlled, had killed "civilians and Sandinista officials in the provinces, as well as heads of coöperatives, nurses, doctors and judges." By the late nineteen-eighties, hundreds of schools and health clinics—what General John Galvin, then the head of the United States forces in Central America, described as "soft targets"—had been destroyed, and many of their staff members had been abducted or assassinated. All told, the war cost thirty thousand Nicaraguan lives.

On the economic front, Washington had since 1981 been pressuring banks and governments to cut off Nicaragua from all sources of outside funds. In 1985, the United States imposed a full-scale embargo. Meanwhile, Nicaragua remained in a perpetual state of mobilization; the government, in which military officials were assuming an increasingly large role, initiated an unpopular draft, and defense spending consumed more than half the national budget. The government met its deficit by printing more money, and the result was soaring inflation. In 1985 and 1986, real wages fell by two-thirds; in 1988, the currency collapsed, and inflation hit thirty-three thousand per cent.



The Sandinista electoral slogan last month was "Everything will be better." But in fact only Mrs. Chamorro could promise an end to Nicaragua's woes, because only she had the support of the United States. The bargain was explicit. If Chamorro won, President Bush said in November, "the United States would be ready to lift the trade embargo and assist in Nicaragua's reconstruction." And in January, after the Contras had ambushed a civilian vehicle, wounding a bishop and killing two nuns, one of them a United States citizen, a State Department spokesman said that Washington "remains committed to the Resistance," and, depending on what happened in the election, had not "ruled out" continued Contra aid.

How long Nicaragua's relief lasts will depend in part on whether the United States is willing to let Nicaraguans rebuild their lives in a manner of their own choosing. During the early years of the Sandinistas' administration, they accomplished a modest social revolution, cutting the infant-mortality rate in half, getting polio, tuberculosis, and smallpox under control, and raising the literacy rate, which had been as low as any in Latin America. With the war and the embargo, those trends began to be reversed, and the Nicaraguans are now almost back where they were under the Somoza dictatorship.

In 1979, when the Somozas fell, and Nicaragua—after a hundred years of domination—broke away from the United States, the Cold War was Washington's rationale for hard-line policies overseas. Now the world has changed, and that rationale seems less and less relevant. The important question for the future of Nicaragua is: Will the United States, which has proved itself so intransigent about its role in Central America, begin to allow itself to change as well?

• •

Seduction

ONE way of covering Václav Havel's recent visit to New York was to think: Sidebar. Think: Last forty-five seconds of the evening news. Think: Light comic relief with oblique connection to Czech playwright President. Think: Funny, yet provocative. This is what was apparently running through the minds of the people at CNN and WNBC on Havel's last afternoon here, when each station sent out a reporter and camera crew to cover a performance piece at the New Museum of Contemporary Art arranged by the Czech expatriate artist Jana Sterbak.

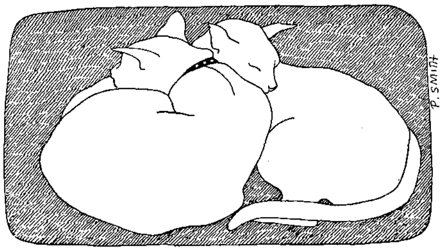
Jana Sterbak is an artist whose theme is the seductive power of ideology, and whose materials include joy buzzers and raw beef. She emigrated from Czechoslovakia to Canada as a young woman, in the sixties, and the move made her aware that the things people take for granted tend to be shaped by the social system they live in. She believes that all of us mostly do what powerful people tell us to do, and get to like doing it. In Eastern Europe, people had to liberate themselves from the ideology of socialism, she says; here we have to liberate ourselves from the ideology of glamour. She dramatizes this theme by creating parodies of seductive objects. For instance, to dramatize the idea that expensive clothes surreptitiously encourage us to think of women as meat, she once made a dress out of flank steak and hung it on a mannequin in a gallery in Montreal for a month. The New Museum thought of exhibiting the meat piece in its Jana Sterbak retrospective but then decided that it was too risky. "Canada is Canada," a P.R. woman at the museum said crisply. "You do that here and who *knows* what will come out of the walls?"

The museum did exhibit the Sterbak "Seduction Couch," a metal couch that looks sort of appealing (in a vaguely Modern Age way) but has been rigged up so that when, seduced, you touch it—*zap!*—you get an electric shock. According to the critic Bruce W. Ferguson, the couch demonstrates "the contradictory nature of desire—its conflict of irreconcilable tensions within the ever renewable cycle of seduction and consumption—which promises to unify what it threatens simultaneously to undo: the apparent coherence of all its subjects." At the New Museum, a sign next to the couch says "Caution. Visitors Wearing Pacemakers or Those with a History of Heart Trouble Are Advised Not to Touch the Artwork."

Jana Sterbak's most famous works are her electric crinolines. These are head-high aluminum frameworks that are meant to look like hoopskirts; they ride on battery-powered motorized wheels and are operated by remote-control devices. There is a sling seat at the center of the skirt, and a woman in a white leotard is suspended inside it. The hoopskirt can then move slowly around the floor. Sometimes the woman inside the metal skirt holds the controls. Sometimes she hands the controls over to a guy who works for the gallery, and lets him run the skirt.

Bruce W. Ferguson on the electric crinoline: "All configurations of power, in symmetrical or asymmetrical geometries, become possible within the physical limits of the crinoline. Oppositions in circuits of control and loss; technophilia and technophobia; art and entertainment, culture and nature; and so on are *simultaneously* engaged, blurring distinctions between them. . . . The work conscientiously denies determined meanings, encouraging, instead, a series of decentered significances."

By one-fifteen, a crowd had gathered in the small back room of the New Museum to watch the electric-crinoline performance. The spectators were mostly women, most of them beautifully dressed in Rei Kawakubo or Comme des Garçons separates. At about one-twenty, a young woman in white leotard and tights emerged, and two men in tuxedos accompanying her set stepladders on either side of the crinoline. Then each man took one end of a pole, the woman grasped the center, and the men climbed the stepladders and hoisted her up to the sling seat. She winced slightly as they dropped her in. Then they handed her the controls. With a little crunchy buzz, the wheels began to move, and the electric hoopskirt, with the woman inside, started to creep toward the spectators. The woman fiddled with a toggle switch, and began to move backward. Then she swivelled around and rolled sideways. Then she stopped and rolled back in the direction she had come from.



While you are imagining the electric crinoline rolling around in the back room of the New Museum, try to think about this: "Sterbak wants to dislodge the fundamental asymmetry central to modernist constructions of power within aesthetic productions. To do so, she uses multiple and simultaneous strategies—a practice whose very heterogeneity disrupts the cohesion of faithful choices. By not limiting its focus to power's abusive opportunities in the domain of production, her work can concern itself with the split subject in every person who encounters an artwork, the subject whose very capacity for contradictory interpretations she wishes to recognize."

Now the woman handed the controls to one of the men in tuxedos. He made the skirt roll more quickly, but even at top speed an electric crinoline just moseys along. He made it roll backward. He made it roll forward. And then he made it stop, in the middle of the room. Applause.

The men brought back the pole and helped the woman out of the seat. The two television reporters and their camera crews raced toward her as though she were just emerging from a space capsule, and began to interview her. Her name turned out to be Deborah Ann O'Berry; she comes from Virginia; she is a dance teacher and a sign-language interpreter—one of those people you see making gestures in the lower-right-hand corner of the TV screen—and she got the job as Jana Sterbak's performer through an ad.

"Can you describe your feelings inside the hoopskirt?" the woman from CNN asked.

"I felt kind of trapped," Ms. O'Berry said. She had a soft Southern accent, of the sort that turns every statement into a question. "I'm trapped, but I'm kind of *elevated*? It was real serene when someone else held the control. I felt like a *princess*? I knew that I'd surrendered control, and I wished I hadn't done it, but I didn't really *mind*?

"Have you ever experienced anything like this before?" the man from WNBC asked.

Ms. O'Berry turned and faced the WNBC camera, cleared her throat, and said, "I think it feels like wearing a chastity belt, but I'm not sure, because I've never worn one."

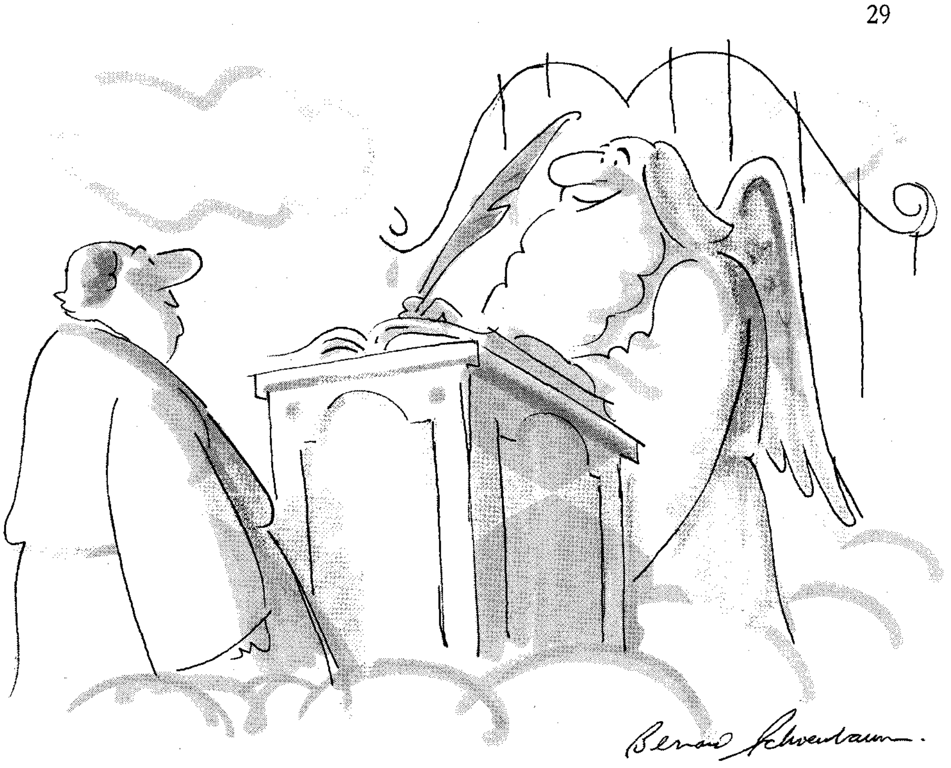
"What does this experience mean to you?" he asked.

"It means to me . . . I think it means what you bring to it. Sometimes it feels really serene, and sometimes it feels really uncomfortable."

"Are you going to go upstairs and get shocked?"

"No, thank you. I was shocked the other night."

Then they interviewed Jana Sterbak. She is a dark, gloomily handsome woman with blunt, emphatic features. She was wearing a Czech flag in her lapel. "This is not a prescriptive statement," she said. "Nothing about the way things should be or ought to be. It's about gender issues, but only in part. That contradiction of which the performer spoke, between dependency and self-determination, can be experienced in the physical sense. But it's not just about a person. It can involve bigger things than a person. Whole nations, for example."



"Welcome aboard. You are now exempt from federal, state, and local taxes."

• •

Clubhouse

WHEN the Hawaiians invented surfing, they did not have New York City in mind. Schlepping a seven-foot surfboard through the subway—a maneuver guaranteed to draw verbal abuse from fellow-passengers—is hard enough, but the teen-agers who surf year-round at Rockaway Beach must also contend with floating syringes and with the sternum-jolting thunder of jets descending on nearby Kennedy Airport. All this for swells that, let's face it, rarely amount to more than the wave equivalent of a bunny slope. The Rockaway surfers do have their own song, a punk-surf anthem called "Rockaway Beach," which was recorded by the Ramones in 1977, and they have Tom Sena, who, besides running the Rockaway Beach Surf Shop, acts as their coach, cheerleader, and political advocate. We recently dropped in at Sena's shop—a two-story emporium with a beach mural above the entrance, which makes it as conspicuous amid Rockaway's working-class houses and shot-and-a-beer taverns as a hippie crashing a Rotary Club barbecue—and found him, a boyish thirty-six-year-old wearing blue-rimmed Vuarnet glasses and a well-rumpled checked shirt, looking after the inventory.

Sena supplies everything a surf dandy might require: Mr. Zog's fruit-flavored surf wax, Billabong shorts, dozens of different kinds of sunglasses, racks of surf garb with neon-colored slogans like "Life's a Beach" and "Bad Dog Wet Your Tail," and shiny surfboards stacked upright, like books on a shelf. The shop, we discovered, is a kind of clubhouse for a gang of modern-day Frankie Avalons and Annette Funicellos. "These aren't your coat-and-tie types," Sena said, nodding toward a clump of adolescent customers heading for a sunglasses display. "These are *real* New Yorkers. These kids have no money, but they come in to see the latest stuff. They flip through all the magazines. They look at a T-shirt, leave, and then come back to study it some more. All good kids. No problems. They wash dishes or cut grass—they'll do anything to save money for a surfboard."

Surfing and wholesomeness haven't always enjoyed a hard-and-fast relationship, Sena remarked, and then he explained that the sport has matured into a kind of post-hippie puritanism. "It's the most positive thing in the neighborhood," he said. "Fourteen is the age when kids start surfing, and it's the age when they can go bad. Surfing can sway them. If you want to be cool, you surf. And if you want to hit the waves at dawn you don't stay up late." He nodded toward a boy wearing a T-shirt that said "See Dick Drink. See Dick Drive. See Dick Die." "Look at that," he whispered. "Health-conscious! Positive! Nature!"

Sena led us outside and, through a drizzling rain, to a broad boardwalk overlooking a deserted beach, on one side, and rows of modest bungalows and the elevated subway, on the other. "The old people and the cops come down to watch the surfers," he said. "They love it. When fishermen fall off the piers, the surfers rescue them. This is the friendliest surfing beach I know of. Everybody down here gets along—race and creed don't matter. It's not like a basketball court, where people show off their hundred-and-fifty-dollar sneakers. Everybody's on the same team. Everybody interlocks." A gray pickup with a surf rack on its top and an "IRONWORKERS LOCAL" decal on its side pulled up, and the driver flashed a thumbs-down gesture through the windshield—the international hand signal for "Lousy waves today."

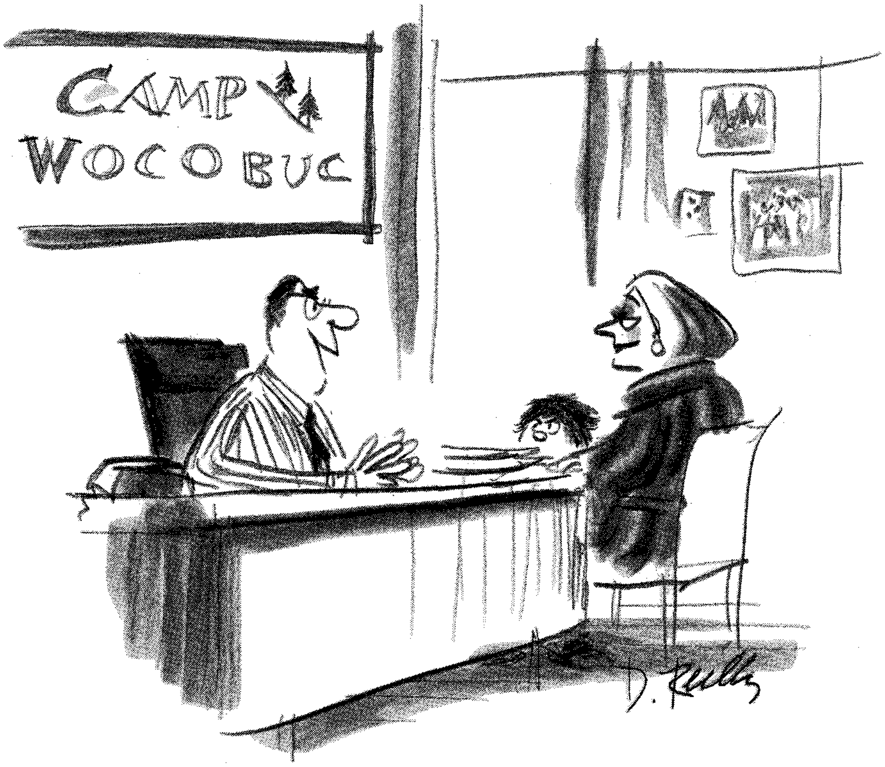
Sena's entanglement with surfing began in 1964, when he was in the sixth grade, and surfing was a crewcut sport freshly imported from California. "Everybody had a paper route," he recalled. "That's how you earned your surfboard. This was our life. Nobody wanted anything else. My next-door neighbor got us all started, and then he went to Vietnam and never came back. Those guys who did return got right back on their boards—a lot of those old-timers still surf here." Sena added that he attended Salesian Junior Seminary, in Goshen, for a year and then dropped out, returned to Rockaway, and began constructing surfboards in his parents' two-car garage. When neighbors grumbled about the stench of fibreglass, he left the garage, and moved on to a series of progressively grander facilities. He opened the current shop, on 116th Street, in 1979.

There are times when the seminarian prevails over the entrepreneur. When a nun from St. John's Home for Boys, four blocks down the beach, stopped in last year to buy a pair of Ray-Ban sunglasses, Sena endowed the orphanage on the spot with some fifty pairs of surf shorts. And he has forged a working friendship with Father Bob Lawsine, a pastor at Rockaway's St. Thomas More–St. Edmund's Church, who works the shoreline during the summer wearing a tank-top T-shirt and cutoff shorts. "His mission is the beach," Sena said, "He's like Joe Surfer. Nothing freaks him out. He's on the boardwalk, he's in the parking lots—he's everywhere. He's magic." When teen-age participation faltered at the church two years ago, Sena gave Father Bob a boogie board to raffle among the altar boys. "He ended up with more altar boys than he could handle," Sena said, and laughed. A skateboard, a surfboard, and surf trunks have also made their way from Sena's stockroom to Father Bob's parish. "He never asks," Sena said. "We have to push it on him."

For years, the Rockaway surfers confined themselves (in summer, anyway) to a zone the Parks Department designated for them at Thirty-eighth Street—a blighted stretch of burned-out shanties and vacant lots patrolled by the occasional pack of wild dogs. Grim as it was, Thirty-eighth Street had one redeeming feature: a rock jetty around which peeled some of Rockaway's shapeliest waves. The city acknowledged the surfers' title to the place seven years ago by agreeing to rename the street Duke Kahanamoku Way, after a legendary surfer, who is to his sport roughly what Babe Ruth and Joe DiMaggio combined would be to baseball. Two years ago, with the new street signs still not up, crack dealers and their attendants took over the area. Surfers—some not yet teen-agers—were forced to pass by dubious characters conducting transactions through car windows. There were other hazards, too. "They'd watch from the weeds, waiting until we paddled all the way out into the surf," Sena recalled. "Then they'd break into our cars." Surfers who migrated up the beach in search of safer terrain were turned away by lifeguards and police.

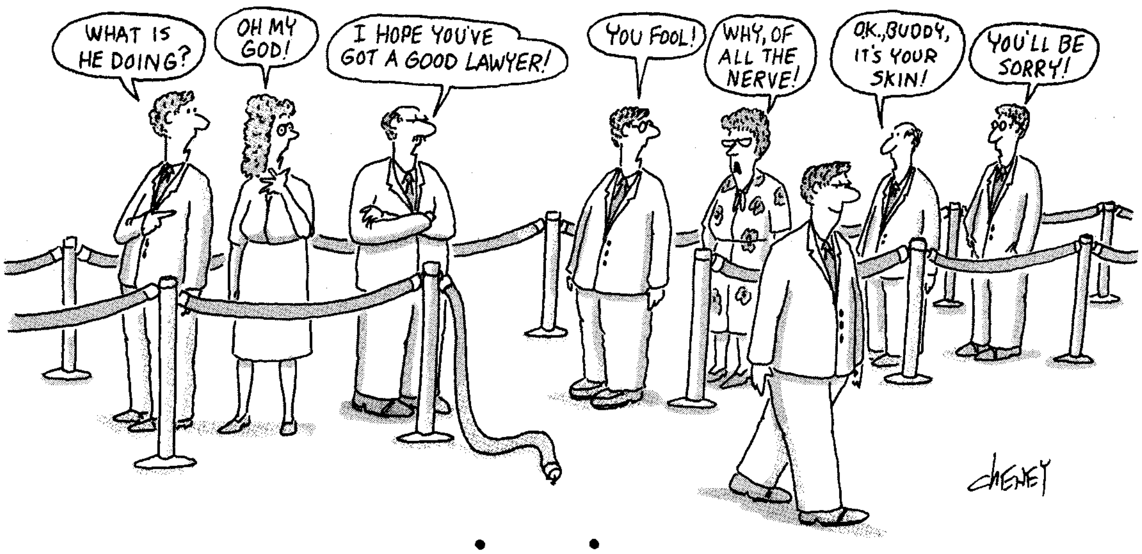
Last year, Sena conferred with James Breslin, the son of the columnist Jimmy Breslin, and a twenty-five-year Rockaway surf veteran, and he, in turn, phoned his boyhood friend Andrew Stein, the City Council president. An unlikely surfer–City Hall alliance was formed as a result of two huddles in Stein's office, and soon the Parks Department sanctioned a new surfing beach, fifty blocks up from Duke Kahanamoku Way, in a safe neighborhood of high-rise apartments, grassy plots, and food stands. "But we still want to go back to Duke Kahanamoku Way one day and put those street signs up," Sena said.

By then, the name might really mean something. Sena told us he was collecting evidence that Kahanamoku actually surfed at Rockaway Beach while touring the East Coast after the 1912 Olympics, in Stockholm, where he won gold and silver medals in swimming. Back in the Surf Shop, Sena unearthed a photocopy of a page from a 1912 issue of the *Wave*, the local newspaper, which had a one-paragraph item recounting Kahanamoku's weekend stay at the Rockaway home of Joe Ruddy, a former Olympic swimmer. If the Great One did sample the waves during that August stopover—and Sena thinks he was travelling with his board—it would, by Sena's reckoning, have been



"And at the end of the season the camper with the most merit points gets to be the star of next year's promotional video!"

his first East Coast surfing, and that would make Rockaway Beach a kind of Plymouth Rock among Eastern surfers. "We're trying to find somebody here who was alive in 1912," Sena said. "We suspect, but we want to *believe*."


WHAT IS HE DOING?
OH MY GOD!
I HOPE YOU'VE GOT A GOOD LAWYER!
YOU FOOL!
WHY, OF ALL THE NERVE!
O.K., BUDDY, IT'S YOUR SKIN!
YOU'LL BE SORRY!
CHENEY

Chicken Dinner

THE other night, as we were having dinner at the house of some people we'll call Betty and Hal Madison, in Oyster Bay, we noticed that the guest next to us was paying more attention to his linen napkin than to his food. "Nancie is not used to a napkin," Betty Madison said. Betty Madison is a lawyer, and her husband is an electronic engineer. Nancie, despite the feminine name, is a rooster.

Nancie, a white leghorn, has lived with the Madisons since Easter, 1987, when their daughter, Cindie, bought him as a chick from a street peddler in Manhattan. Nancie has his own room, decorated with Oriental rugs, a three-way mirror, some Chinese porcelain, a few sculptures (of chickens), and a watercolor scene of Paris. Cindie, now away at college, does not much care for Nancie, and the feeling is mutual. "He's my little enemy," Cindie told us over the phone. "I regret buying him, definitely." Cindie thinks that having a chicken running through the house is weird, and she is angry that Nancie gets fresh raspberries every night for dessert. Cindie used to shove Nancie out of her room and slam the door, but lately, when she's home, she has tried to be more cordial. Nancie still jumps on Cindie's feet.

For dinner we had pork chops—Nancie's favorite meal. Nancie also likes bacon, caviar, and cheese. (When he was younger, he ate only imported Swiss, but now he prefers Kraft Thin Deli Slices.) Nancie will eat chicken, but Betty serves it less and less often these days. "It is starting to make me uncomfortable," she said.

"I can't believe the chicken has to have his meat cut up," Barney Silk said to Betty, who was mincing the pork chop on Nancie's plate. Barney Silk and his wife, Paula, were the other dinner guests. Their daughter, Fern, who is Cindie's best friend, also brought home a chick three years ago. After a few days, though, no one in the family wanted a pet; fortunately for the Silks, their chicken didn't live long.

In the Madisons' photo album is a picture of Nancie as a fluffy yellow chick posing next to a broken eggshell. Nancie is now twenty inches tall and weighs six pounds. His feathers are snow white, and his tail feathers, or sickle feathers, are long and curved. (Long feathers are considered such an important mark of beauty at chicken shows that unscrupulous people have been known to glue feathers to the tails of chickens.) Nancie's comb has five points—the prime number for a white leghorn—and is bright red.

Once, the Madisons bought Nancie a hen, but Nancie would have nothing to do with her. "Not his type," Betty told us. When the hen upset a basket of marble eggs in Nancie's room, she was returned.

"A chicken's instincts are pointless in Oyster Bay," Betty said. "So Nancie has to develop other ways to accommodate the environment. When Hal takes a nap, Nancie perches on his stomach. He doesn't have a brood to protect, so he protects Hal." (When Hal stretched out after dinner and Nancie was called on to demonstrate his protectiveness, however, Nancie would not budge. "The chicken is a bust," said Barney.)

The Madisons claim that Nancie enjoys watching television and has learned how to change channels with his beak. "And Nancie loves to cuddle," Betty said. Nancie's flat eyes flitted about. Betty went on to say that getting to know Nancie has given her great respect for all animals, whose plight she cared little about three years ago. Betty feeds the raccoons in her yard, does pro-bono work for Legal Action for Animals, and believes that the wildlife of the suburbs has just as much right to the land as human beings do. She would like to get involved in farm-animal litigation, but Oyster Bay doesn't offer much opportunity in that area.

While Betty was in the kitchen, we asked Hal if Nancie had similarly affected him.

"Can we be honest?" he answered.

Nancie hopped down and pecked at our feet. It really hurt.

"Betty!" Hal shouted to his wife. "Nancie's bothering the guests!"

"No, he's not!" Betty shouted back.

Nancie squawked. Betty had warned us that Nancie doesn't like it when people shout.

After Nancie ate the raspberries from his fruit cup, he dismissed himself from the dinner table. Mobie, the Madisons' dog, walked in with a bone. Mobie, who has neither dining privileges at the table nor his own room, does not like Nancie. Betty and Hal said that the dog is smarter but the chicken can concentrate on TV better. According to Betty, Nancie loves Snoopy and could stay up all night watching Snoopy shows.

"You know what animal is supposed to be smart?" Barney said. "If I remember my Johnny Carson—" He paused. "The pig."

"Barney!" Betty said. "Nancie has feelings."

THE CUSTODIAN

FOR years after Isobel left town (was sent from town, to live with an aunt in San Francisco) Lynnie would sometimes see her at a distance, crossing a street or turning a corner. But just as Lynnie started after her Isobel would vanish, having been replaced by a substitute, some long-legged stranger with pale, floaty hair. And while Lynnie might have been just as happy, by and large, not to see Isobel, at those moments she was felled by a terrible sorrow, as though somewhere a messenger searching for her had been waylaid, or was lost.

It was sixteen years after Lynnie had watched Isobel disappearing from view in the back seat of her father's car when Lynnie really did see her again. And then, although Isobel walked right into Lynnie's shop, several long, chaotic moments elapsed before Lynnie understood who Isobel was. "Isobel," she said, and, as the well-dressed customer browsing meditatively among the shelves and cases of expensive food turned to look full at Lynnie, the face that Lynnie had known so well—a girl's face that drew everything toward it and returned nothing—came forward in the woman's.

"Oh," Isobel said. "It's you. But Mother wrote me you were living in Boston. Or did I make that up?"

"You didn't make it up," Lynnie said.

"Well, then," Isobel said, and hesitated. "You're back."

"That about sums it up," Lynnie said. She let her hand bounce lightly against the counter, twice. "I hear you're still in San Francisco," she said, relenting: they were adults now.

"Mmm," Isobel said. "Yes." She frowned.

Lynnie cleared her throat. "And someone told me you have a baby."

"Oh, yes," Isobel said. "Two. And a husband, of course. All that sort of thing." She and Lynnie smiled at one another—an odd, formal equilibrium.

"And you," Isobel said, disengaging. "What are you doing these days?"

"This—" Lynnie gestured. "Of course, I have help now."

"Heavens," Isobel remarked unheatedly.

" 'Heavens,' " Lynnie said. "I know." But either more of a reaction from Isobel or less would have been just as infuriating. "Heavens" or "How nice" was all that anyone had said when Lynnie retreated from Boston and managed, through effort born of near-panic, to open the store. All her life Lynnie had been assumed to be inadequate to any but the simplest endeavor; then, from the moment the store opened that was something no one remembered. No one but her, Lynnie thought; she remembered it perfectly.

"Isn't it funny?" Isobel was saying. "I drove by yesterday, and I thought, How nice that there's a place like that up here now. I'll have to stop in and get something for Mother, to cheer her up."

"I'm sorry about your father," Lynnie said.

"Yes," Isobel said. "God. I was just at the hospital. They say the operation was successful, but I don't know what that's supposed to mean. It seemed they might mean successful in the sense that he didn't die during it." Her flat green glance found Lynnie, then moved away.

"Hard to think of him . . . in a hospital," Lynnie said. "He always seemed so—" He'd seemed so big.

"Strong," Isobel said. "Yes, he's strong all right. He and I are still on the most horrible terms, if you can believe it. It's simply idiotic. I suppose he has to keep it up to justify himself. All these years! You know, this is the first time I've been back, Lynnie—he came out for my wedding, and Mother's made him come with her twice to see the boys, but I haven't been back once. Not once. And there I was today—obviously I'd decided to get here before he died. But did he say anything—like he was glad I'd come? Of course not. Lynnie, he's riddled with tumors, he can't weigh more than a hundred pounds, but he behaved as though he were still sitting in that huge chair of his, telling me what I'd done to him."

Lynnie shook her head. How easily Isobel was talking about these things.

"So," Isobel said.

"Well," Lynnie said.

"Yes," Isobel said.

"I'll wrap up some things for your mother if you want," Lynnie said. "I've got a new pâté I think she'll like. And her favorite crackers have come in."

"Lovely," Isobel said. "Thanks." She pushed back a curving lock of hair and scanned the shelves as though waiting for some information to appear on them. "So Mother comes into your store."

"Oh, yes," Lynnie said.

"Funny," Isobel said. Isobel looked like anyone else now, Lynnie understood with a little shock. Very pretty, but like anyone else. Only her hair, with its own marvellous life, was still extraordinary. "How's your mother, by the way?" Isobel said.

"All right," Lynnie said, and glanced at her. "So far."

"That's good," Isobel said opaquely.

"And at least she's not such a terror anymore," Lynnie said. "She's living up north with Frank now."

"Frank . . ." Isobel said.

"Frank," Lynnie said. She reached up to the roll of thick waxed paper and tore a piece off thunderously. "My brother. The little one."

"Oh, yes," Isobel said. "Of course. You know, this feels so peculiar—being here, seeing you. The whole place stopped for me, really, when I went away."

"I'm sure," Lynnie said, flushing. "Well, we still exist. Our lives keep going on. I have the store, and people come into it. Your mother comes in. Cissy Haddad comes in. Ross comes in, Claire comes in. All six of their children come in. . . ."

"*Six*—" Isobel stared at Lynnie; her laugh was just a breath. "Well, I guess that means they stayed together, anyway."

"Mostly," Lynnie said. But Isobel only waited, and looked at her. "There was a while there, a few years ago, when he moved in with an ex-student of his. Claire got in the van with the four youngest—Emily and Bo were already at school—and took off. It didn't last too long, of course, the thing with the girl, and of course Claire came back. After that they sold the stone house. To a broker, I heard."

"Oh," Isobel said. Absently she picked up an apple from a mound on the counter and looked into its glossy surface as though it were a mirror.

"They're renovating a farmhouse now," Lynnie said. "It's much smaller."

"Too bad," Isobel said, putting down the apple.

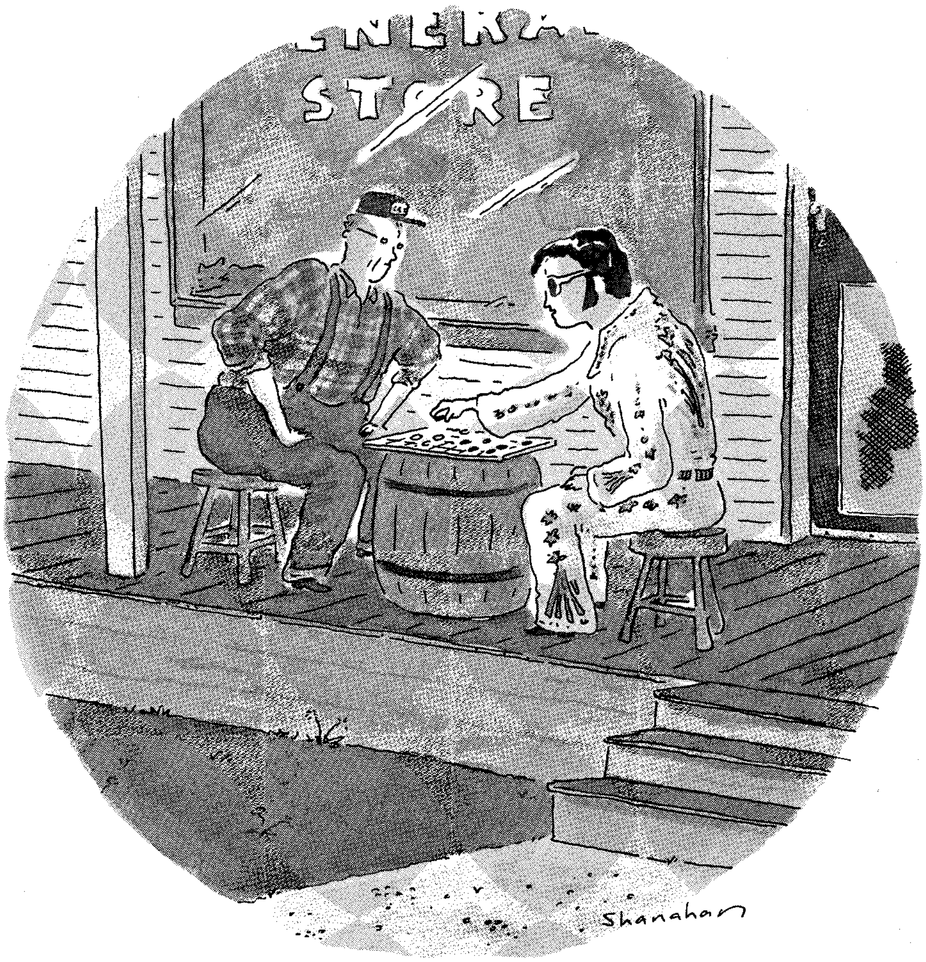
"Yes."

"Was she pretty?" Isobel asked.

"Who?" Lynnie said. "Ross's girl? Not especially."

"Ah," Isobel said, and Lynnie looked away, ashamed of herself.

Isobel started to speak but didn't. She scanned the shelves again vaguely, then smiled over at Lynnie. "You know what else is funny?" she said. "When I woke up this morning, I looked across the street. And I saw this woman going out the door of your old house, and just for an instant I thought, There's Lynnie. And then I thought, No, it can't be—that person's all grown up."



"King me!"

• •

FOR a long time after Isobel had left town, Lynnie would do what she could to avoid running into Ross or Claire; and eventually when she saw them it would seem to her not only that her feeling about them had undergone an alteration but that they themselves were different in some way. Over the years it became all too clear that this was true: their shine had been tarnished by a slight fussiness—they had come to seem like people who were anxious about being rained on.

Newcomers might have been astonished to learn that there was a time when people had paused in their dealings with one another to look as Ross walked down the street with Claire or the children. Recent arrivals to the town—additions to the faculty of the college, the businessmen and bankers who were now able to live in country homes and still work in their city offices from computer terminals—what was it they saw when Ross and Claire passed by? Fossil forms, Lynnie thought. Museum reproductions. It was the Claire and Ross of years ago who were vivid, living. A residual radiance clung to objects they'd handled and places where they'd spent time. The current Ross and Claire were lightless, their own aftermath.

Once in a while, though—it happened sometimes when she encountered one of them unexpectedly—Lynnie would see them as they had been. For an instant their sleeping power would flash, but then their dimmed present selves might greet Lynnie, with casual and distant politeness, and a breathtaking pain would cauterize the exquisitely reworked wound.

IT is summer when Lynnie and Isobel first come upon Ross and Claire. Lynnie and Isobel live across the street from one another, but Isobel is older and has better things to do with her time than see Lynnie. And because Lynnie's mother works at the plant for unpredictable stretches, on unpredictable shifts, Lynnie frequently must look after her younger brothers. Still, when Lynnie is free, she is often able to persuade Isobel to do something, particularly in the summers, when Isobel is bored brainless.

They take bicycle expeditions then, during those long summers, often along the old highway. The highway is silent, lined with birchwoods, and has several alluring and mysterious features—among them a dark, green wooden restaurant with screened windows, and a motel, slightly shabby, where there are always, puzzlingly, several cars parked. Leading from the highway is a wealth of dirt roads, on one of which Lynnie and Isobel find a wonderful house.

The house is stone, and stands empty on a hill. Clouds float by it, making great black shadows swing over the sloping meadows below with their cows and barns and wildflowers. Inside, in the spreading coolness, the light flows as variously clear and shaded as water. Trees seem to crowd in the dim recesses. The house is just there, enclosing part of the world: the huge fireplace could be the site of gatherings that take place once every hundred, or once every thousand, years. The girls walk carefully when they visit, fearful of churning up the delicate maze of silence.

For several summers, the house has been theirs, but one day, the summer that Lynnie is twelve and Isobel is just turning fourteen, there is a van parked in front. Lynnie and Isobel wheel their bicycles stealthily into the woods across the road and walk as close as they dare, crouching down opposite the house, well hidden, to watch.

Three men and a woman carry bundles and cartons into the house. Bundles and cartons and large pieces of furniture sit outside, where two small children tumble around among them, their wisps of voices floating high into the birdcalls and branches above Lynnie and Isobel. The woman is slight, like a child herself, with a shiny braid of black hair down her back, and there is no question about which of the men she, the furniture, and the children belong to.

Lynnie squints, and seems to draw closer, hovering just too far off to see his face. Then, for just a fraction of a second, she penetrates the distance.

The sun moves behind Lynnie and Isobel, and the man to whom everything belongs waves the others inside, hoisting up the smaller child as he follows. Just as Lynnie and Isobel reach cautiously for their bicycles, the man looks out again, shading his eyes. For a moment he stands there peering out toward them from under his hand, and they freeze, before he turns once again to go inside.

Neither Lynnie nor Isobel suggests going on—to town, or to the gorge, or anywhere. They ride back the way they've come, and, without discussion, go upstairs to Isobel's room.

Isobel lies down across her flounced bed while Lynnie wanders around absently examining Isobel's things, which she knows so well: Isobel's books, her stuffed animals, her china figurines.

"Do you think we're the first people to see them?" Lynnie says.

"The first people *ever*?" Isobel says, flopping over onto her side.

Lynnie stares out Isobel's window at her own house. She doesn't know what to do when Isobel's in a bad mood. She should just leave, she thinks.

From here, her house looks as though it were about to slide to the ground. A large aluminum cannister clings to its side like a devouring space monster. "Do you want to go back out and do something?" she asks.

"What would we do?" Isobel says, into her pillow. "There's nothing to do. There's not one single thing to do here. And now would you mind sitting down, please, Lynnie? Because you happen to be driving me insane."

As she leaves Isobel's, Lynnie pauses before crossing the street to watch her brothers playing in front of the house. They look weak and bony, but the two older boys fight savagely. A plastic gun lies near them on the ground. Frank, as usual, is playing by himself, but he is just as banged up as they are. His skin is patchy and chapped—summer and winter he breathes through his mouth, and even this temperate sun is strong enough to singe the life out of his fine, almost white hair. She looks just like him, Lynnie thinks. Except chunky. "Chunky" is the word people use.

Inside, Lynnie's mother is stationed in front of the TV. At any hour Lynnie's mother might be found staring at the television, and beyond it, through the front window, as though something of importance were due to happen out on the street. The television is almost always on, and when men friends come to visit, Lynnie's mother turns up the volume, so that other noises bleed alarmingly through the insistent rectangle of synthetic sound.

Lynnie brings a paper napkin from the kitchen and inserts it between her mother's glass of beer and the table. "May I inquire . . .?" her mother says.

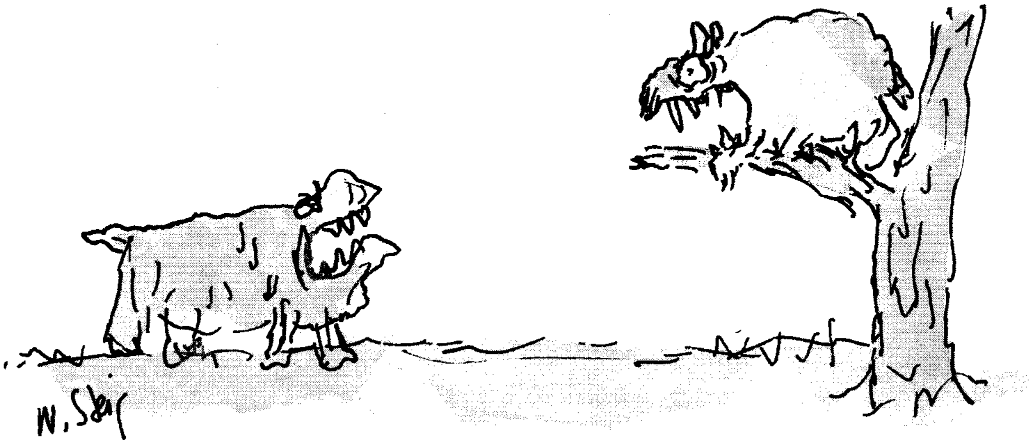
"Isobel's mother says you should never leave a glass on the furniture," Lynnie says. "It makes a ring."

Lynnie's mother looks at her, then lifts the glass and crumples the napkin. "Thank you," she says, turning back to her program. "I'll remember that." A thin wave of laughter comes from the TV screen, and little shapes jump and throb there, but Lynnie is thinking about the people from the stone house.

Lynnie's mother can be annoyed when she knows that Lynnie has been playing with Isobel; Isobel's father works for the same company Lynnie's mother works for, but not in the plant. He works in the office, behind a big desk. Whenever Lynnie is downstairs in Isobel's house and Isobel's father walks in, Lynnie scuttles as though she might be trodden underfoot. In fact, Isobel's father hardly notices her; perhaps he doesn't even know from one of her visits to the next that she is the same little girl. But he booms down at Isobel, scrutinizing her from his great height, and sometimes even lifts her way up over his head.

Isobel's mother is tall and smells good and dresses in neat wool. Sometimes when she sees Lynnie hesitating at the foot of the drive she opens the door, with a bright, special smile. "Lynnie, dear," she says, "would you like to come in and see Isobel? Or have a snack?" But sometimes, when Lynnie and Isobel are playing, Isobel's mother calls Isobel away for a whispered conference, from which Isobel returns to say that Lynnie has to go now, for this reason or that.

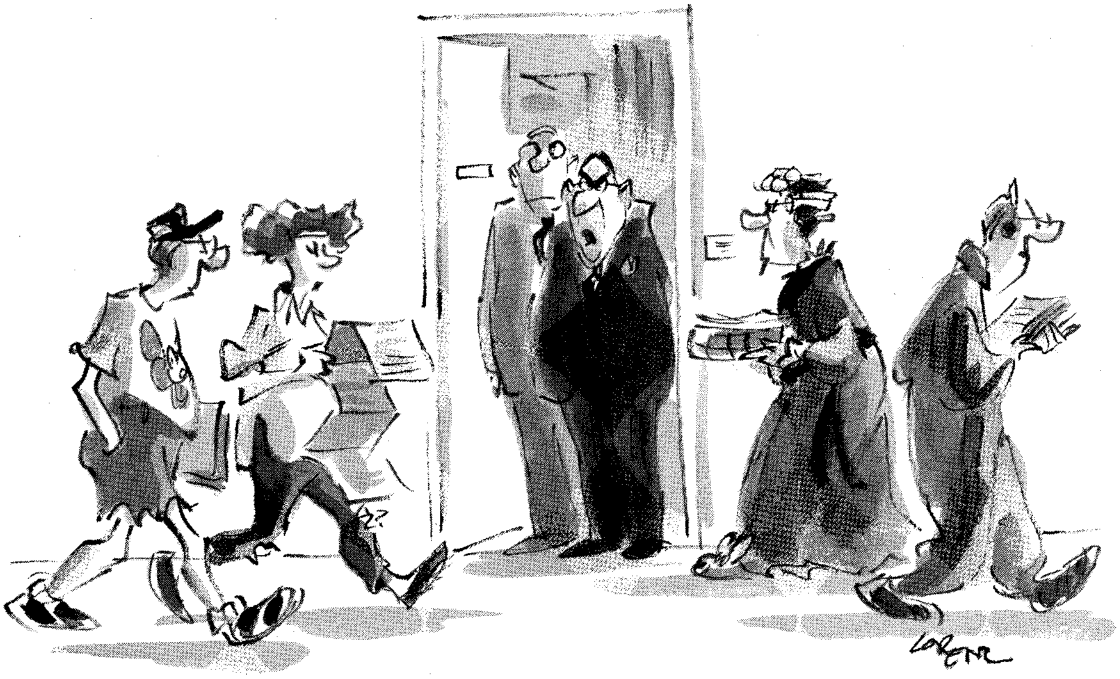
When Lynnie looks out the window of the room she



Disagreement

shares with Frank, she can see Isobel's large, arched window, and if the light is just right she can see Isobel's bed, too, with its white flounces, and a heavenly blue haze into which, at this distance, the flowers of Isobel's wallpaper melt.

ONE day, doing errands for her mother in town, Lynnie sees the woman from the stone house coming out of the bakery with the children, each of whom carefully holds a large, icing-covered cookie. The woman bends down and picks up one of the children, smiling—unaware, Lynnie observes, that people are noticing her.



"Here at Jackson & Bellnot casualization has gone too far."

Lynnie sees the woman several times, and then one day she sees the man.

She has anticipated his face exactly. But when he smiles at her, the little frown line between his eyes stays. And the marvellousness of this surprise causes a sensation across the entire surface of her skin, like the rippling of leaves that demonstrates a subtle shift of air.

WHEN Lynnie sees Isobel she can't help talking about the people from the stone house. She describes variations in their clothing or demeanor, compiling a detailed body of knowledge while Isobel lies on her bed, her eyes closed. "Should we give them names?" Lynnie says one afternoon.

"No," Isobel says.

But Lynnie can't stop. "Why not?" she says, after a moment.

" 'Why not?' " Isobel says.

"Don't, Isobel," Lynnie pleads.

" 'Don't, Isobel,' " Isobel says, making her hands into a tube to speak through. Her voice is hollow and terrifying.

Lynnie breathes heavily through her mouth. "Why not?" she says.

"Why *not*," Isobel says, sitting up and sighing, "is because they already have names."

"I know," Lynnie says, mystified.

"Their names," Isobel says, "are Ross and Claire."

Lynnie stares at her.

"They had dinner at Cissy Haddad's house one night," Isobel says. "Ross is going to be teaching medieval literature at the college. He's in Cissy's father's department."

" 'Department'?" Lynnie says.

"Yes," Isobel says.

Lynnie frowns. "How do you know?" she asks. How *long* has Isobel known?

Isobel shrugs. "I'm just telling you what Cissy said." She looks at Lynnie. "I think Cissy has a crush on him."

"What else did Cissy say?" Lynnie asks unhappily.

"Nothing," Isobel says. "Oh. Except that he's thirty-five and Claire's only twenty-three. She used to be one of his students."

"One of his students?" Lynnie says.

" 'One of his—' " Isobel begins, and then flops down on the bed again. "Oh, Lynnie."

ONE day Lynnie sees Cissy Haddad in the drugstore. Lynnie hurries to select the items on her mother's list, then waits until Cissy goes to the counter. "Hi," she says, getting into line behind Cissy. She feels herself turning red.

"Oh, hi, Lynnie," Cissy says, and smiles wonderfully. "Are you having a fun summer?"

"Yes," Lynnie says.

"What're you doing?" Cissy says.

"Just mostly looking after my brothers," Lynnie says. She feels bewildered by Cissy's dazzling smile, her pretty sundress. "And riding around and things with Isobel."

"That's good," Cissy says. And then, instead of saying something useful about Isobel, which might lead to Ross and Claire, she asks, "Are you coming to high school this year? I can't remember."

"No," Lynnie says. "Isobel is."

Cissy peers into Lynnie's basket of embarrassing purchases.

"What are you getting?" she asks.

"Things for my mother," Lynnie says, squirming. "What about you?"

"Oh," Cissy says. "Just lipstick."

ONE fall day when Lynnie gets home from school, her mother summons her over the noise from the TV. "You got a phone call," she says shortly. "The lady wants you to call her back." And Lynnie knows, while her mother is still speaking, whom the call was from.

Lynnie dials, and the soft, dark shadow of Claire's voice answers. She is looking for someone to help with the

THE AFTERLIFE

I. THE LIGHT DRESS

But now a year has passed and we can think of it calmly;
you are already in a white dress.—*Olga in "Three Sisters."*

Out of a brown-paper cocoon
let a pale dress be wrestled
into resurrection from winter's long wrap.
Blanched in buttermilk and lemon,

moth wing fed by laundress through mangle,
let the white dress dangle in the afterlife
clothes pegs lift from the earth below.
Let it fall from starch's grace

and bleach under the fulsome moon
that last year sharpened its scythe
until a final sliver cut into cloud
over the ghost of an orchard

where each blossom opened farther,
a powdery mouthful of water
quenching the petals that withered around it.
Let the hand-stitched lawn lie sprawled,

a last patch of that snow holding,
dear life, where sleep cleaves to shade.
Though ground warms enough to be broken again,
on this the youngest's name day

let her shrug off the year's crêpe.
In a dressing room somewhere backstage
shared with the blue, the black gowns
of the two cast as her sisters,
let an actress shed her own clothes
for the white dress, calling up the first
of the words put to her mouth in the play
of a life borrowed against another.

2. A SNAPSHOT

Life will get the better of you.
—*Vershinin in "Three Sisters."*

The schoolmaster's forgotten the present
he already gave his sister-in-law:
here's his little history of the school,

another copy. She can't recall
how that window or this ceiling
would be spoken of in Italian;

and the song about an oak tree by the sea,
with a green *blank*, then *something* gold,
haunts his wife, who hums again the part she knows.

The doctor's noted down a cure
for baldness, then scratched it out.
Just before lunch they had their photograph taken,

a new leaf for the album to press
under its gathering dust.
Who is the one whose face lies in shadow?

3. THE WINGS

From battlement to keep,
the ice palace wept itself a moat.

• •

children on a regular basis, she explains, several afternoons a week. She got Lynnie's name from Tom Haddad's daughter. She knows that Lynnie is very young, but this is nothing difficult—just playing with the children upstairs or outside so that she can have a couple of hours to paint. "I thought I would be able to do so much here," she says, as though Lynnie were an old friend, someone her own age, "but there's never enough time, is there?"

"I'll need you just as much with the boys," Lynnie's mother says later. "And you'd better remember your homework."

"I will," Lynnie says, though, actually, beyond a certain point, it scarcely matters; however hard she tries, she lags far behind in school, and her teachers no longer try to stifle their exclamations of impatience. "I'll do my homework." And her mother makes no further objections; Lynnie will be earning money.

CLAIRE leads Lynnie around in the house that used to be Lynnie and Isobel's. Now it is all filled up with the lives of these people.

Everywhere there is a regal disorder of books, and in the biggest room downstairs, with its immense fireplace, there are sofas and, at one end, a vast table. A thicket of canvases and brushes has sprung up in a corner, and Lynnie sees pictures of the table on whose surface objects are tensely balanced, and sketch after sketch of Ross and the children. "What do you think?" Claire says, and it is a moment before Lynnie realizes what Claire is asking her.

"I like them," Lynnie says. But in fact they frighten her—the figures seem caught, glowing in a webby dimness.

In the kitchen huge pots and pans flash, and a great loaf of brown bread lies out on a counter. Claire opens the door to Ross's study; stacks and stacks of paper, more books than Lynnie has ever seen breed from its light-shot core.

Upstairs Bo and Emily are engrossed in a sprawling project of blocks. Emily explains the dreamlike construction to Lynnie, gracefully accepting Bo's effortful elaborations, and when Lynnie leaves both children reach up to her with their tanned little arms.

TWICE a week Lynnie goes to the stone house. Bo and Emily have big, bright, smooth wooden toys, some of which were made by Ross. Lynnie strokes the toys; she runs her hand over them like a blind person; she runs her hand over the pictures in Bo and Emily's beautiful storybooks. But then Claire counts out Lynnie's money, and

No more would mummers skate away the chill,
their breath fog the ballroom's blue cave,

nor ice candles dipped in kerosene be set aflame.
A hand that coolly checked a brow for fever
would dissolve its imprint into those walls
of water held together by water. Downstream,

starched nurse navigating from bedside to bed,
the first floe charted toward reopened sea,
past an iceboat about to reverse engines homeward.
A warmed column of air filled with the cries

of heavy gray birds guiding one another higher
until the only cranes left in the province
stalked a folding Japanese screen
carved next to a bed with linens of ice

whose pillows melted, tear into tear.
Feet in a pond where before they'd waded
in icicles' stubble, the birds held, breathless,
the hush a taxidermist would labor to catch,

stretching a skin he's tanned
over gauze-dressed plaster, faded feathers dyed
to mimic the transient tinge of the living.
Then the glass eyes.

4. THE NEXT ACT

Between vistas painted into vastness
onstage and the cramped quarters off,
a young soldier girds for a last scene

before his brigade moves out,
the thirty-nine words assigned him to deliver
waiting final polish under his breath.

A shallow sigh mists an untarnished buckle
he buffs by rote with a heavy sleeve.
"Goodbye, echo." "Goodbye, trees."

5. THE AFTERLIFE OF THINGS

Into the disguise of everyday
the actors pass, improbable

as angels and as invisible,
while here lies the mustache

that distinguished a baron
from a colonel, and his spirit gum.

Whalebones corset a wasp waist,
a pigeon breast of unrehearsed air.

One stained wing of a collar
flaps free of its limp shirt.

On the dressing-room floor
powder to gray the hair

has come to grief. Oh, be the man
strolling without overcoat,

a foreign city only an ocean away,
every dog and soap bearing the smell

of civilization, not home:
how distant the dead, just out of reach.

The earth turns dustier
than you would remember.

—Debora Greger

• •

Lynnie is to go. And at the first sight of her own house she is slightly sickened, as upon disembarkation—not by the firm ground underfoot but by a ghostly rocking of water.

When Claire finishes painting for the afternoon, she calls Lynnie and Bo and Emily into the kitchen. For a while, although Bo and Emily chatter and nuzzle against her, Claire seems hardly to know where she is. But gradually she returns, and makes for herself and Lynnie a dense, sweet coffee in a little copper pot, which must be brought to the boil three times. They drink it from tiny identical cups, and Lynnie marvels, looking at Claire, that she herself is there.

Some afternoons Ross is around. He announces that he will be in his study, working, but sooner or later he always appears in the kitchen, and talks about things he is reading for his book.

"What do you think, Lynnie?" he asks once. He has just proposed an idea for a new chapter in his book, to which Claire's response was merely "Possible."

Lynnie can feel herself blush. "I don't know," she says.

Amusement begins to spread from behind his eyes. "Do you think it's a good idea?" he asks.

"Yes," she says, wary.

"Why?" he says.

"Because you just said it was," Lynnie says, turning a deeper red.

He laughs happily and gives Lynnie a little hug. "You see?" he says to Claire.

WHEN the snow lies in great drifts around the stone house, students begin to come, too, and sit around the kitchen. They drink beer, and the girls exclaim over Bo and Emily while the boys shyly answer Claire's gentle questions and Lynnie holds her coffee cup tightly in misery. Now and again, as he talks to them, Ross touches the students lightly on the wrist or shoulder.

LATE one Saturday afternoon, Lynnie is washing dishes in her own house when her mother walks in with several large grocery bags. "I was just in town," she announces unnecessarily, and grins an odd, questioning grin at Lynnie. "Now, who do you think I saw there?"

"I don't know who you saw," Lynnie says, reaching for a dishcloth.

"The man you work for," her mother says.

"How do you know who he is?" Lynnie says.

"Everybody knows who he is," her mother says. "He was in the stationery store. I just went in to get some tape, but I stuck around to watch. Muriel Furman was waiting on him. She almost went into a trance. That poor thing." Lynnie's mother shakes her head and begins to unload groceries. "Homeliest white woman I ever saw."

"Mother," Lynnie says. She stares unhappily out the little window over the sink.

"I've seen the wife around a few times, too," Lynnie's mother says. "She's a pretty girl, but I wish her luck with him."

Lynnie has not been to Isobel's house once this year. Isobel comes and goes with Cissy Haddad and other high-school friends. From across the street Lynnie can sometimes see their shapes behind the film of Isobel's window. At night, when Isobel's light is on and her window is transparent, Lynnie watches Isobel moving back and forth until the curtain closes.

One afternoon as Lynnie is arriving home, she almost walks into Isobel. "Wake up, Lynnie," Isobel says. And then, "Want to come over?"

"Lynnie, dear," Isobel's mother says as Lynnie and Isobel go upstairs. "How *nice* to see you."

It has been so long since Lynnie has been in Isobel's room that Isobel's things—the flouncy bed and the china figurines and the stuffed animals she used to see so often—have a new, melancholy lustre. "How's high school?" she asks.

"It's hard," Isobel says. "You won't believe it."

But Lynnie will. She does. Almost every day she remembers that that is where she is going next fall—to the immense, tentacled building that looks like a factory. She has reason to suspect that she will be divided from most of her classmates there, and put into the classes for people who won't be going on to college—the stupid people—with all the meanest teachers. No one has threatened her with this, but everybody knows how it works. Everybody knows what goes on in that building.

Lynnie picks up a stuffed turtle and strokes its furry shell.

"How's school?" Isobel asks. "How's old Miss Fisher?"

"She doesn't like me," Lynnie says. "Miss Fish Face."

"Oh, well," Isobel says. "So what? Soon you'll never have to see her again." She looks at Lynnie and smiles. "What else have you been up to?"

Lynnie feels slightly weak because of what she is about to tell Isobel. She has been saving it up, she realizes, a long time. "Well, " she says slowly, "I've been babysitting for the kids at the stone house."

"Have you?" Isobel says, but as she says it Lynnie understands that Isobel already knew, and although Isobel is waiting, Lynnie cannot speak.

"You know what—" Isobel says after a moment. "Lynnie, what are you doing to that poor turtle? But do you know what Cissy's father said about that man, Ross? Cissy's father said he's an arrogant son of a bitch." She looks at Lynnie, hugging her pillow expectantly. "I heard him."

Lynnie and Claire and three students watch as Ross describes various arguments concerning a matter that has come up in class. The students look at him with hazy, hopeful smiles. But not Lynnie—she is ashamed to have heard what Isobel said to her.

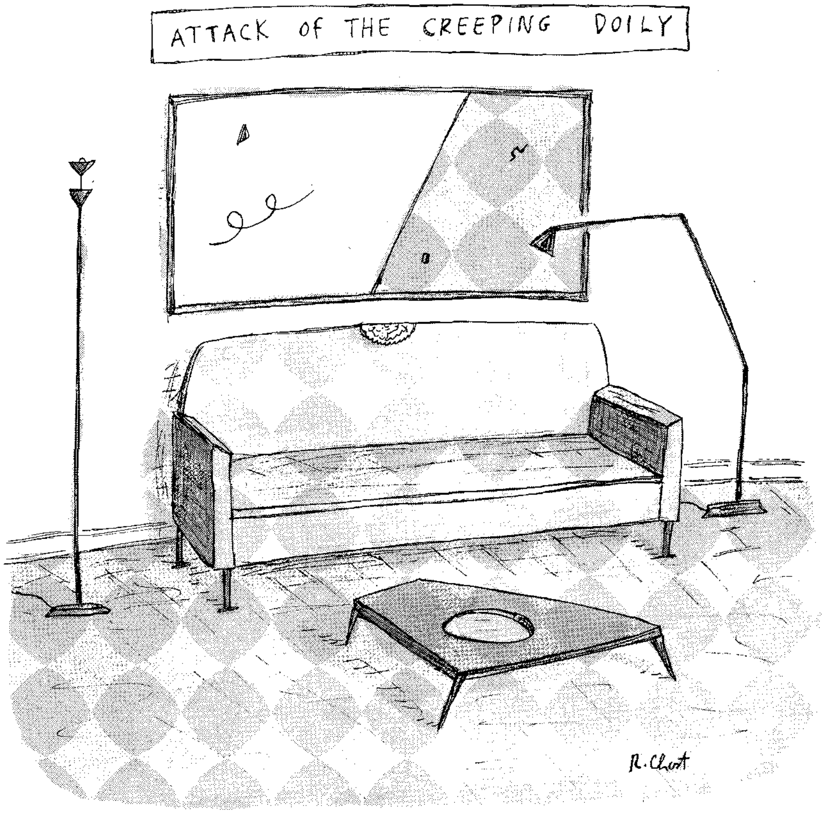
Ross glances down at her unhappy face. "Apparently Lynnie disagrees," he says, stroking a strand of her pale, flossy hair behind her ear. "Apparently Lynnie feels that Heineman fails to account for the Church's influence over the emerging class of tradesmen."

The students laugh, understanding his various points, and Ross smiles at Lynnie. But Lynnie is ashamed again—doubly ashamed—and leans for comfort into the treacherous hand that still strokes her hair.

Lynnie has two Rosses who blend together and diverge unpredictably. Many mornings begin drowsily encircled in the fleecy protection of one, but sometimes, as Lynnie continues to wake, the one is assumed into the other. He strokes Lynnie's hair, inflicting injury and healing it in this one motion, and she opens her eyes to see her own room, and Frank curled up in the other bed, breathing laboriously, susceptible himself to the devious assaults of dreams.

In the fall, Lynnie is put, as she had feared, into the classes for the slowest students. Had anyone entertained hopes for her, this would have been the end of them.

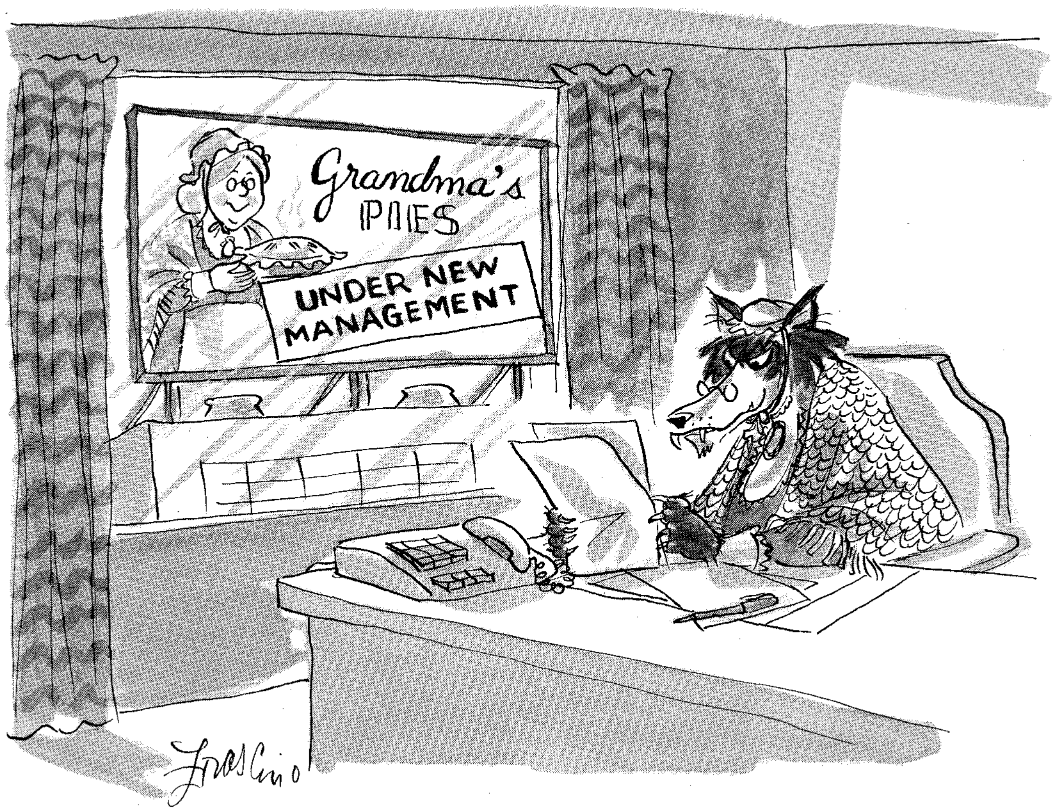
A few of her old schoolmates are confined to her classes, but most have sailed into classes from which they will sail out again into college, then marriage and careers. She sees them only in the halls and the lunchroom and on the athletic fields. Every day they look taller, more powerful, more like strangers.


ATTACK OF THE CREEPING DOILY

Most of those in her classes really are strangers. But in some ways they are as familiar as cousins met for the first time. Their clothes, for instance, are not right, and they are the worst students from all the elementary schools in the area. The boys are rough or sly or helpless, or all three, like her brothers, and the girls are ungainly and bland-looking. They stand in clumps in the halls, watching girls like Isobel and Cissy Haddad with a beleaguered envy, and trading accounts of the shocking things such girls have been known to do.

Oddly, Isobel is friendlier to Lynnie at school, in full view of everyone, than she is out of school, despite Lynnie's stigma. "Hi, Lynnie," she calls out with a dewy showpiece of a smile, not too different from her mother's.

"Hi," Lynnie answers, facing a squadron of Isobel's friends.



ONE afternoon as Lynnie approaches her house a silence reaches for her like a suction. Her brothers are not outside, and the television is not on. No one is in the kitchen or upstairs. She sits without moving while the winter sky goes dark. Across the street Isobel turns on the light in her room and sits down at her little desk. After a while she leaves, turning off the light, but Lynnie continues to stare at the blank window. By the time Lynnie hears her mother's car, her arms and legs feel stiff. She waits for a moment before going downstairs to be told what has happened.

Frank is in the hospital with a ruptured appendix, her mother says; her face has a terrible jellylike look. If she could see her own face, Lynnie wonders, would it look like that?

There will be no more going to the stone house; she will be needed at home, her mother is saying, staring at Lynnie as though Lynnie were shrinking into a past of no meaning—the way a dying person might look at an enemy.

The next day, Lynnie seeks out Isobel in the lunchroom. "A ruptured appendix," Isobel says. "That's really dangerous, you know."

"My mother says Frank is going to be all right," Lynnie says doggedly.

"Poor Lynnie," Isobel says. "So what are you going to do if Ross and Claire hire someone else?"

Lynnie puts her head down on the lunch table and closes her eyes. The sweet, unpleasant smell of the lunchroom rises up, and the din of the students, talking and laughing, folds around her.

"Poor Lynnie," Isobel says again.

LATER that week, Lynnie brings Isobel to the stone house. Claire makes coffee, and when she brings out a third tiny china cup, Lynnie is unable to hear anything for several seconds.

Ross comes in, whistling, and lets the door slam behind him. "What's this?" he asks, indicating Isobel. "Invader or captive?"

"Friendly native," Claire says. "Isobel's going to be our new Lynnie."

"What's the matter with our old Lynnie?" Ross says. He looks at Isobel for a moment. "Our old Lynnie's fine with me."

"Oh, Ross." Claire sighs. "I told you. Lynnie's brother is sick."

"Hmm," Ross says.

"He's in the hospital, Ross," Claire says.

"Oh, God," Ross says. "Yes, I'm sorry to hear that, Lynnie."

"First day of the new semester," Claire says to Lynnie. "He's always disgusting the first day. How are your new students, my love?"

"Unspeakable," Ross says.

"Truly," Claire says. She smiles at Isobel.

"Worse than ever," Ross says, taking a beer from the refrigerator. "There isn't *one*. Well, one, maybe. A possibility. A real savage, but she has an interesting quality. Potential, at least."

"I used to have potential," Claire says, "but look at me now."

Ross raises his beer to her. "Look at you now," he says.

Ross holds the door as Lynnie and Isobel leave. "I've seen you in town," he says to Isobel. "You're older than I thought."

She glances up at him and then turns back to Claire. "Goodbye," she says. "See you soon."

"See you soon," Claire says, coming to join them at the door. "I do appreciate this. I'm going to have another baby, and I want to get in as much painting as I can first."

"You're going to have another baby?" Lynnie says, staring.

"We're going to have hundreds of babies," Ross says, putting his arms around Claire from behind. "We're going to have hundreds and hundreds of babies."

AFTERWARD, Lynnie would become heavy and slow whenever she even thought of the time when Frank was sick. Their room was desolate while he was in the hospital; when he returned she felt how cramped it had always been before. Frank was testy all the time then, and cried easily. Her family deserved their troubles, she thought. Other people looked down on them, looked down and looked down, and then when they got tired of it they went back to their own business. But her family—and she—were the same whether anyone was looking or not.

ISOBEL's mother stops Lynnie on the sidewalk to ask after Frank. The special, kind voice she uses makes Lynnie's skin jump now. How could she ever have thought she adored Isobel's mother? Lynnie wonders, shuddering with an old, sugared hatred.

AT night Lynnie can see Isobel in her room, brushing her hair, or sometimes, even, curled up against her big white pillows, reading. Has Isobel seen Ross and Claire that day? Lynnie always wonders. Did they talk about anything in particular? What did they do?

At school, Isobel sends her display of cheery waves and smiles in Lynnie's direction, and it is as though Ross and Claire had never existed. But once in a while she and Isobel meet on the sidewalk, and then they stop to talk in their ordinary way, without any smiles or fuss at all. "Claire's in a good mood," Isobel tells Lynnie one afternoon. "She loves being pregnant."

Pregnant. What a word. "How's Ross?" Lynnie says.

"He's all right." Isobel shrugs. "He's got an assistant now, some student of his. Mary Katherine. She's always around."

Lynnie feels herself beginning to blush. "Don't you like him?"

"I like him." Isobel shrugs again. "He lends me books."

"Oh." Lynnie looks at Isobel wonderingly. "What books?" she says without thinking.

"Just books he tells me to read," Isobel says.

"Oh," Lynnie says.

IT is spring when Lynnie returns to the stone house. She is hugged and exclaimed over, and Emily and Bo perform for her, but she looks around as though it were she who had just come out of a long illness. The big, smooth toys, the wonderful picture books no longer inspire her longing, or even her interest.

"We've missed you," Claire says. Lynnie rests her head against the window frame, and the pale hills outside wobble.

BUT Claire has asked Isobel to sit for a portrait, so Isobel is at the stone house all the time now. The house is full of people—Lynnie upstairs with Emily and Bo, and Ross in his study with Mary Katherine, and Isobel and Claire in the big room among Claire's canvases.

In the afternoons they all gather in the kitchen. Sometimes Mary Katherine's boyfriend, Derek, joins them and watches Mary Katherine with large, mournful eyes while she smokes cigarette after cigarette and talks cleverly with Ross about his work. "Doesn't he drive you crazy?" Mary Katherine says once to Claire. "He's so opinionated."

"Is he?" Claire says, smiling.

"Oh, Claire," Mary Katherine says. "I wish I were like you. You're *serene*. And you can *do* everything. You can paint, you can cook . . ."

"Claire can do everything," Ross says. "Claire can paint, Claire can cook, Claire can fix a carburetor . . ."

"What a useful person to be married to," Mary Katherine says.

Claire laughs, but Derek looks up at Mary Katherine unhappily.

"*I* can't do anything," Mary Katherine says. "I'm hopeless. Aren't I, Ross?"

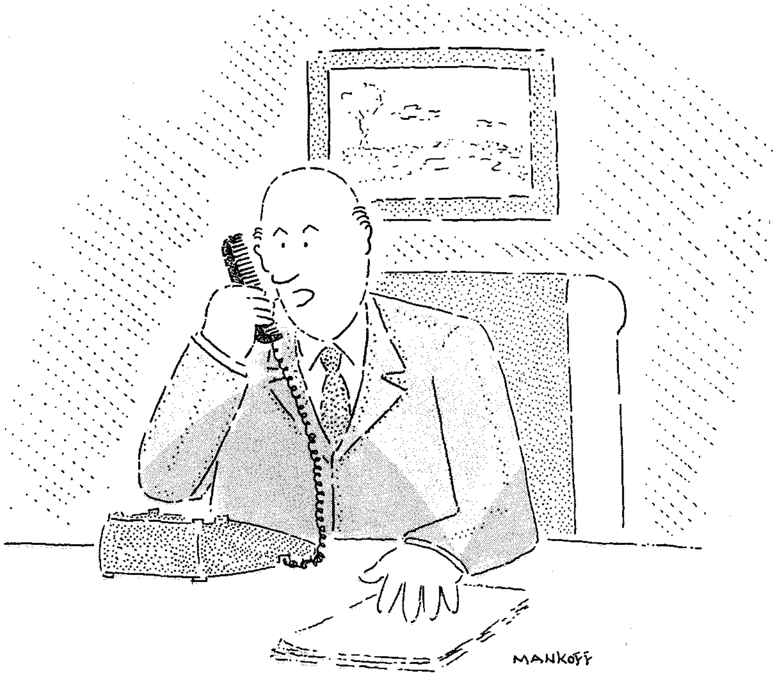
"Hopeless," Ross says, and Lynnie's eyes cloud mysteriously. "Truly hopeless."

Now and again Ross asks Isobel's opinion about something he has given her to read. She looks straight ahead as she answers, as though she were remembering, and Ross nods soberly. Once Lynnie sees Ross look at Mary Katherine during Isobel's recitation. For a moment Mary Katherine looks back at him from narrow gray eyes, then makes her red mouth into an O from which blossoms a series of wavering smoke rings.

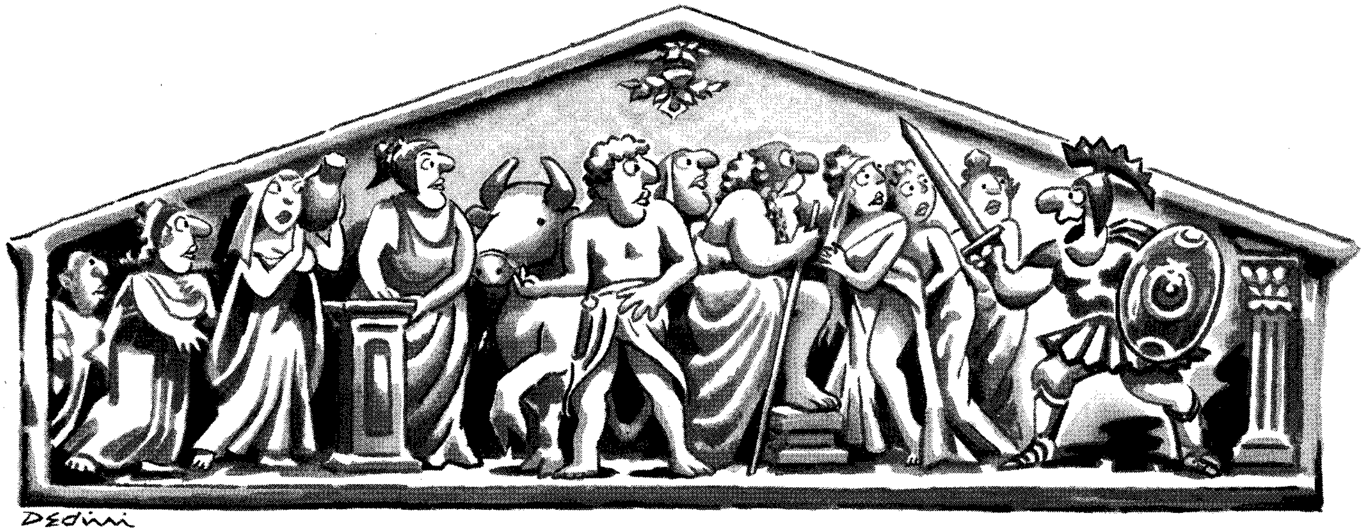
ONE day in April, when several students have dropped by, the temperature plummets and the sky turns into a white, billowing cloth that hides the trees and farmhouses. "We'd better go now," one of the students says, "or we'll be snowed in forever."

"Can you give me and Lynnie a lift?" Isobel asks. "We're on bikes."

"Stay for the show,"



"Operator, get me my hair!"



"Frieze!"

• •

Ross says to her. "It's going to be sensational up here."

"Coming?" the student says to Isobel. "Staying? Well, O.K., then." Lynnie sees the student raise her eyebrows to Mary Katherine before, holding her coat closed, she goes out with her friends into the blowing wildness.

"We should go, too," Derek says to Mary Katherine.

"Why?" Mary Katherine says. "We've got four-wheel drive."

"Stick around," Ross says. "If you feel like it." Mary Katherine stares at him for a moment, but he goes to the door, squinting into the swarming snow where the students are disappearing. Behind him a silence has fallen.

"Yes," Claire says suddenly. "Everybody stay. There's plenty of food—we could live for months. Besides, I want to celebrate. I finished Isobel today."

Isobel frowns. "You finished?"

"With your part, at least," Claire says. "The rest I can do on my own. So you're liberated. And we should have a magnificent ceremonial dinner, don't you think, everybody? For the snow." She stands, her hands together as though she has just clapped, looking at each of them in turn. Claire has a fever, Lynnie thinks.

"Why not?" Mary Katherine says. She closes her eyes. "We can give you two a ride home later, Isobel."

Bo and Emily are put to bed, and Lynnie, Isobel, Ross, Claire, Mary Katherine, and Derek set about making dinner. Although night has come, the kitchen glimmers with the snow's busy whiteness.

Ross opens a bottle of wine and everyone except Claire drinks. "This is delicious!" Lynnie says, dazed with happiness, and the others smile at her, as though she has said something original and charming.

Even when they must chop and measure, no one turns on the lights. Claire finds candles, and Lynnie holds her glass up near a flame. A clear patch of red shivers on the wall. "Feel," Claire says, taking Lynnie's hand and putting it against her hard, round stomach, and Lynnie feels the baby kick.

"Why are we whispering?" Ross whispers, and then laughs. Claire moves vaporously within the globe of smeary candlelight.

Claire and Derek make a fire in the huge fireplace while Ross gets out the heavy, deep-colored Mexican dishes and opens another bottle of wine. "Ross," Claire says. But Ross fills the glasses again.

Lynnie wanders out into the big room to look at Claire's portrait of Isobel. Isobel stares back from the painting, not at her. At what? Staring out, Isobel recedes, drowning, into the darkness behind her.

WHAT a meal they have produced! Chickens and platters of vegetables and a marvellously silly-looking peaked and scroll-rimmed pie. They sit at the big table eating quietly and appreciatively while the fire snaps and breathes. Outside, the brilliant white earth curves against a black sky, and black shadows of the snow-laden trees and telephone wires lie across it; there is light everywhere—a great, white moon, and stars flung out, winking.

Derek leans back in his chair, closing his eyes and letting one arm fall around Mary Katherine's chair. She casts a ruminating, regretful glance over him; when she looks away again it is as though he has been covered with a sheet.

Isobel gets up from the table and stretches. A silence falls around her like petals. She goes to the rug in front of the fire and lies down, her hair fanning out around her. Lynnie follows groggily and curls up on one of the sofas.

"That was perfect," Claire says. "Ideal. And now I'm going upstairs." She burns feverishly for a moment as she pauses in the doorway, but then subsides into her usual smoky softness.

"Good night," Lynnie calls, and for full seconds after Claire has disappeared from view the others stare at the tingling darkness where she was.

Ross pushes his chair back from the table and walks over to the rug where Isobel lies. "Who's for a walk?" he says, looking down at her.

Mary Katherine stubs out a cigarette. "Come on," Ross says, prodding Isobel with his foot. Isobel looks at his foot, then away.

Ross is standing just inches from Lynnie; she can feel his outline—a little extra density of air.

"Derek," Mary Katherine says

softly. “It’s time to go. Lynnie? Isobel?”

“I can run the girls home later,” Ross says.

“Right,” Mary Katherine says after a moment. She goes to the closet for her coat.

“Come on, you two,” Ross says. “Up. Isobel? This is not going to last—” He gestures toward the window. “It’s tonight only. Out of the cave, lazy little bears. Into the refreshing night.”

Ross reaches a hand down to Isobel. She considers it, then looks up at him. “I hate to be refreshed,” she says still looking at him, and shifts slightly on the rug.

“I don’t believe this,” Mary Katherine says quietly.

Lynnie sits up. The stars move back, then forward. The snow flashes, pitching her almost off balance. “Wait, wait,” Isobel says, scrambling to her feet as Mary Katherine goes to the door. “We’re coming.”

In the car Derek makes a joke, but no one laughs. Next to Lynnie, Isobel sits in a burnished silence. Branches support a canopy of snow over them as they drive out onto the old highway. Three cars are parked in front of the motel. They are covered with snow; no tire tracks are visible. All the motel windows are dark except one, where a faint aureole escapes from behind the curtain. Isobel breathes—just a feather of a sigh—and leans back against the seat.

Lynnie wakes up roughly, crying out as though she were being dragged through a screen of sleep into the day. Frank is no longer in his bed, and the room is bright. Lynnie sits up, shivering, exhausted from the night, and sees that the sun is already turning the snow to a glaze.

“You got in late enough,” Lynnie’s mother says when Lynnie comes downstairs.

“I tried not to wake you,” Lynnie says.

“I can imagine,” her mother says. “You were knocking things over left and right. I suppose those people gave you plenty to drink.”

“I wasn’t drunk, Mother,” Lynnie says.

“No,” her mother says. “Good. Well, I don’t want you staying late with those people again. You can leave that sort of thing to Isobel. She looked fairly steady on her feet last night going up the drive.”

WHAT WORK IS

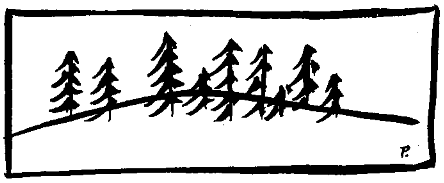
We stand in the rain in a long line
waiting at Ford Highland Park. For work.
You know what work is—if you’re
old enough to read this you know what
work is, although you may not do it.
Forget you. This is about waiting,
shifting from one foot to another.
Feeling the light rain falling like mist
into your hair, blurring your vision
until you think you see your own brother
ahead of you, maybe ten places.
You rub your glasses with your fingers,
and of course it’s someone else’s brother,
narrower across the shoulders than
yours but with the same sad slouch, the grin
that does not hide the stubbornness,
the sad refusal to give in to
rain, to the hours wasted waiting,
to the knowledge that somewhere ahead
a man is waiting who will say, “No,
we’re not hiring today,” for any
reason he wants. You love your brother,
now suddenly you can hardly stand
the love flooding you for your brother,
who’s not beside you or behind or
ahead because he’s home trying to
sleep off a miserable night shift
at Cadillac so he can get up
before noon to study his German.
Works eight hours a night so he can sing
Wagner, the opera you hate most,
the worst music ever invented.
How long has it been since you told him
you loved him, held his wide shoulders,
opened your eyes wide and said those words,
and maybe kissed his cheek? You’ve never
done something so simple, so obvious,
not because you’re too young or too dumb,
not because you’re jealous or even mean
or incapable of crying in
the presence of another man, no,
just because you don’t know what work is.

—Philip Levine

• •

Lynnie looks at her mother.

“I wonder what Isobel’s parents think,” Lynnie’s mother says.

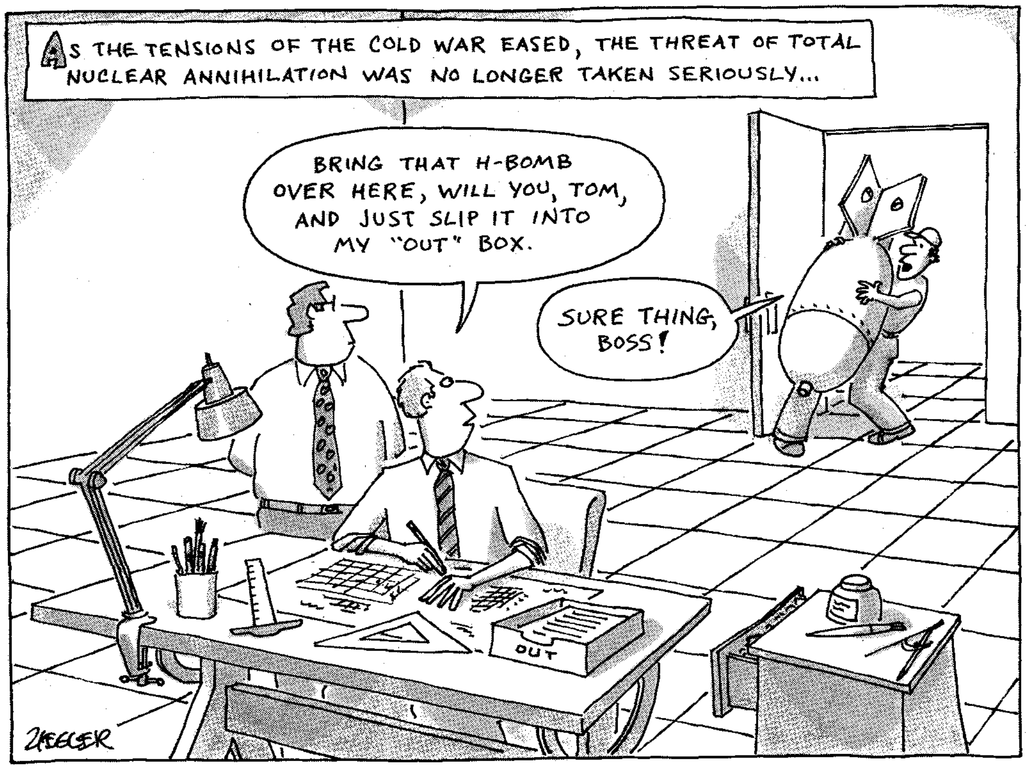


“Isobel’s parents trust her, Mother,” Lynnie says.

“Well that’s *their* problem, isn’t it?” her mother says.

Isobel has stopped coming to the stone house, and her portrait leans against the wall, untouched since she left. But one day, at the beginning of summer, she goes along with Lynnie to see the new baby.

“He’s strange, isn’t he?” Claire says as Isobel picks him up. “They’re always so strange at the beginning—


AS THE TENSIONS OF THE COLD WAR EASED, THE THREAT OF TOTAL NUCLEAR ANNIHILATION WAS NO LONGER TAKEN SERIOUSLY...
BRING THAT H-BOMB OVER HERE, WILL YOU, TOM, AND JUST SLIP IT INTO MY "OUT" BOX.
SURE THING, BOSS!
OUT
ZIEGLER

much easier to believe a stork brings them. Did a stork bring you, Willie? A stork?"

Through the window they can see Ross outside, working, and Lynnie listens to the rhythmic striking of his spade and the earth sliding off it in a little pile of sound. "We're planting a lilac," she hears Claire say. Claire's voice slides, silvery, through the gold day, and Ross looks up, shading his eyes.

The sun melts into the sky. Lynnie hears Claire and Isobel talking behind the chinking of the spade, but then once, when there should be the spade, there is no sound, and Lynnie looks up to see Ross taking off his shirt. When had Claire and Isobel stopped talking?

Isobel stands up, transferring Willie to Lynnie.

"Don't go," Claire commands quietly.

"No . . ." Isobel says. Her voice is sleepy, puzzled, and she sits back down.

The room is silent again, but then the door bangs and Ross comes in, holding his crumpled shirt. "Hello, everyone," he says, going to the sink to slap cold water against his face. "Hello, Isobel." He tosses back dripping hair.

"Hello," Isobel says.

Lynnie looks up at Claire, but Claire's eyes are half closed as she gazes down at her long, graceful hands lying on the table. "Yes," Claire says, although no one has spoken.

"Ross," Isobel says, standing, "I brought back your book." She hands Ross a small, faded book with gold on the edges of the pages.

He takes the book and looks at it for a moment, at the shape of it in his hand. "Ah," he says. "Maybe I'll find something else for you one of these days."

"Mm," Isobel says, pushing her hair back.

Willie makes a little smacking sound, and the others look at him.

"When's good to drop things by?" Ross says.

"Anytime," Isobel says. "Sometime." She pivots childishly on one foot. "Saturdays are all right."

Claire puts her hands against her eyes, against her forehead. "Would anybody like iced tea?" she asks.

"Not I," Isobel says. "I have to go."

THE students have left town for the summer—even Derek. At least, Lynnie has not seen him since the night it snowed. And Mary Katherine herself is hardly in evidence. She comes over once in a while, but when she finishes her work, instead of sitting around the kitchen, she leaves.

Lynnie might be alone in the house, except for Bo and Emily. Claire is so quiet now, sealed off in a life with Willie, that sometimes Lynnie doesn't realize that she is standing right there. And when Lynnie and the children are outside, the children seem to disappear into the net of gold light. They seem far away from her—little motes—and barely audible; the quiet from the house muffles their voices.

Ross is frequently out, doing one thing and another, and his smiles for Lynnie have become terribly kind—self-deprecating and sudden, as though she had become, overnight, fragile or precious. Now that Isobel has finally gone away, Ross and Claire seem to have gone with her; her absence is a vacuum into which they have disappeared. Day after day, nothing changes. Day after day, the sky sheds gold, and nothing changes. The house is saturated with absences.

NOW Lynnie sees Isobel only as she streaks by in the little green car she has been given for her sixteenth birthday, or from the window in her room at night before she draws the curtain. One Saturday afternoon when Lynnie is outside with her brothers, Ross pulls up across the street. He waves to Lynnie as he walks up Isobel's drive and knocks on the door. Lynnie watches as Isobel opens the door and accepts a book he holds out to her. Ross disappears inside. A few minutes later he reëmerges, waves again to Lynnie, and drives off.

These days Lynnie's mother is more irritable than usual. There have been rumors of layoffs at the plant. Once, when Lynnie is watching TV with her they see Isobel's father drive up across the street. "Look at that fat bastard," Lynnie's mother says. "Now, there's a man who knows how to run a tight ship."

EVEN years and years later, just the thought of the school building could still call up Lynnie's dread, from that summer, of going back to school. Still, there is some relief in finally having to do it, and by the third or fourth day Lynnie finds she is comforted by the distant roaring of the corridors, and the familiar faces that at last sight were the faces of strangers.

One afternoon the first week, she sees Cissy Haddad looking in her direction, and she waves shyly. But then she realizes that Cissy is staring at something else. She turns around and there is Isobel, looking back at Cissy. Nothing reflects from Isobel's flat green eyes.

"Isobel—" Lynnie says.

"Hello, Lynnie," Isobel says slowly, and only then seems to see her. Lynnie turns back in confusion to Cissy, but Cissy is gone.

"Do you want a ride?" Isobel asks, looking straight ahead. "I've got my car."

"How was your summer?" Isobel asks on the way home.

"All right," Lynnie says. The sky is a deep, open blue again. Soon the leaves will change. "I was sorry you weren't around the stone house."

"Thank you, Lynnie," Isobel says seriously, and Lynnie remembers the way Cissy had been staring at Isobel. "That means a lot to me."

Lynnie's mother looks up when Lynnie comes into the house. "Hanging around with Isobel again?" she says. "I thought she'd dropped you."

Lynnie stands up very straight. "Isobel's my friend," she says.

"Isobel is not your friend," her mother says. "I want you to understand that."

ON Saturday, Lynnie goes back to her room after breakfast, and lies down in her unmade bed. Outside it is muggy and hot. She has homework to do, and chores, but she can't force herself to get up. The sounds of the television, and of her brothers playing outside, wash over her.

A car door slams, and Lynnie gets up to look out the window—maybe Isobel is going somewhere and will want company.

But it is not Isobel. It is Ross. Lynnie watches as Ross goes up Isobel's front walk and knocks on the door. The sound of brass on brass echoes up to Lynnie's room.

Isobel's car is in the driveway, but her mother's and father's are gone. Lynnie watches as Isobel appears at the front door and lets Ross in, and then as dim shapes spread in Isobel's room.

Lynnie returns to her bed and lies there. The room bears down on her, and the noise; one of her brothers is crying. She turns violently into the pillow, clenched and stiff, and for a while she tries to cry, but every effort is false, and unsatisfactory. At certain moments she can feel her heart beating rapidly.

Later, when she gets up again, Ross's car is gone. She turns back to the roiling ocean of sheets on her own bed, and reaches out, anticipating a wave rising to her, but it is enragingly inert. She grabs the unresisting top sheet and tries to hurl it to the floor, but it folds around her before it falls, slack and disgusting. The bottom sheet comes loose more satisfyingly, tearing away from the mattress and streaming into her arms like clouds, but a tiny sound bores into the clamor in her ears, and she wheels around to see Frank standing in the doorway with his hand on the knob. He looks at her, breathing uncomfortably through his mouth, before he turns away, closing the door behind him.

That night Lynnie's mother sits in front of the television in the dark, like a priestess. The cold, pale light flattens out her face, and craterlike shadows collect around her eyes, her mouth, in the hollows of her cheeks. "And what do you think of your employer visiting Isobel?" she says.

Across the street, Isobel's window blazes. "He lends Isobel books," Lynnie says.

"I see," her mother says. "Quite the little scholar."

The next day, Lynnie rides her bicycle to the stone house to say that she will not be working there any longer. Pedalling with all her strength, she is not even aware of reaching the edge of town, though afterward she can see every branch of the birchwood along the old highway as it flashes by, every cinder block of the motel, even the paint peeling from its sign.

Claire stands in the doorway while Lynnie talks loudly, trying to make herself heard through the static engulfing her. She has too much homework, she tries to explain; she is sorry, but her mother needs her. Her bicycle lies where she dropped it in her frenzy to get to the door, one wheel still spinning, and while she talks she sees dim forms shifting behind Isobel's window, a brief tumbling of entwined bodies on the damp leaves under the birches, the sad, washed light inside the old motel, where a plain chest of drawers with a mirror above it stands against the wall. In the mirror is a double bed with a blue cover on which Ross lies, staring up at the ceiling.

"Yes . . ." Claire is saying, and she materializes in front of Lynnie. "I understand . . ." From inside, behind Claire, comes the sound of Ross whistling.

IT is the following week that Isobel leaves. Lynnie watches from her window as Isobel and her mother and father load up her father's car and get into it. They are taking a trip, Lynnie thinks; they are just taking a trip, but still she runs down the stairs as fast as she can, and then, as the car pulls out into the street, Isobel twists around in the back seat. Her face is waxy, with an unhealthy glow, and her hair ripples out around her. Lynnie raises her hand, perhaps imperceptibly, but in any case Isobel only looks.

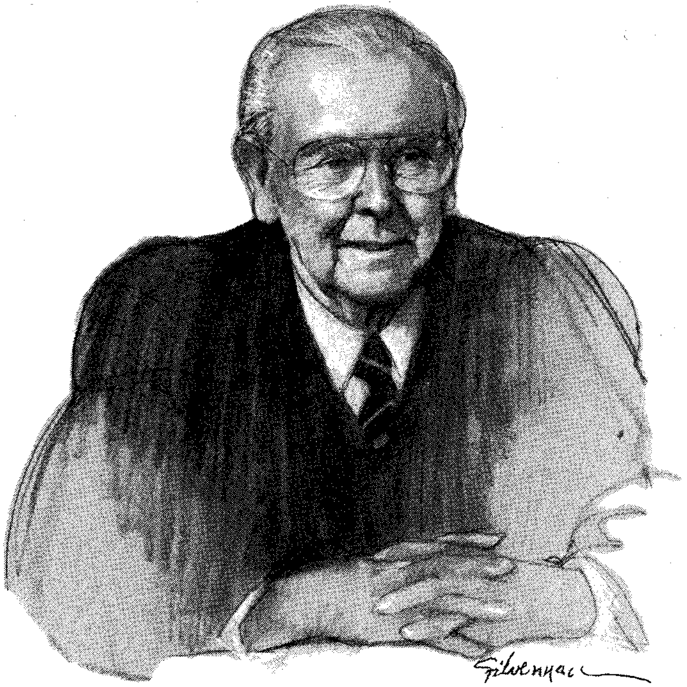
So nothing has to be explained to Lynnie the next day or the next or the next, when Isobel does not appear at school. And she is not puzzled by the groups of girls who huddle in the corridor whispering, or by Cissy Haddad's strange, tight greetings, or by the rumor, which begins to circulate almost immediately, of an anonymous letter to Isobel's parents.

And when, one day soon after Isobel's departure, Isobel's mother passes her on the sidewalk with nothing beyond a rapid glance of distaste, Lynnie sees in an instant what Isobel's mother must always have seen until now: an impassive, solid, limp-haired child, an inconveniently frequent visitor, breathing noisily, hungry for a smile—a negligible girl, utterly unlike her own daughter. And then Lynnie sees Isobel, vanishing brightly all over again as she looks back from her father's car, pressing into Lynnie's safekeeping everything that should have vanished along with her.

—DEBORAH EISENBERG

PROFILES

THE CONSTITUTIONALIST



IN 1984, *The National Review* paid gloomy tribute to Supreme Court Justice William Brennan. "No individual in this country, on or off the Court, has had a more profound and sustained impact upon public policy in the United States for the past 27 years," it said. From the perspective of *The National Review*, that influence, made all the stronger by what it described as "his engaging personality," had been unfailingly pernicious: "A Catholic, he has played an instrumental role in the unfettered availability of abortion across the country; . . . appointed to the Court by a Republican because of his ostensibly conservative views and because of his experience as a state court judge, it is he who mandated the reapportionment of every state legislative system in the country; . . . the son of hard-working Irish immigrant parents, he nevertheless has made significant strides in elevating the welfare state to constitutional status."

This was hardly the first indictment of Justice Brennan as a powerful judicial activist. Years before, Brennan had even been disowned by the President who appointed him. Fred Friendly, the former head of CBS News, asked Dwight Eisenhower in 1961 if he had made any substantial mistakes during his Presidency. "Yes, two," Eisenhower said. "And they are both sitting on the Supreme Court." The Justices he had in mind were Earl Warren and William Brennan. Neither had turned out to be as restrained in his approach to the Constitution as Eisenhower had expected.

Brennan has not lacked celebrators. They agree with his critics that his influence on millions of Americans who know nothing about him has been wide-ranging and profound. In a 1987 article in *The National Law Journal*, Norman Dorsen, the president of the American Civil Liberties Union, observed, "We would be living under a very different Constitution if Justice Brennan were not on the Supreme Court." Brennan's many landmark opinions, Dorsen wrote, have greatly strengthened freedom of expression and the rights of criminal defendants, and have expanded and deepened the principle of the Fourteenth Amendment's "equal protection of the laws," especially for racial minorities and for women. Brennan has often been on the dissenting side—increasingly so in the Rehnquist Court—but on certain fundamental questions of individual liberty he has so profoundly redefined the framework in which the issues are discussed that he may well be the most influential member of the Court in this century. Burt Neuborne, a law professor at New York University, believes him to be the most influential Justice of the Supreme Court since John Marshall. "Brennan knew how to blend his political instincts with a pervasive legal theory that transcended his personal views," Neuborne says. "And he recognized the complexity of that task. That's why he has been so much more influential than, for example, Hugo Black or William O. Douglas. While Douglas was alive, he was so vibrant a figure that his vividness tended to overshadow the staying power of his work. But when he retired he left behind no legacy that transcended his death. By contrast, Brennan's influence is so great because he worked out a theory of the Constitution that will endure beyond the work of Douglas, Black, and many other Justices."

Brennan sees the fundamental purpose of the Constitution to be—as he told Bill Moyers in a 1987 public-television interview—"the protection of the dignity of the human being and the recognition that every individual has fundamental rights which government cannot deny him." It is because of this view of the Constitution that Brennan always enters a dissent against the imposition of the death penalty. He believes that it treats "members of the human race as nonhumans"—that "even the vilest criminal remains a human being possessed of common human dignity."

Brennan also believes in "the age-old dream," as he puts it, that eventually no one anywhere will be denied his or her inherent dignity and rights. "The dream, though always old, is never old, like the Poor Old Woman in Yeats' play 'Cathleen Ni Hoolihan,' " Brennan told me in his chambers at the Court one afternoon. " 'Did you see an old woman going down the path?' asks Bridget. 'I did not,' replies Patrick, who came into the house just after the old woman left it, 'but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen.' " He smiled. "That passage has always meant a great deal to me. I've used it often over the last thirty years."

WILLIAM JOSEPH BRENNAN, JR., was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1906. His father, William Joseph Brennan, had come to New Jersey from County Roscommon, Ireland, in 1893. His mother, Agnes McDermott, was also an immigrant from Roscom-

"I rub my body with animal fat and swim around Manhattan."

• •

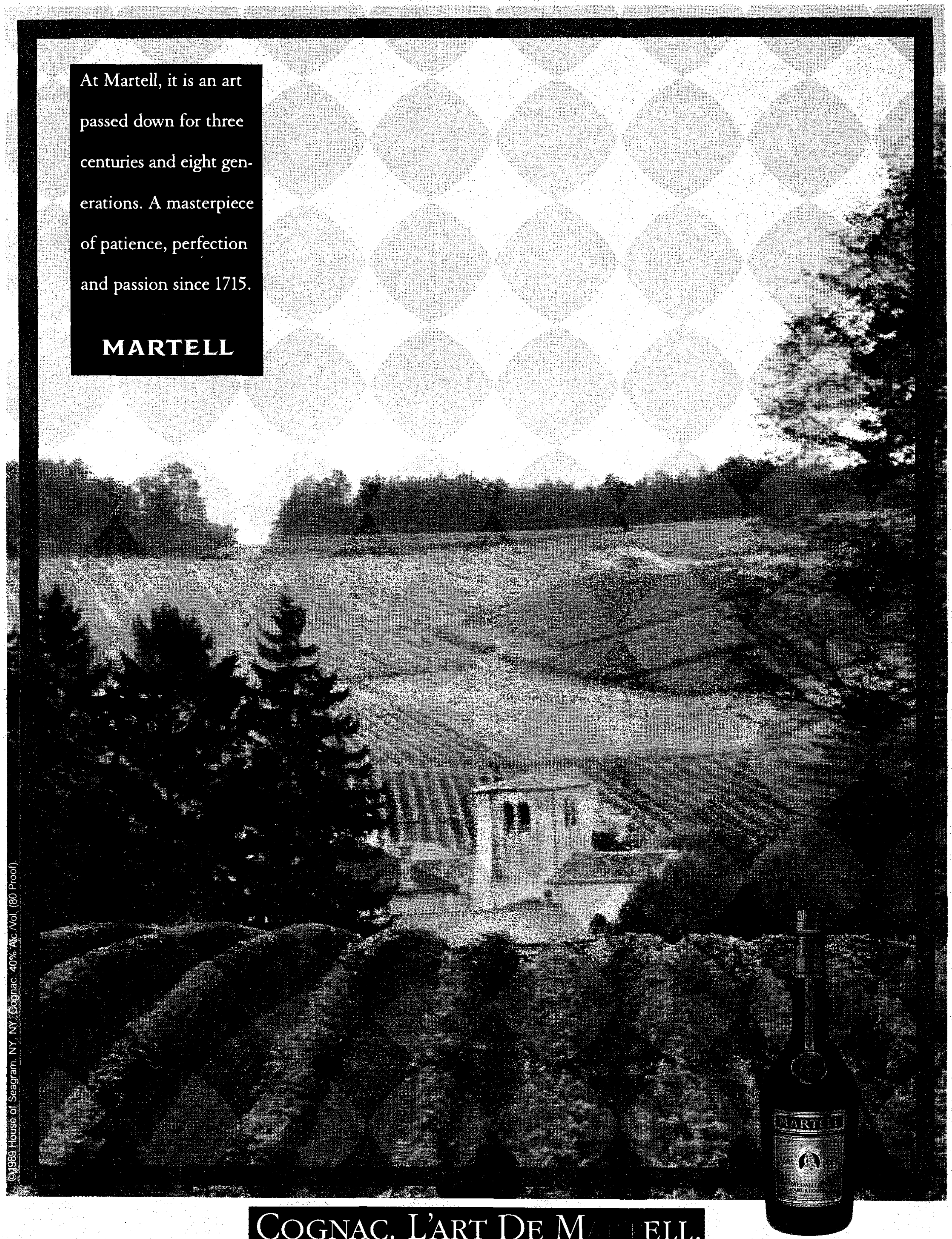
mon; she met her husband soon after moving, at age seventeen, to New Jersey to live with an aunt who ran a boarding house. "My father settled in Trenton, where he stoked the boiler in a factory, but he later found work as a coal heaver in the Ballantine Brewery in Newark," Justice Brennan told me. "In those days, they had those monster furnaces that were served by hand and shovel. In short order, my father became quite dissatisfied with the way things were going at Ballantine's. But before he could do anything about it he had to find a place to live, and he came upon the boarding house where Agnes McDermott was staying. They met, and they married. Back at work, my father felt that Ballantine's was treating the coal heavers and the other employees unfairly. Remember, those were the days before we had the Wagner Act or the Taft-Hartley Act, or any of the other laws that protected workingmen in their efforts to organize. My father got into a great deal of trouble, but he went on to become quite prominent in what there was of a labor movement in Newark."

By 1916, the elder Brennan had become a member of the Essex County Trades and Labor Council. "There was a transit workers' strike—trolley-car conductors and motormen," his son said. "They were up against a company owned by a family that you might say had a monopoly on the whole state. It was like a company state. One brother headed the biggest bank, another was in charge of the gas and electric companies, and the third had been attorney general. When the transit workers struck, the Newark police were on the side of the employers. My father came up with the idea 'My God, the only way we're going to be able to do anything about this is for labor to take over the city government.' He sponsored a movement that resulted in the abolition of the mayor-and-aldermen form of city government and replaced it with five commissioners, each of whom was assigned to supervise a department. In the 1917 election, my father ran as a labor candidate, with the prospect that if he won he'd be named the Director of Public Safety. That way, *he'd* have control of the Police and Fire Departments, so there'd be no more strikebreaking." Justice Brennan was clearly savoring the story. He smiled, and went on, "My father finished third out of eighty-six candidates, and was named Director of Public Safety. He headed not only the Police and Fire Departments but also the health-and-safety Licensing Department." The senior Brennan was reëlected in 1921, 1925, and 1929. The last two times he ran, he finished first.

"There were eight of us," Brennan told me. "Four boys and four girls. One of the boys later became general counsel of Ballantine's. Raising a family that size on the kind of salary public officials got in those days was not easy. And my father was an honest man until the day he died. If there had ever been an honest official in the city of Newark, it was he. What got me interested in people's rights and liberties was the kind of family and the kind of neighborhood I was brought up in. I saw all kinds of suffering—people had to struggle. I saw the suffering of my mother, even though we were never without. We always had something to eat, we always had something to wear. But others in the neighborhood had a harder time."

Brennan went to parochial grammar school and to public high school. He was a good student, and was also industrious outside school. Daniel Crystal, a New Jersey attorney and a chronicler of Brennan's life, says that the young Brennan made change for passengers waiting for trolley cars, delivered milk in a horse-drawn wagon, and worked in a filling station. After high school, Brennan attended the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania. He graduated cum laude in 1928 with a degree in economics, and that same year he married Marjorie Leonard, of East Orange. He entered Harvard Law School in the fall. Since the newlyweds required an income, young Mrs. Brennan stayed in New Jersey, working as a proofreader and secretary on a newspaper. In 1930, Brennan's father died, leaving little money to his children. Brennan successfully applied for a scholarship in order to finish law school, and waited on tables in a fraternity house. He received his LL.B. in 1931, graduating in the top ten per cent of his class. One of his professors at Harvard Law School was Felix Frankfurter, who frequently urged his students, "Think for yourself." Later, when both were serving on the Supreme Court, they often differed, and Brennan remembers, with a chuckle, that Frankfurter

THE OF COGNAC.



At Martell, it is an art passed down for three centuries and eight generations. A masterpiece of patience, perfection and passion since 1715.

MARTELL

©1989 House of Seagram, NY, NY. Cognac. 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof).

COGNAC. L'ART DE M ELL.

SINCE 1715.

would sometimes say, "I always wanted my students to think for themselves, but Brennan goes too far."

While Brennan was at Harvard, he was at odds with his father over a recent court case, Public Welfare Pictures v. Brennan. The Brennan was William Brennan, Sr., Public Safety Director of Newark, and at issue was an educational film called "The Naked Truth." "It was one of those films intended to teach children about sex, and a movie outfit called Public Welfare wanted to show it," Justice Brennan told me. " 'No, sir,' my father said. 'Not that filthy thing!' He threatened to revoke the theatre's license if the film was shown. Public Welfare went into the court of chancery and got an injunction against my father. He was compelled to let that film open. And that became a case that we studied in class." On a visit home, young Brennan told his father that he believed that the court had ruled properly. "My father roared, 'WHAAAAAAAAT!' " Brennan told me, laughing. "I was never able to convince him that it was a good opinion. He was just as independent as a hog on ice. He had similar clashes with producers of plays and burlesque shows. He lost more of them than he won. He was an old-fashioned Irish Catholic who took a very dim view of the propriety of anything that touched on the sexual."

At Harvard, Brennan was president of the student legal-aid society, and his work there foreshadowed one of his chief concerns on the Supreme Court: making due process of law attend every defendant, including those defendants with the least resources. But after graduating from law school Brennan did not go into legal-aid work. Instead, he joined the large and distinguished Newark law firm of Pitney, Hardin & Skinner, sometimes known as "Pluck 'em, Hook 'em & Skin 'em," where he became an expert in labor law—that is, the management side of labor law.

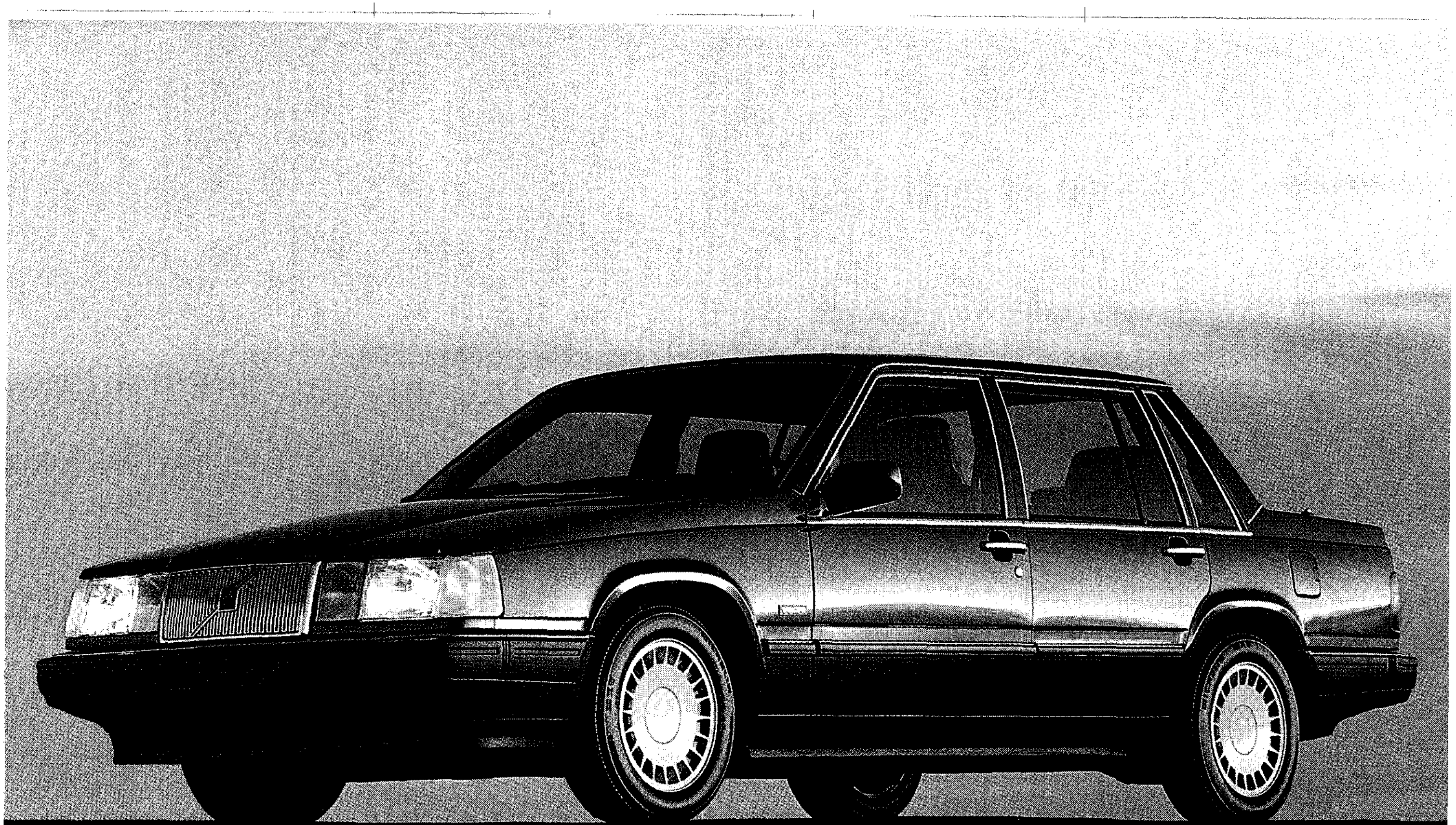
One of his opponents in court was Morton Stavis, a labor lawyer and later a founder of the Center for Constitutional Rights. In the Passaic County Bar Association's journal, Stavis has recalled two of his encounters with Brennan when he himself represented the employees' union of the Phelps Dodge Corporation, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, and Brennan represented its management: "He was a vigorous, overwhelmingly able, and above all gracious opponent. I was inexperienced in litigation at the time and was guilty of a number of procedural oversights. Not only did he not take advantage of them but he went out of his way to help me correct the record so that the cases would be fairly tried on the merits. Result: he won one case, I won the other."

In 1942, Brennan took a leave from Pitney, Hardin & Skinner to join the Army, and was given the rank of major in its Ordnance Department. He was borrowed by the Army Air Forces to settle some severe labor problems in the aircraft industry on the West Coast, and after a year of negotiating he brought peace to the dispute. He went on to become a manpower troubleshooter in other areas of conflict, and by the time he left the service, in 1945, he had been promoted to colonel and had been awarded the Legion of Merit. He had shown such proficiency at managing men and affairs that one of his wartime colleagues later said, "I would have expected that he would have become the president of one of our great corporations."

Instead, Brennan went back to his law firm and resumed his practice. The firm was renamed Pitney, Hardin, Ward & Brennan, but in 1949 Brennan resigned to accept an appointment from Governor Alfred Driscoll to the Superior Court of New Jersey. The appointment meant a considerable cut in income, and the reason Brennan decided to take it was that his large and growing law practice seemed to be affecting his health and didn't leave him enough time for his family. He soon became an assignment judge in charge of the administration of justice in a number of courts, and after less than two years he was promoted to the Appellate Division of the Superior Court. There he became involved in devising ways to relieve the congestion in the New Jersey courts. His proposals impressed the Chief Justice of the state's Supreme Court, Arthur Vanderbilt, and in 1952, at Justice Vanderbilt's suggestion, Governor Driscoll appointed Brennan to that court. Brennan intensified his efforts to get cases to trial faster, working out a pretrial-conference system that shortened trials or, in many cases, made trials unnecessary by facilitating settlements. "Delayed justice is bad justice," he once told *Life* magazine, "for time has a way of blurring memories and killing witnesses."

While Brennan was on the New Jersey bench, he became known in legal circles for a particularly forceful dissent in State of New Jersey v. John Henry Tune. The defendant had been charged with murder, and the prosecution had a statement by him—made without a lawyer present—in which he confessed to the killing. Tune told his court-appointed lawyers that the statement had been exacted through force and through threats of violence to members of his family. His lawyers asked to see a copy of the confession before trial, but a majority of the New Jersey Supreme Court denied the request, on the ground that Tune might use the "opportunity to procure false testimony and commit perjury." Brennan's dissent emphasized the constitutional rights of defendants: "We must remember that society's interest is equally that the innocent shall not suffer, and not alone that the guilty shall not escape. . . . It shocks my sense of justice that . . . counsel for an accused facing a possible death sentence should be denied inspection of his confession which, were this a civil case, could not be denied."

BRENNAN might well have remained on the New Jersey Supreme Court for the rest of his career if Arthur Vanderbilt hadn't got sick shortly before he was to be the keynote speaker at a conference in Washington, D.C., on court congestion. "It was in May, 1956," Brennan recalls, "and the Attorney General of the United States, Herbert Brownell, had convened a large assembly of judges, scholars, and others interested in improving the administration of justice through better court procedures everywhere in the country. For some years, the No. 1 figure in that movement had been Arthur Vanderbilt. He became ill two days before the meeting, and I was



IT'S STARTING TO SOUND LIKE MERCEDES-BENZ IS ENGINEERED LIKE ONE OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD.

It's curious.

Mercedes-Benz claims to be engineered like no other car in the world. Yet recently, they've spent millions of dollars emphasizing such attributes as safety, durability, and longevity.

Qualities long associated with another car maker.

Volvo.

Which is why, if you've been thinking about buying a Mercedes, you'd do well to consider a Volvo 760. Like all Volvos, the 760 embodies all the traditional Volvo values.

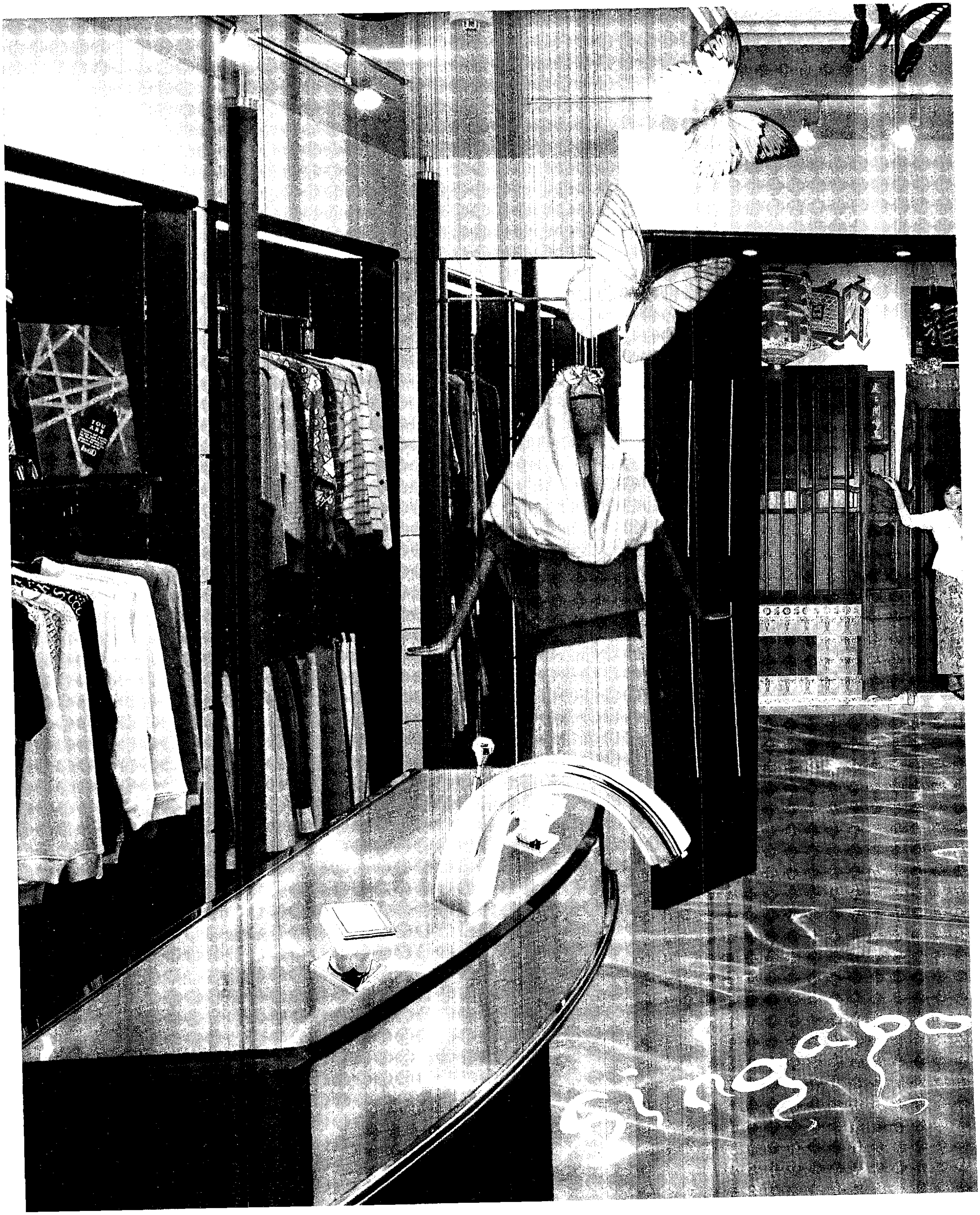
It's tough, durable, and above all, it's built with your safety in mind.

But the 760 also provides a level of luxury found in few cars on the road today. From its automatic climate control to its six speaker high-output sound system, virtually every conceivable comfort is standard.

In short, the Volvo 760 is engineered to be everything a Mercedes is. And, clearly, everything a Mercedes wants to be.

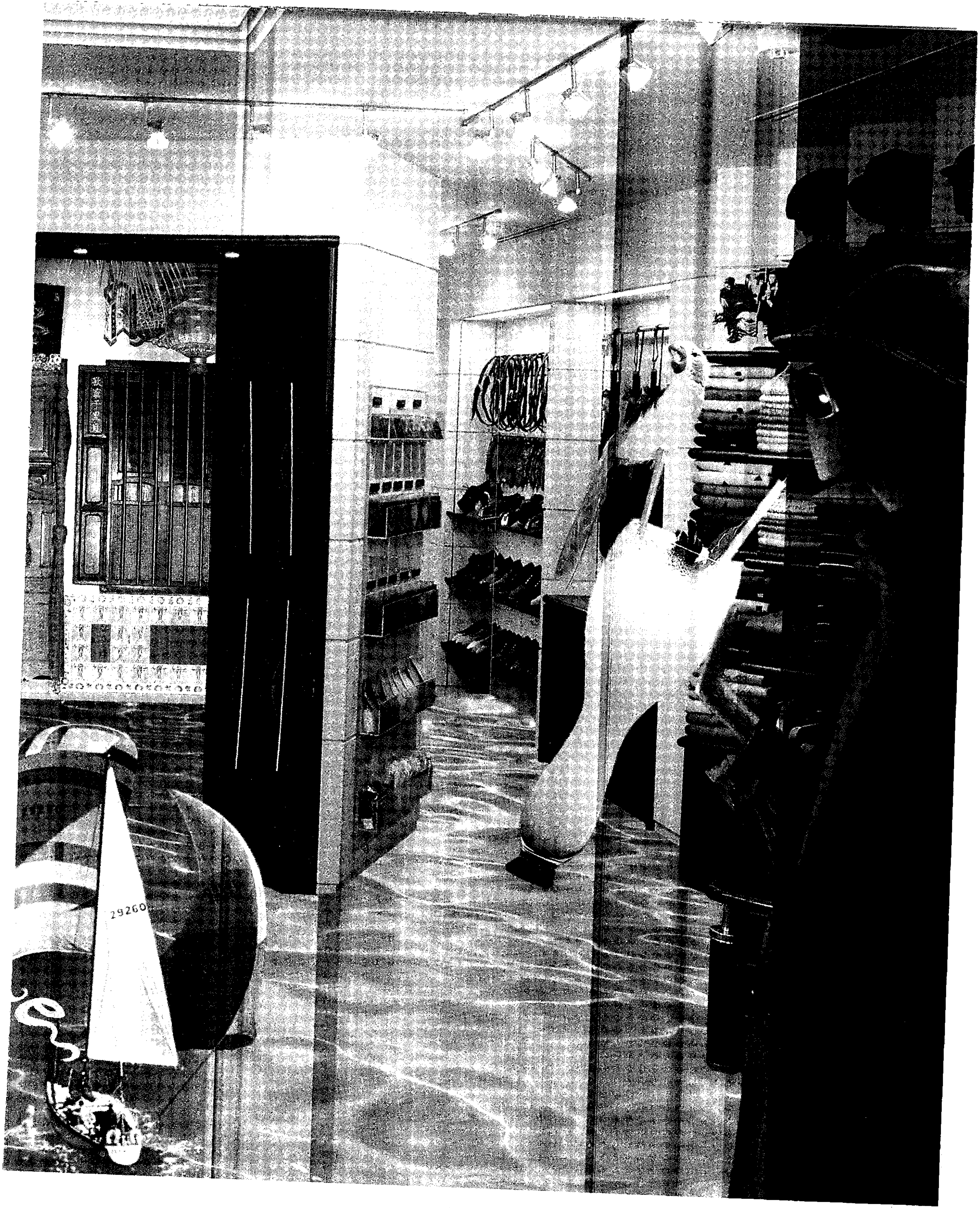
VOLVO
A car you can believe in.

CALL TOLL FREE FOR YOUR CATALOG OF 1990 VOLVOS: 1-800-221-9136. © 1990 VOLVO NORTH AMERICA CORPORATION.



25 YEARS OF INDEPENDENCE

Singapore. The Most Surprising



Tropical Island.

Call for a free book on Singapore
1-800-548-4540

NEWS
Eric Teitelbaum

"This late news item. The ugly rumors that I've been secretly dating a news director at another network have proved to be true, and, starting Monday, I'll be anchoring the 'Early Evening Report' on Channel 6."

• •

pushed in to substitute for him. Having had so little time to prepare a speech, I spoke mostly off the cuff, for close to an hour."

Brownell was impressed by Brennan's performance, and four months later, when Supreme Court Justice Sherman Minton announced that he would retire in October, Brownell recommended Brennan as his successor, and President Eisenhower agreed. At the time, Brennan's qualifications were generally considered to include not only his ability but also the likelihood that in the forthcoming election the President might pick up some votes by nominating a Democrat who was also a Roman Catholic; furthermore, the bright, well-respected Catholic from New Jersey might take some of the play away from the rising Senator John F. Kennedy. When I asked Brennan about this, he laughed, and said, "Well, I must say that didn't dawn on me. I read all about it days afterward. John Kennedy had almost taken the Vice-Presidential nomination from Senator Kefauver. And Arthur Kock, of the New York *Times*—he was such a big wheel then—was conjecturing that even though the prospect of Adlai Stevenson's defeating the President was not that likely, Herbert Brownell, smart politician that he was, was not going to take any chances, and wanted to fend off Stevenson by putting a Northeast Irishman on the Court. Well, I did read a lot about it, but nobody ever said a word to me about it."

One of the opponents of Brennan's nomination was Senator Joseph McCarthy. "He knew about me," Brennan said, chuckling. "In 1954, when I was on the New Jersey Supreme Court, I was asked to address the Charitable Irish Society of Boston on St. Patrick's Day, and I spoke of certain things going on that were reminiscent of the Salem witch-hunts." In 1955, Brennan spoke before the Monmouth Rotary Club, in New Jersey, on the subject of the Fifth Amendment, and said, "Frankness with ourselves must compel the acknowledgment that our resentment toward those who invoked its protection led us into a toleration of some of the very abuses which brought the privilege into being so many centuries ago. The abuses took on a modern dress, it is true—not the rack and the screw but the distorted version of the happenings at secret hearings released to the press, the shouted epithet at the hapless and helpless witness. . . . That path brings us perilously close to destroying liberty in liberty's name."

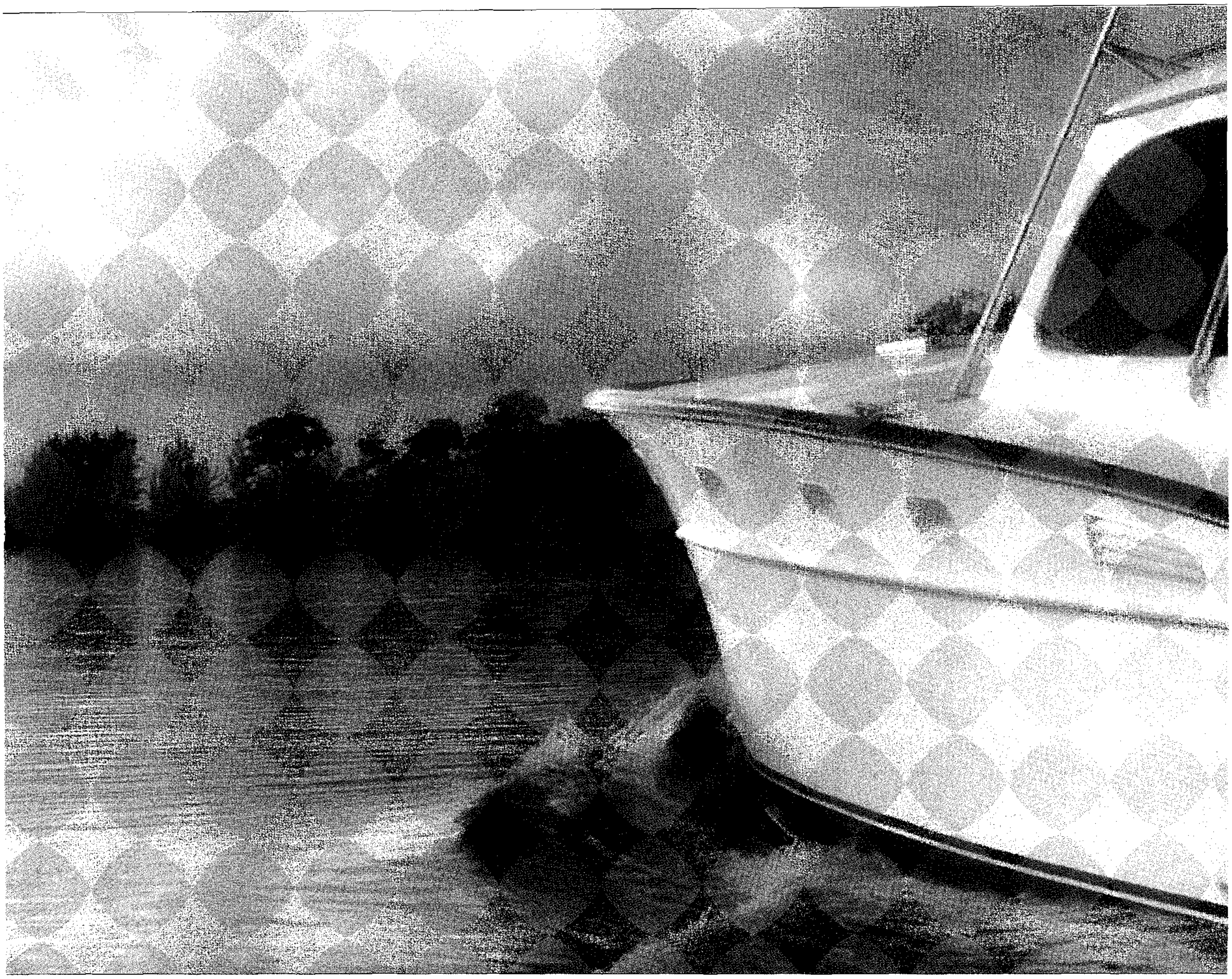
"Hell, when I made those speeches I had no idea I would ever get to sit on the Supreme Court," Brennan told me. "And those weren't the only times I paid my respects to Senator McCarthy. I made speeches calling him all sorts of names before other groups around Monmouth County. So when Eisenhower announced he was going to appoint me, McCarthy issued a statement saying that I was supremely unfit for the Supreme Court. And, though he wasn't on the Judiciary Committee, he asked to sit with that committee, so that he could interrogate me. I had a recess appointment, so they didn't get around to my hearings until I'd been on the Court for some four months. At first, there was resistance to McCarthy's sitting in on the committee. He was in decline. He had already been censured, and he died not long after my hearings. I thought that those who were against his sitting with the committee were wrong. There's absolutely nothing in the Constitution which limits the advice-and-consent function of the Senate. Nothing. And, because each senator has to cast his own vote on the matter, he should be able to interrogate the nominee if he wants to. And any senator, furthermore, is entitled to ask any damn question he wants—about ideology or whatever the hell it may be."

I asked Justice Brennan what kinds of questions Senator McCarthy had asked.

"Oh, just the craziest things." Brennan's voice took on McCarthy's heavy cadences, including the ominous pauses: " 'Do you mean to tell me you don't think the most *important* thing we can possibly do is rout out Communists, wherever they are?' "

During the hearings, McCarthy announced gravely to the committee that he had brought a document concerning the nominee. It turned out to be Brennan's St. Patrick's Day speech in Boston. "Do you approve of congressional investigations and exposures of Communism?" the Senator asked Brennan. "Show me one little word in any speech

It took man 3 billion years to evolve from the sea. From here, it takes just 20 minutes to return.



However we got here, one thing is certain. Water attracts us. And that's what makes living at Jonathan's Landing so attractive. More than 120 acres of water. Much of it salt water connected to the Intracoastal Waterway. Which, in turn, leads to the ocean.

So you can go from your back door to Neptune's backyard in a matter of minutes. Floating all the way.

On dry land, we've built 54 holes of championship golf. Two courses designed by Tom Fazio, one by Arthur Hills. But beware the hazards - slices are attracted to water as well.

Single-family homesites are priced from $275,000; patio homesites priced from $140,000. If you are interested in a new home or condominium, we've got that, too.

But mostly, we've got water. Water, water everywhere. And direct access to the sea. It's calling. So call us at (407) 746-2561. Or fill out the coupon below and mail to Jonathan's Landing, Jupiter, Florida 33477.

Jonathan's Landing
JUPITER, FLORIDA

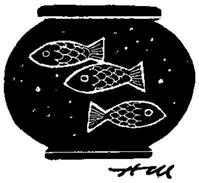
Name Address City State Zip

A community development by ALCOA Properties, Inc. This is not an offering to NY, NJ, or IL residents. Prices subject to change. This is not an offering. Sales can only be made in Palm Beach County.

in which you ever approved of congressional investigations."

Brennan replied that he thought such investigations were a "vital function" of the Congress, but that since he was already on the Supreme Court his oath of office forbade him to make any comment on matters that might come before him. "I gather that those who heard the exchanges between us all that day did not think it was one of Senator McCarthy's finest hours," Brennan remarked to me.

Having been evaluated by the American Bar Association as "eminently qualified" at the time he was appointed to the Court, Brennan now received the approval of the Senate Judiciary Committee. On March 19, 1957, the United States Senate confirmed his nomination. The sole negative vote was cast by Joseph McCarthy. The new Justice told one reporter that he considered himself "the mule entered in the Kentucky Derby," and added, "I don't expect to distinguish myself, but I do expect to benefit from the association."



In a 1987 interview on National Public Radio, Brennan recalled his introduction to the other members of the Court this way: "Chief Justice Warren invited me to his chambers, and from there we went up to the third floor of the Supreme Court Building. In a small room, my seven new colleagues were sitting around a table having sandwiches. The room was dark, and he put on the light, and there they all were, watching the opening game of the 1956 World Series. I was introduced by the Chief to each of them, and someone said, 'Put out the light.' They put out the light, and they went on watching the game."

IN a 1986 article on Brennan in the American Bar Association *Journal*, Joel Gora, a professor at Brooklyn Law School, noted that in 1956, when Brennan came on the Court, it "had no clear direction or identity," and he went on:

> The school desegregation decisions had not yet been implemented, and concepts like affirmative action had not even been articulated. First Amendment doctrine was mostly a function of ad hoc decision-making as the Court grappled with the issues posed by Communist Party advocacy and association. The rights of the accused, too, were determined by case-by-case adjudication, and the major reforms that would protect defendants against the excesses of local law enforcement were years away.
>
> Notions of using the Constitution to protect private choice on intimate matters such as contraception, abortion and sexual privacy or preference would have seemed visionary. Problems raised by grossly malapportioned state legislatures were viewed as political questions not subject to constitutional measure. Indeed, constitutional restraints seemed largely irrelevant to the conduct of government at the state and local levels.
>
> Through a blend of pragmatism and principle, with an ebullient, gregarious and easy personal manner, Justice Brennan helped change all that.

In the beginning, however, Brennan found it hard to feel comfortable on the Court. In a 1973 article in the *University of Chicago Law Review*, he wrote, "I expect that only a Justice of the Court can know how inseparably intertwined are all the Court's functions, and how arduous and long is the process of developing the sensitivity to constitutional adjudication that marks the role. One enters a new and wholly unfamiliar world when he enters the Supreme Court of the United States, and this is as true of a Justice who comes from a federal court of appeals as it is of a Justice, like me, who came from a state supreme court. I say categorically that no prior experience, including prior judicial experience, prepares one for the work of the Supreme Court."

When I read that statement to Justice Brennan recently, he laughed. "Did I say that? It's right, you know, every damn word of it. What I was talking about reflects, I expect, more of my own background as a state judge. Nonetheless, what I said is the sort of thing Felix Frankfurter also used to say. For example, when I was on the Jersey courts, the judges, at whatever level, had no occasion to keep abreast of the Supreme Court in that dimension of criminal law that has to do with the Bill of Rights. Those rights and liberties were not made applicable to the states until I got here. For instance, the exclusionary rule—that illegally obtained evidence cannot be used in a court, because it violates the Fourth Amendment—was not extended to the states until 1961. But even today's state judges who come here have difficulty adjusting to the Court at first. Take my colleague Justice O'Connor. She was an Arizona state judge at the trial court and the intermediate appellate court. Many of the cases she dealt with did have to turn on the application of the Bill of Rights—as we had decided here—to state law. But I know that even she will tell you that you simply don't feel comfortable in this seat until you've been here for a while. One of the reasons is that it's a pretty awesome feeling, believe me, to appreciate that something you're doing, when it's decided, will have an enormous impact among two hundred-odd million people. And that feeling *never* leaves you. It just never leaves you." Brennan smiled. "It takes a while before you can become even calm about approaching a job like this. Which is not to say you do not make mistakes. In my case, there has been the obscenity area."

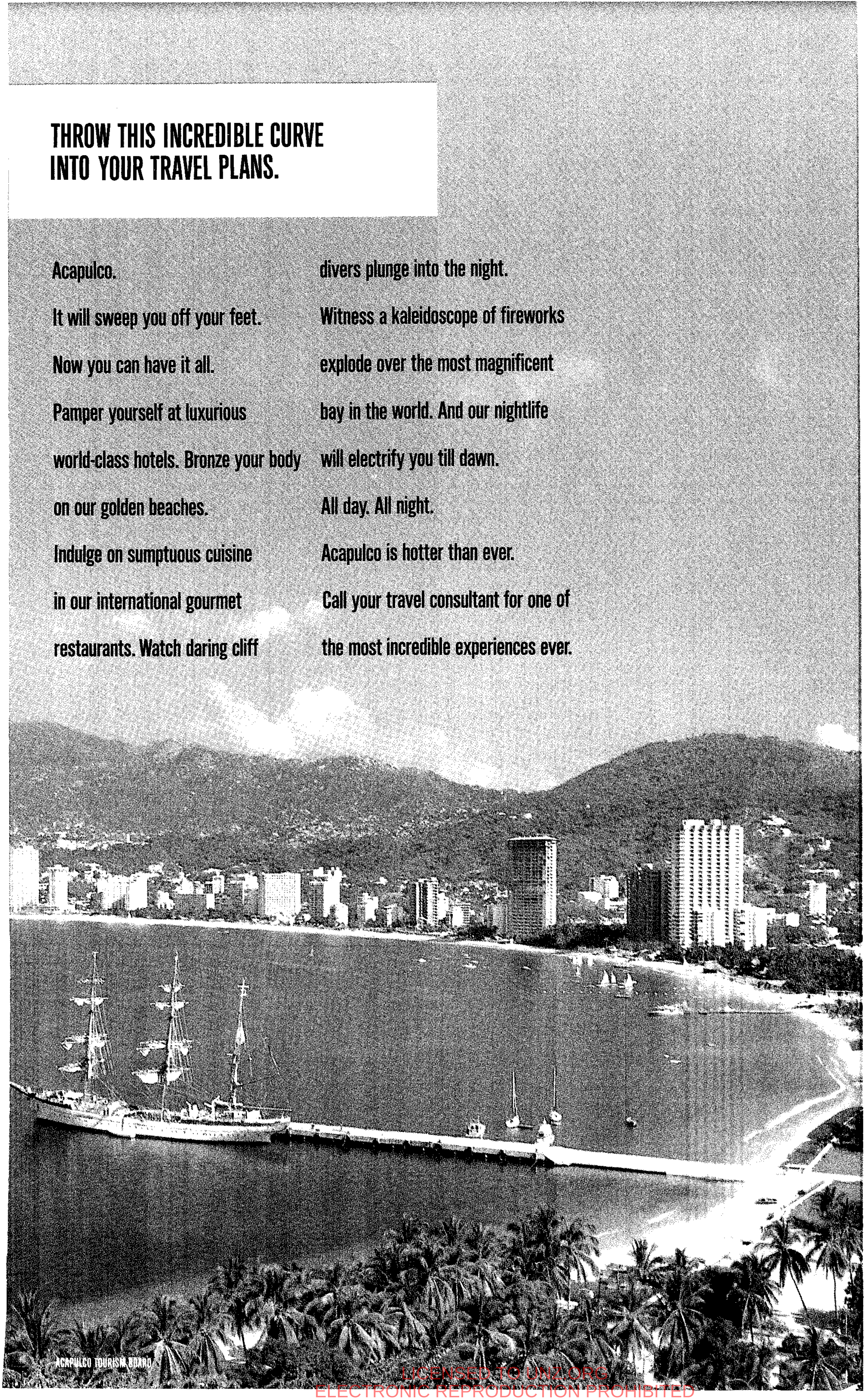
He looked at the red-bound volumes of his opinions, and said, "For sixteen years, it fell to me to write most of the obscenity opinions here. They were usually assigned to me. I won't say why, but they were."

"Why were they assigned to you?"

Brennan chuckled. "Because nobody else wanted to have anything to do with them."

Measuring obscenity against the First Amendment has been a challenge to Brennan since the days when he came home and argued with his father about censorship. Yet Brennan was not entirely at odds with his father: he believed that some forms of expression were indeed beyond the protection of the First Amendment. That notion became Supreme Court doctrine in Roth v. United States, for which Brennan wrote the majority opinion during his first year on the Court. A companion case, Alberts v. California, was decided the same day. Brennan's opinion, covering both cases, established him as the Court's spokesman on a complex, emotional issue that was then—as it is now—intently followed by religious groups, civil libertarians, politicians, complaining constituents, book publishers, writers, and movie producers.

Samuel Roth had been convicted of mailing obscene advertisements and circulars as well as an obscene book. David Alberts had been convicted of "keeping for sale" obscene and indecent books and publishing an obscene advertisement for them. In his decision Brennan emphasized that "sex and obscenity are not synonymous," and he tried to make as narrow as possible that area of


THROW THIS INCREDIBLE CURVE INTO YOUR TRAVEL PLANS.

Acapulco.

It will sweep you off your feet.

Now you can have it all.

Pamper yourself at luxurious world-class hotels. Bronze your body on our golden beaches.

Indulge on sumptuous cuisine in our international gourmet restaurants. Watch daring cliff divers plunge into the night.

Witness a kaleidoscope of fireworks explode over the most magnificent bay in the world. And our nightlife will electrify you till dawn.

All day. All night.

Acapulco is hotter than ever.

Call your travel consultant for one of the most incredible experiences ever.

ACAPULCO TOURISM BOARD

ACAPULCO

HOTTER THAN EVER

speech which could be penalized. "The door barring federal and state intrusion into [freedoms of speech and the press] cannot be left ajar; it must be kept tightly closed and opened only the slightest crack necessary to prevent encroachment upon more important interests," he wrote. His solution was to adopt what struck him as a fair and reasonable test. Expression would not be protected under the First Amendment if "to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest."

Brennan believed he had set a reasonable course by which the Court could draw a line between obscenity and speech that the Constitution intended to be free, yet what Justice John Harlan later described as "the intractable obscenity problem" only got worse. Ten years after Roth, Harlan observed, "The subject of obscenity has produced a variety of views among the members of the Court unmatched in any other course of constitutional adjudication." By then, the Court had decided thirteen obscenity cases, and there had been fifty-five separate opinions.

In a 1966 case, "Memoirs" v. Massachusetts, Justices Brennan, Warren, and Fortas had used as a test of obscenity that the material in question be "utterly without redeeming social value." Justices Douglas, Black, and Stewart had concurred. In 1973, in Miller v. California, the Burger majority discarded the "utterly without redeeming social value" criterion, and, in effect, largely removed the burden of proof from the prosecutor. It was up to the defense to convince a judge or a jury that the indicted material had "serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value."

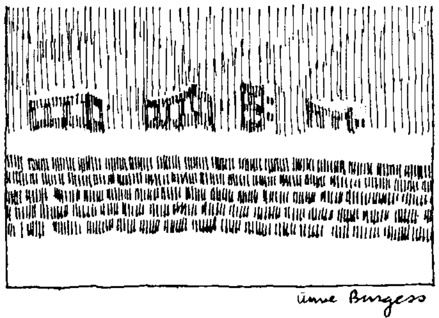
The Miller decision came down on the same day as Paris Adult Theatre I v. Slaton. In a long dissent in that case Brennan took fundamental issue with the Burger majority, and, in a rather rare confession by a Supreme Court Justice, admitted that his long effort to figure out the difference between protected speech and obscenity had been a failure:

> I am convinced that the approach initiated 16 years ago in *Roth* v. *United States* . . . and culminating in the Court's decision today, cannot bring stability to this area of the law without jeopardizing fundamental First Amendment values, and I have concluded that the time has come to make a significant departure from that approach. . . . The essence of our problem in the obscenity area is that we have been unable to provide "sensitive tools" to separate obscenity from other sexually oriented but constitutionally protected speech, so that efforts to suppress the former do not spill over into the suppression of the latter. . . . It comes as no surprise that judicial attempts to follow our lead conscientiously have often ended in hopeless confusion.

At that point, Brennan seemed to throw up his hands:

> I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that none of the available formulas, including the one announced today, can reduce the vagueness to a tolerable level while at the same time striking an acceptable balance between the protections of the First and Fourteenth Amendments, on the one hand, and on the other the asserted state interest in regulating the dissemination of certain sexually oriented materials. Any effort to draw a constitutionally acceptable boundary on state power must resort to such indefinite concepts as "prurient interest," "patent offensiveness," "serious literary value," and the like. The meaning of these concepts necessarily varies with the experience, outlook, and even idiosyncrasies of the person defining them. . . . I would hold, therefore, that at least in the absence of distribution to juveniles or obtrusive exposure to unconsenting adults, the First and Fourteenth Amendments prohibit the State and Federal Governments from attempting wholly to suppress sexually oriented materials on the basis of their allegedly "obscene" contents.

"I put sixteen years into that damn obscenity thing," Justice Brennan told me early one morning in his chambers. "I tried and I tried, and I waffled back and forth, and I finally gave up. If you can't define it, you can't prosecute people for it. And that's why, in the Paris Adult Theatre decision, I finally abandoned the whole effort. I reached the conclusion that every criminal-obscenity statute—and most obscenity laws are criminal—was necessarily unconstitutional, because it was impossible, from the statute, to define obscenity. Accordingly, anybody charged with violating the statute would not have known that his conduct was a violation of the law. He wouldn't know whether the material was obscene until the court told him."



BRENNAN has had greater success in broadening the definition of the First Amendment. One of his landmark decisions in that area was New York Times Co. v. Sullivan. In 1960, L. B. Sullivan, the police commissioner of Montgomery, Alabama, had sued the *Times* for publishing an advertisement signed by writers, actors, labor leaders, and black Southern preachers. The text of the ad accused Southern authorities of conducting a "wave of terror" against black students demonstrating for their civil rights, and also charged the police with trying to intimidate Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Although Commissioner Sullivan's name was not mentioned in the ad, he claimed that he would be considered responsible for many of the actions listed there. A jury awarded him five hundred thousand dollars in damages.

Until New York Times Co. v. Sullivan, libel was left to the common law of each state, on the ground that it was a private matter. Reversing the verdict, Justice Brennan established—for the first time in United States history—that "the constitutional protections for speech and press limit a state's power to award damages in a libel action brought by a public official against critics of his official conduct." Brennan quoted the principal author of the First Amendment, James Madison: "The censorial power is in the people over the Government, and not in the Government over the people." And, in a passage that is widely quoted, Brennan stated, "We consider this case against the background of a profound national commitment to the principle that debate on public issues should be uninhibited, robust, and wide-open, and that it may well include vehement, caustic, and sometimes unpleasantly sharp attacks on government and public officials."

Adding to the historic significance of the decision, Brennan addressed the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798, which had criminally penalized speech defaming the government. In the hundred and sixty-six years since the passage of those statutes, the Supreme Court had not explicitly declared them unconstitutional. Brennan finally did.

New York Times Co. v. Sullivan did not foreclose all libel suits brought by public officials, but, by insisting that such suits meet the "actual malice" test, the decision made them more difficult to win. Brennan wrote that a public official (and this was later broadened to include public figures in general) cannot recover "damages for a defamatory falsehood relating to his official conduct unless he proves that the statement was made with 'actual malice'—that is, with knowledge that it was false or with reckless disregard of whether it was false or not."

Another important First Amendment decision was Brennan's 1967 opinion on the right of New York State to impose loyalty tests on teachers in public schools, including public colleges and universities. The case, Keyishian v. Board of Regents of New York, involved a teacher named Harry Keyishian, an instructor in English at the State University of New York at Buffalo, who had been threatened with the loss of his job, and indeed was not rehired the following year when he refused to comply with various "loyalty" provisions enforced by the New York State Board of Regents. Fifteen years before, the Supreme Court, by a six-to-three majority, had affirmed the constitutionality of the same set of loyalty tests in New York State. In his majority opinion Justice Minton, Brennan's predecessor, saw nothing injurious to the First Amendment in a statute that said that no one could be employed in the public-school system who spoke "any treasonable or seditious word or words." There was also a law requiring the state's Board of Regents to compile a list of "subversive" organizations, membership in which would be "prima facie evidence of disqualification." The definition of "subversive" included the "advocacy" of the overthrow of government by violent or any other unlawful means, and it also included the utterance of seditious words.

Brennan, in his opinion, wrote that the language in the anti-subversive statutes and regulations was unconstitutionally vague. Under the penal law involved, for instance, one commits the felony of advocating criminal anarchy if one "publicly displays any book . . . containing or advocating, advising or teaching the doctrine that organized government should be overthrown by force, violence or any unlawful means." Brennan asked, "Does the teacher who carries a copy of the Communist Manifesto on a public street thereby advocate criminal anarchy?"

The Civil Service law also penalized the teaching of subversive doctrines. Brennan asked, "Does the teacher who informs his class about the precepts of Marxism or the Declaration of Independence violate this prohibition? . . . And does the prohibition of the distribution of matter 'containing' the doctrine [that government should be overthrown] bar histories of the evolution of Marxist doctrine or tracing the background of the French, American, or Russian Revolutions?" With all the vagueness of the interlocking statutory and regulatory language, Brennan said, "it would be a bold teacher who would not stay as far as possible from utterances or acts which might jeopardize his living by enmeshing him in this intricate machinery."

Brennan went on to focus on the particular reason for safeguarding First Amendment freedoms in this case: "Our Nation is deeply committed to safeguarding academic freedom, which is of transcendent value to all of

"He's a man who could be nominated by the Republican Party five times for national office and still feel life has treated him badly."

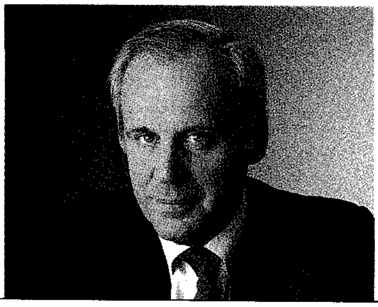
Hosted by Lewis Lapham
BOOKMARK
The show that reads between the lines.

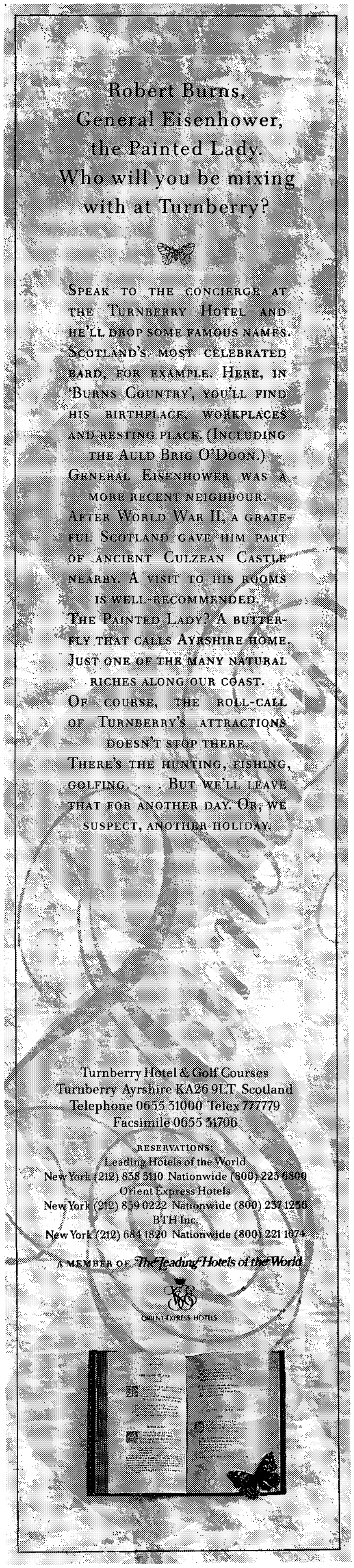
Richard M. Nixon. Even now the character of the man remains a mystery. And when biographer Stephen E. Ambrose discusses his new book, *NIXON: THE TRIUMPH OF A POLITICIAN*, on BOOKMARK, we discover why Richard Nixon continues to be seen as both statesman and petty crook.

Each week, Lewis Lapham invites the author of a new work to join other writers for a lively discussion of the ideas expressed in the book.

BOOKMARK. Sometimes you'll like what you hear. Sometimes you won't. But you'll always come away with unexpected insights. Tune in this week for a spectacle of opinion, prejudice, criticism and passionate belief.

Funded by
Bell Atlantic
We're More Than Just Talk.




Robert Burns,
General Eisenhower,
the Painted Lady.
Who will you be mixing
with at Turnberry?

Speak to the concierge at the Turnberry Hotel and he'll drop some famous names. Scotland's most celebrated bard, for example. Here, in 'Burns Country', you'll find his birthplace, workplaces and resting place. (Including the Auld Brig O'Doon.) General Eisenhower was a more recent neighbour. After World War II, a grateful Scotland gave him part of ancient Culzean Castle nearby. A visit to his rooms is well-recommended. The Painted Lady? A butterfly that calls Ayrshire home. Just one of the many natural riches along our coast. Of course, the roll-call of Turnberry's attractions doesn't stop there. There's the hunting, fishing, golfing. . . . But we'll leave that for another day. Or, we suspect, another holiday.

Turnberry Hotel & Golf Courses
Turnberry Ayrshire KA26 9LT Scotland
Telephone 0655 31000 Telex 777779
Facsimile 0655 31706

RESERVATIONS:
Leading Hotels of the World
New York (212) 838 3110 Nationwide (800) 223 6800
Orient Express Hotels
New York (212) 839 0222 Nationwide (800) 237 1236
BTH Inc.
New York (212) 684 1820 Nationwide (800) 221 1074

A MEMBER OF The Leading Hotels of the World

ORIENT-EXPRESS HOTELS

us and not merely to the teachers concerned. That freedom is therefore a special concern of the First Amendment, which does not tolerate laws that cast a pall of orthodoxy over the classroom."

Concerning the New York State law that membership in the Communist Party was prima-facie evidence that a teacher was not qualified to remain in the educational system, Brennan emphasized that "mere knowing membership without a specific intent to further the unlawful aims of an organization is not a constitutionally adequate basis for exclusion from such positions as those held by appellants."

Twenty years later, Harry Keyishian was interviewed as part of the Bill Moyers series "In Search of the Constitution," on public television. Keyishian told Moyers that as an undergraduate at Queens College, in New York, he had seen a number of his professors fired for failing a loyalty test, and he said, "What struck me at the time, what I still carried as a kind of burden into the nineteen-sixties, was a sense of frustration and impotence, to watch these very decent, these intellectually talented and dedicated teachers vanishing from the system . . . and not being able to do anything about it."

The day the Supreme Court decision came down, Keyishian was awakened by a friend who worked at the *Times*. He told Keyishian the news. It was a five-to-four decision, however, and Keyishian told Moyers he had worried that the next time the issue came before the Court the decision might not stand; after all, though the so-called McCarthy era had ended, the vote had been very close. As the years passed, and Brennan's opinion remained the law of the land, Keyishian realized that Brennan's "decisions have apparently been so well drawn and so well crafted that they've held up in very hostile environments in that Court, and I hope they'll continue to do so."

I saw Justice Brennan at the Supreme Court soon after he watched Harry Keyishian on the Moyers television program, and he was excited at having seen the actual person behind the name on the Court papers. "It was fascinating," he told me. "It was the first time I had seen him. Of course, it's rare that I ever see the people in the cases we deal with. The things he said on the program, the fight he and the other teachers put up—I had no idea how much they had to lose personally if the case had gone the other way. They would have lost everything they had ever done as teachers."

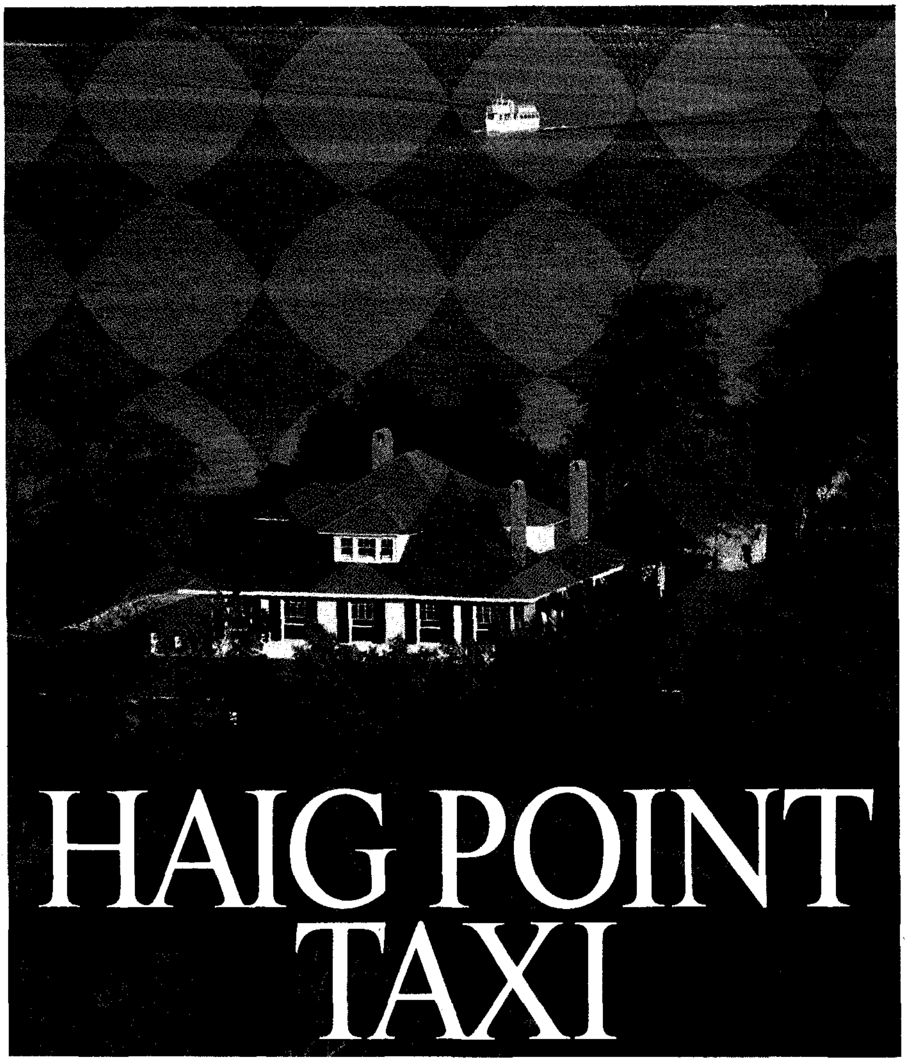
I ASKED Justice Brennan one afternoon whether the occasionally sharp exchanges in the published opinions of the Court were reflected in the Justices' personal encounters in the Court's conference room, the chambers, and the corridors.

"It's hard to believe this, but none of that carries over—in the slightest—to our personal relationships," Brennan said. "It's remarkable, it really is, but it's absolutely essential in a small body of nine people who have to work as closely as we do, and out of sight of the public or the press or anyone else. You simply can't afford to let your convictions affect your personal relationships. I'm not saying it has *never* happened, but I can say this: I have sat now with about a fifth of all the Supreme Court Justices there have been, and I have never had a cross word with one of them. Not with a single one of them. On the other hand, there's no question that Bill Douglas's relationship with Felix Frankfurter was very much affected by their conflicting views. They were more than distant." Justice Brennan smiled, and added, "They were almost snarling at one another. You'll recall that when Felix came to the Court everybody expected that he was going to be the great liberal champion. Of course, he turned out to be anything but. But Bill, who came on the Court just after Felix, started out as the great financial expert, the chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. His first work on the Court consisted of a number of really brilliant opinions in that field, and then he became a real champion—with Hugo Black—of the Bill of Rights. Felix regarded him as a turncoat, much as Bill regarded Felix as a turncoat. Consequently, their relations were very strained, to put it mildly. Before that, there was Justice McReynolds, who would not shake hands with Louis Brandeis or Benjamin Cardozo, because they were Jews. So there has been animosity between the Justices in the past, but in my day—except for that between Felix and Bill—there has been none."

Brennan almost never shows resentment at anything written or said about him, but he does bristle when he is complimented for being the preëminent "politician" on the Court. "I am not a playmaker," he has told me a number of times. "I don't go around cajoling and importuning my colleagues to go along with my point of view. When I have been able to draw a consensus, I have done it by the drafts I circulated among my colleagues. Rather than try to talk something out with another Justice, I sit down and write concrete suggestions as to what I don't like about what he has done or what I do like about it. I suggest changes in their drafts, and other Justices will suggest changes in what I've written. Every Justice of this Court admits that holding on to a majority can be a very difficult thing, and what we all do is try to persuade each other by what we write to each other. From time to time, when I think I'm going to have a five-person majority, one of the four will write to me and say, 'I'll be happy to join with you if you delete this and this.' If you can, you do it. But there are times when I have to write back and say, 'I don't think I should, because then it wouldn't be what I wanted to say.' It's quite important to get these differences out by written exchanges."

Jeffrey Leeds, who clerked for Justice Brennan from October, 1985, to October, 1986, and is now an investment banker, says, "It's true that Justice Brennan doesn't go around buttonholing the other Justices, trying to persuade them to join one of his opinions. He doesn't have to do that. He gets *us* to do it; that is, he gets his clerks to talk to the other clerks and find out what their Justices are thinking."

I told Brennan what his former clerk had said, and he laughed loud and long. "Well, it's true," he said. "That's not the case with all my colleagues. Some of them hold tighter strings on their clerks' activities than I do. In my case, I'll take help wherever I can get it, and I think it's very helpful to have clerks exchange points of view with clerks in other chambers. It's helpful, when they know what I think about something, to attribute to me any view I may have. They're free to talk about anything we have here, about my position and their position, and anything else. I've worked that way ever since I came here. It has always struck me as rather unfortunate that some Justices will not let their clerks do that sort of thing. They will



You'll find a lot more than our unique "taxi" service separating you from the crowds when you own property at Haig Point.

Step aboard our private ferry and cast off from Hilton Head. Only a mile away is this premier, carefree as well as *car*-free community on Daufuskie Island, South Carolina.

Here you can purchase a luxury home from only $225,000, or island homesite from just $70,000. For vacations, retirement or year-round living.

Then tee up on our top-ranked, members-only Rees Jones golf course. And get away from tourist crowds, noise and traffic forever.

Call us now toll-free at **1-800-992-3635** to experience for two nights the uncommon quality of our amenities and lifestyle. In South Carolina, call collect (803) 686-4244.

Or, write us at Haig Point Center, P.O. Drawer 7319, Hilton Head Island, S.C. 29938.

Haig Point definitely isn't for everyone.

And that's the beauty of it.

HAIG POINT®
on Daufuskie Island.

Obtain the Property Report required by Federal Law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. Void where prohibited by law. © 1990 International Paper Realty Corporation of South Carolina.

Degas Picasso Matisse
Hassam Renoir Cassatt
DAVID RAMUS
▪212-980-0015▪

HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE EIGHTIES? WHAT HAPPENED TO JUNK BONDS? WHAT HAPPENED TO REAL ESTATE? WHAT HAPPENED TO RECREATIONAL GREED?

RIP VAN YUPPIE

tell their clerks on given cases not to say anything about how the Justice feels. I don’t understand it. After all, we employ the clerks to help us. They are surrogates in a greater sense than is true of most associations.”

A clerk beginning his tenure with Justice Brennan receives a series of short orientation speeches from his employer. One has to do with the Brennan chambers’ dress code. “I walked into his chambers for the first time, and Justice Brennan said he was pleased to meet me,” Leeds recalls. “Then he did this thing he does every year. He kind of grabs your necktie and says, ‘Do you like wearing these things?’ You say no. ‘Then take it off,’ he says. ‘You’ll spend plenty of time working hard in this building. You might as well be comfortable.’ ”

There is also the five-finger speech. It generally comes when a new clerk asks, in dismay and outrage, how a majority of the Court has arrived at a decision he or she feels is flagrantly unjust. Justice Brennan holds up his hand, wriggles his five fingers, and says, “Five votes. Five votes can do anything around here.”

All the more reason, before a final count in a case at hand, for his clerks to try to find out enough about the thinking going on in the other chambers. “While an opinion is being written in our chambers, we might talk to a clerk for a Justice who we knew would be a tough fifth vote,” Leeds explains. “And we would ask this clerk what was really bugging his guy about Brennan’s draft. This information-gathering can take place after oral argument in a case, when the Justices hold their conference. That’s where the preliminary votes are taken, before drafts of opinions are circulated. Or it can happen before a conference. We might find out, from his or her clerk, where a Justice is leaning on a particular case. When we know what that Justice is thinking, we keep that in mind when we write out two-page summaries of each case for Brennan to emphasize at the conference. The points he hits may be pitched entirely to that one Justice.”

Depending on the individual Justices, clerks have varying input in the shaping of the written opinions. A first draft is almost invariably written by a clerk. One of them describes the experience by saying, “You go back to your office, you take a deep breath, you stare at your computer screen, and you go, ‘Holy shit, I’m going to write the law of the land.’ ” Brennan requires that all his clerks—he has four—and not only the author of the first draft, sign off on the analysis of the case before he sees it. That way, he gets a range of viewpoints. After he reads the draft, he tells the clerk in private what he feels is lacking or is just plain wrong. Brennan reads every word in every change, and at times engages in what one clerk calls “dramatic rewriting.”

His clerks, Brennan told me, never write the final draft. “But all of us need to make use of the contributions of the clerks,” he said. “If we didn’t have the benefit of their writing and research, we couldn’t handle the workload here.” For his first fourteen years on the Court, Brennan had only two clerks, and so did each of the other Justices. The third clerk came in the 1970 term. “The reason is that John Harlan’s eyes failed him, and his clerks had to read to him,” Brennan explained. “We insisted that he had to have an additional clerk to help with the reading, and he was absolutely adamant that he would not take a third clerk unless the rest of us did. The reason we took the fourth clerk was Bill Douglas’s stroke, in early 1975. He wasn’t able to work, but he had already taken on new clerks, and we decided we didn’t want those boys to lose out, so we just parcelled them among us. It was done on a seniority basis, and I was one of three Justices to get an extra clerk. Once some of us started with four, we said, ‘Well, hell, everybody ought to have four.’ A couple of us have cut down, but then we go back up again.”

For his first dozen or so years on the Court, Brennan depended on Paul Freund, a professor at Harvard Law School, to send him the students he considered best qualified to be clerks. Brennan told me, “Then Paul came to me and said, ‘Look, every law school in the country is madder than hell at you for taking law clerks only from Harvard. You ought to branch out.’ So now I take them from everywhere. Hell, I’ve had them from night schools.”

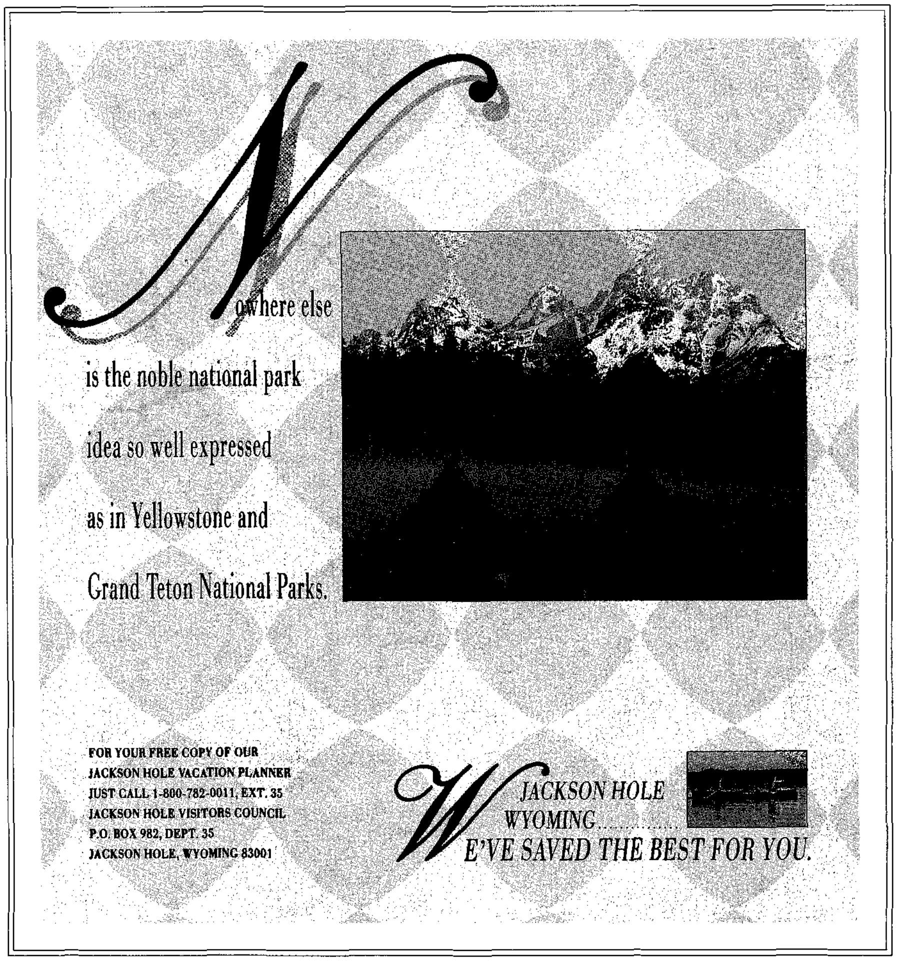
Brennan is proud of his alumni. He keeps in touch with them, and they gather for a reunion every three years, bringing their husbands and wives. Among Brennan’s former clerks are federal circuit judges, a state-supreme-court judge, and law professors at Harvard, Yale, Columbia, New York University, and Boalt Hall, at the University of California at Berkeley. “Out of more than a hundred clerks I’ve only had one lemon,” he said. “Isn’t that amazing? Only one who couldn’t do the work. Every other one has measured up, and some of them brilliantly."

THERE was one exceptionally brilliant law student who, though he had been offered a clerkship by Brennan in 1966, was never able to serve, and some of the Justice's warmest admirers consider what happened to the student an uncharacteristic surrender by Brennan to political pressures. Michael Tigar, now a law professor at the University of Texas, was a law student at Boalt Hall, where he had participated in a demonstration against the House Un-American Activities Committee, and he had attended a youth festival in Helsinki, where some of the other participants were from the Soviet Union. Various right-wing individuals and organizations began to attack Tigar's appointment, and, with talk of a congressional inquiry, Brennan withdrew the offer. Instead, Tigar went to work for the powerful Washington law firm headed by Edward Bennett Williams.

In the spring of 1988, when I asked Justice Brennan about Michael Tigar and the lost clerkship, he said, "That was a very sad occasion for both of us at the time. Mike and I have remained good friends. He's a great guy, a wonderful lawyer. What actually happened was a deluge. The right wing deliberately set up a program—a system of pressure—that involved Abe Fortas, who was on the Court then; J. Edgar Hoover; and, more particularly, Hoover's right-hand man, Clyde Tolson. They bombarded me with all kinds of letters—all having to do with Mike's participation in the Helsinki youth meeting. Probably, if I had just continued to face it down, the investigation would never have happened. But they had twenty-eight or more congressmen protesting Mike's appointment. Clyde Tolson came over to see Fortas, and Fortas came in to see me to tell me that if I went through with this there might well be an inquiry, which would be most embarrassing to Tigar and to me—and to the Court."

I said that I was surprised at Fortas's role, in view of his strong record in support of the First Amendment.

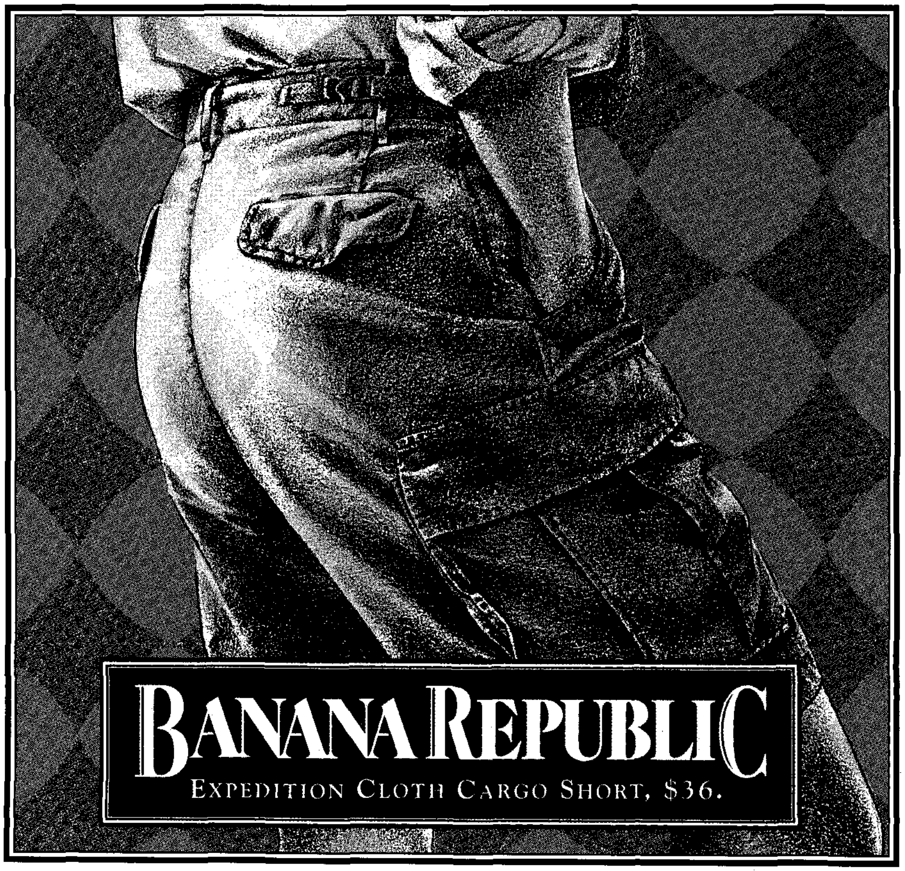
Brennan laughed. "He was very supportive of the First Amendment, but he was also very close to Lyndon Johnson, and also to J. Edgar Hoo-



Nowhere else is the noble national park idea so well expressed as in Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks.

FOR YOUR FREE COPY OF OUR
JACKSON HOLE VACATION PLANNER
JUST CALL 1-800-782-0011, EXT. 35
JACKSON HOLE VISITORS COUNCIL
P.O. BOX 982, DEPT. 35
JACKSON HOLE, WYOMING 83001

JACKSON HOLE
WYOMING
WE'VE SAVED THE BEST FOR YOU.



BANANA REPUBLIC
EXPEDITION CLOTH CARGO SHORT, $36.

NEW YORK BOSTON WASHINGTON, D.C. MIAMI
CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO

ver,” he said. “They used Fortas for a lot of things.”

“At what point did you begin to seriously reconsider your appointment of Tigar?” I asked.

“When it got to the point where they were going to talk about a congressional inquiry,” Brennan said. “Remember, a little before this happened, the Senate came very close to passing the Jenner Bill, which would have stripped the Court of jurisdiction over cases involving the powers of congressional investigations, loyalty rules for teachers and federal employees, state anti-subversion laws, and state regulations for admission to the bar.”

I asked Brennan if Chief Justice Warren had been involved in deciding what to do about Tigar’s clerkship.

“No. Aside from Fortas, the only one of my colleagues who said anything about it was Bill Douglas. He was furious. Oh, he was absolutely furious at me for capitulating. He said, ‘You’ve got to stand up to those people.’ ”

I asked Justice Brennan if he’d had second or third thoughts about whether he should have taken Douglas’s advice.

“I must say I’ve had a number of second thoughts,” he said. “I suppose I should have treated it as something that would go away, but I didn’t. I was very much concerned that—in the atmosphere of those days—if we got into this kind of thing it certainly would not have done the Court any good. That’s what I said in the discussion I had with Mike at the time. A clerkship simply could not have that much significance—if it was going to hurt the institution.”

“Did Tigar understand that?”

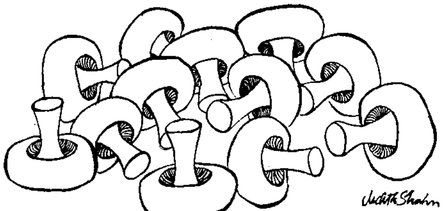
“Oh, Mike understood it perfectly.” Brennan paused. “That’s the only instance of anything like that I’ve had in all my years here.”

All that Professor Tigar will say is “I have enormous respect for Justice Brennan.”

IN a 1977 *Harvard Law Review* article, Brennan wrote:

> It was in the years from 1962 to 1969 that the face of the law changed. Those years witnessed the extension to the states of nine of the specifics of the Bill of Rights; decisions which have had a profound impact on American life, requiring the deep involvement of state courts in the application of federal law. The eighth amendment’s prohibition of cruel and unusual punishment was applied to state action in 1962. . . . The provision of the sixth amendment that in all prosecutions the accused shall have the assistance of counsel was applied in 1963, and in consequence, counsel must be provided in every courtroom of every state of this land to secure the rights of those accused of crime. In 1964, the fifth amendment privilege against compulsory self-incrimination was extended. And after decades of police coercion, by means ranging from torture to trickery, the privilege against self-incrimination became the basis of Miranda v. Arizona [1966], requiring police to give warnings to a suspect before custodial interrogation.
>
> The year 1965 saw the extension of the sixth amendment right of an accused to be confronted by the witnesses against him; in 1967 three more guarantees of the sixth amendment—the right to a speedy and public trial, the right to a trial by an impartial jury, and the right to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses—were extended. In 1969 the double jeopardy clause of the fifth amendment was applied. Moreover, the decisions barring state-required prayers in public schools, limiting the availability of state libel laws to public officials and public figures, and confirming that a right of association is implicitly protected, are significant restraints upon state action that resulted from the extension of the specifics of the first amendment.

One of Brennan’s more difficult inner debates during this expansive change in the face of the law concerned the religion clauses of the First Amendment. The first clause prohibits “an establishment of religion.” The second clause prevents the state from prohibiting the “free exercise” of religion. In a 1986 *Times* interview, Brennan was asked by Jeffrey Leeds, his former clerk, to describe the hardest decision he had had to make as a Justice. “The school-prayer cases,” he said. “The 1963 *Schempp* opinion”—a concurring opinion by Brennan—“is some eighty pages long. The position I finally took took a long time to come around to. In the face of my whole lifelong experience as a Roman Catholic, to say that prayer was not an appropriate thing in public schools, that gave me quite a hard time. I struggled.”



School District of Abington Township, Pennsylvania, v. Schempp addressed laws of the State of Pennsylvania requiring that “at least ten verses from the Holy Bible shall be read, without comment, at the opening of each public school on each school day” and providing that “any child shall be excused from such Bible reading, or attending such Bible reading, upon the written request of his parent or guardian.” The Supreme Court declared the laws unconstitutional, and Brennan ended his concurring opinion by going back to an 1856 speech on religious liberty by Jeremiah S. Black, a former Chief Justice of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Brennan paid his respects to Justice Black’s remarkably lucid analysis by quoting from it:

> The manifest object of the men who framed the institutions of this country, was to have a *State without religion*, and a *Church without politics*—that is to say, they meant that one should never be used as an engine for any purpose of the other, and that no man’s rights in one should be tested by his opinions about the other. As the Church takes no note of men’s political differences, so the State looks with equal eye on all the modes of religious faith. . . . Our fathers seem to have been perfectly sincere in their belief that the members of the Church would be more patriotic, and the citizens of the State more religious, by keeping their respective functions entirely separate.

Since the 1963 decision, Brennan has often emphasized in conversation that separation of church and state does not mean that the Constitution encourages hostility to religion. Nor, he points out, is he himself hostile to religion. Indeed, Brennan—a devout Catholic—still believes what he said in a speech he made before coming on the Court: “Whatever their religious belief, all Americans acknowledge with us the fitness in recognizing in important human affairs the superintending care and control of the great governor of the universe and of acknowledging with thanksgiving His boundless favors.”

Brennan sees no contradiction between that belief and his votes against state-sponsored crèches and against permitting public-school teachers—paid by federal funds—to go into parochial schools to provide remedial instruction. To Brennan, most of these cases have a bright line of First Amendment law running through them. Every American, he says, is guaranteed a free choice of his or her own religion or the choice not to believe at all. And the other religion clause in the First Amendment, the establishment clause, prohibits the government from, as Brennan puts it, "sticking its nose into how individuals should make that choice."

The extraordinary strengthening of the Bill of Rights—from the religion clauses to the rights of criminal defendants—during the Warren Court and, to some extent, thereafter grew out of the very belated acknowledgment by the Supreme Court that the Fourteenth Amendment meant what it said. "The citizens of all our states," as Brennan puts it, "are also and no less citizens of our United States." Accordingly, "this birthright guarantees our federal constitutional liberties against encroachment by government action at any level of our federal system, and . . . each of us is entitled to due process of law and the equal protection of the laws from our state governments no less than from our national one."

Brennan talks and writes about the Fourteenth Amendment with undimmed enthusiasm. In the 1987 interview with Bill Moyers, he said that because of the amendment there was "really a brand-new Constitution after the Civil War." But Brennan's celebration of the Fourteenth Amendment is tempered by apprehension that the Supreme Court will increasingly weaken that "egalitarian revolution."

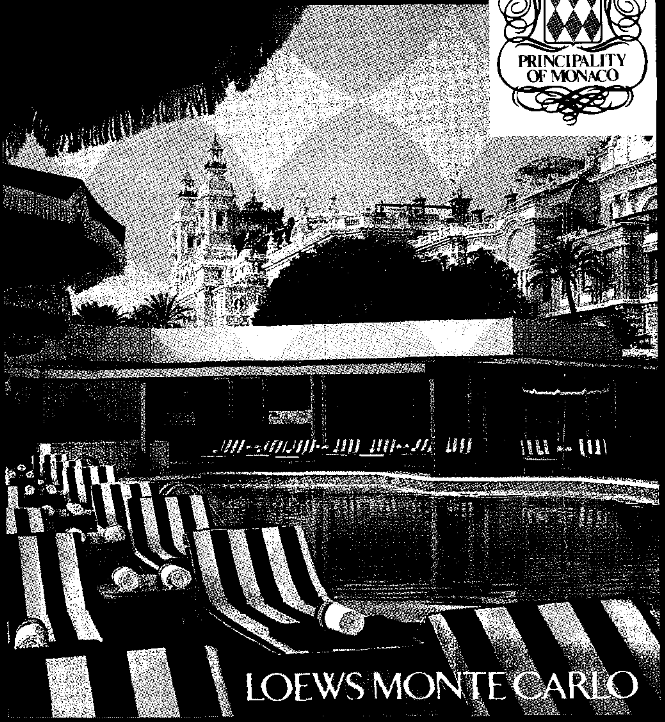
Another concern of Brennan's is safeguarding the constitutional rights of young people. No other Justice in the history of the Court has been more intensely involved in this area than Brennan. In one significant case in 1981, the Supreme Court denied a petition for a writ of certiorari from a fifteen-year-old girl. Such refusals to review a decision by the lower courts are common, of course. Uncommon, however, was Justice Brennan's public rebuking of his colleagues in a printed dissent. It takes four members of the Court to grant certiorari, and Brennan could not understand why he was the only Justice to feel strongly that the Constitution had been violated in this case. When cert is denied, the names of Justices who wanted to review the case are often listed, but only very rarely does one of them say why. And even rarer are dissents as long as Brennan's in Diane Doe v. Renfrow. "I was really mad," Brennan told me recently.

In 1979, Diane Doe, aged thirteen (her last name was not given, because she was a minor), was sitting in her classroom at Highland Junior High School, in Highland, Indiana. Next to

IF BUT ONCE...

MONACO

PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO



Quite simply, very few things rival the sweeping splendor that is Monaco. See it...if but once. Fly Air France to outstanding accommodations at the Loews Monte Carlo, and for free brochures and package information call the Monaco Government Tourist Office at (800) 753-9696.

AIR FRANCE

The First Lady Wears this Necklace

only from Kenneth Jay Lane

From the Authentic KJL by Kenneth Jay Lane Collection

First Ladies from Jackie Kennedy to Barbara Bush have worn jewelry from Kenneth Jay Lane, the "king of costume jewelry." This is the same 16" KJL necklace worn by the current First Lady. Now you can own it!

These faux pearls are of the finest imported quality. They are large (12mm), individually hand-knotted, and fastened with a 23-kt. gold-plated KJL signature clasp.

If real pearls, you would pay as much as $250,000 for this piece. But like the First Lady, you can have this fabulous KJL necklace for only $95. Matching earrings (clip or pierced), only $39.

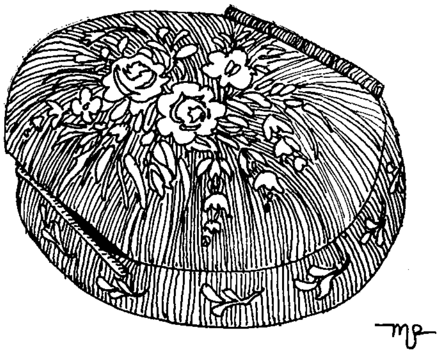
Call Toll-Free
800-233-3489, ext 105
(24 hours, 7 days a week)
for the name of a fine store near you, or to order by phone with VISA or MasterCard.

KJL, 417 Fifth Ave., (Dept. 105) NY, NY 10016

that building was a senior high school. Suddenly, all the classrooms in both schools were entered by school and police officials—along with police-trained German shepherds—who were undertaking a mass search for drugs and drug paraphernalia. No students in particular were under suspicion; all of them were under general suspicion. For two and a half hours, the students had to sit quietly with their hands upon their desks and the contents of their desks in plain view. Reporters from newspapers and broadcast stations were present. Each student was inspected by a German shepherd. Justice Brennan wrote that when one of the dogs came to Diane it "sniffed at her body, and repeatedly pushed its nose and muzzle into her legs." By its concentrated attention, the dog had marked the girl as a person under suspicion. No drugs were found in her pockets, and she was taken to the nurse's office, where she was strip-searched. Again, no drugs were found. The German shepherd, it turned out, had smelled not marijuana but traces of a dog Diane had been playing with before she left for school.

Diane Doe sued several school district officials and the police chief, among others, claiming that her Fourth Amendment rights had been abused. No judge had issued a warrant for the dragnet operation, although the Fourth Amendment requires one for searches and seizures. It also requires, her lawyers argued, that the searchers have probable cause to believe that illegal behavior is taking place or has taken place on the premises, and that the persons to be searched are involved in this activity. (Although the lesser standard of "reasonable suspicion" can be used in searches of students by school officials, once police are brought in—as in this case—the "probable cause" standard applies, Brennan said in his dissent, to public-school students.) The Fourth Amendment also says that the place or the person to be searched must be "particularly"—that is, individually—described.

In their court papers Diane's lawyers wrote, "Being a teen-aged schoolgirl is neither a crime nor a cause for suspicion." The lawyers also charged that school officials, however well-intentioned they may have been, had converted public schools "into police checkpoints." A federal district judge threw out Diane Doe's case. The mass detention and inspection were constitutionally valid, he said, and, while the strip search was so intrusive as to violate the Fourth Amendment, he refused to award damages against the school authorities, because they had been acting in good faith and trying to keep the school safe. As for the German shepherds, the judge ruled that being sniffed by a dog is not a search as defined by the Fourth Amendment. The dogs' only function had been to compensate for the inferior olfactory sense of the school officials and the police. The judge thereby dismissed a point made by the student's lawyers: "If we are to understand the dogs' muzzles as mere extensions of the nostrils of the principal, then Highland's school administrators have been sticking their noses into some singular places. The dogs ran their noses along pupils' legs, between their shoes, and even into their crotches and buttocks, actually touching the bodies of the students. Surely it can be vouchsafed that no respectable school administrator would do the same."



Diane Doe appealed to the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals, and it agreed with the lower court except for denying immunity to the school officials connected with the strip search. Justice Brennan approvingly quoted what the Seventh Circuit said about the strip search: "It does not require a constitutional scholar to conclude that a nude search of a thirteen-year-old child is an invasion of constitutional rights of some magnitude. More than that: it is a violation of any known principle of human decency. Apart from any constitutional readings and rulings, simple common sense would indicate that the conduct of the school officials in per-

IN APHRODISIAS

Here Homer's wine-dark sea is a deep,
Bloody blue, like history.
Waves ride into Asia
With the fervor of Europe mounting a crusade.

This is Aphrodisias,
Where the doves of Aphrodite still circle
The crumbling temple, the muddy spring.
I need no aphrodisiac.

I have come by speedboat with a pagan guide
From Chios, the island of dagger-bearing men.
We climb the slippery stairs while holding hands
In the frank Greek manner: we are friends.

The climb dizzies me. I fall. My guide
Inscribes a message on a slip of paper
And sets it on fire on the leaning altar. Is it
A prayer for love? For war? He doesn't say.

The doves murmur on the broken roof.

He blows the ash away, and we scramble down
Silently, no longer holding hands.
I smell the deadly oleander of a place
Inhabited for over three thousand years.

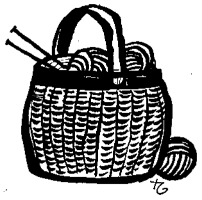
We walk to the pier; the sea is churning foam.
A glint of Alexander plays in his eyes.
Which of us will bleed to death tonight?

—Stephen Stepanchev

• •

mitting such a nude search was not only unlawful but outrageous under ‘settled indisputable principles of law.’ . . . We suggest as strongly as possible that the conduct herein described exceeded the ‘bounds of reason’ by two and a half country miles.”

In his dissent from the Supreme Court’s denial of further review to the young woman, Brennan said that in his opinion the use of the dogs did indeed constitute a search. He recalled that Diane Doe had testified that “the experience of being sniffed and prodded by trained police dogs in the presence of the police and representatives of the press was degrading and embarrassing,” and he wrote, “I am astonished that the court did not find that the school’s use of the dogs constituted an invasion of the petitioner’s reasonable expectation of privacy.” Of the searches of all the students, Brennan said, “At the time of the raid, school authorities possessed no particularized information as to drugs or contraband, suppliers or users. Furthermore, they had made no effort to focus the search on particular individuals who might have been engaged in drug activity at school.”



The last paragraph of Brennan’s dissent was directed as much at his colleagues as at school authorities across the nation: “We do not know what class petitioner was attending when the police and dogs burst in, but the lesson the school authorities taught her that day will undoubtedly make a greater impression than the one her teacher had hoped to convey. . . . Schools cannot expect their students to learn the lessons of good citizenship when the school authorities themselves disregard the fundamental principles underpinning our constitutional freedoms.”

For Brennan, as for one of his predecessors, Justice Louis Brandeis, the expectation of privacy—the freedom from fear of arbitrary government invasion of that privacy—is at the core of the Fourth Amendment. In conversation, Brennan will sometimes recite the amendment, stressing each word: “The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.” He repeats the phrase “probable cause,” and says, “It’s a high standard the Framers wanted. And it means that no search may be conducted unless the official knows of facts and circumstances that warrant a prudent man to believe that an offense has been committed.”

In the National Public Radio interview with Brennan in 1987, Nina Totenberg, whom Brennan particularly respects among those who report on the Court, played the devil’s advocate, asking him, “Why do you let some of these creeps go? They do such bad things, and on some technicality you let them go.”

“Honestly,” Brennan said, raising his voice, “you in the media ought to be ashamed of yourselves to call the provisions and the guarantees of the Bill of Rights ‘technicalities.’ They’re not. They’re very basic to our very existence as the kind of society we are. We are what we are *because* we have those guarantees, and this Court exists to see that those guarantees are faithfully enforced. They are not technicalities! And no matter how awful may be the one who is the beneficiary time and time again, guarantees have to be sustained, even though the immediate result is to help out some very unpleasant person. They’re there to protect all of us.”

The essence of Brennan’s fear that the Fourth Amendment is fading away can be found in a little-noted dissent to the Court’s denial of review of a 1985 case, McCommon v. Mississippi. Brennan began by stating that “this Court has long insisted that the determination whether probable cause exists to support a search warrant be made by a ‘*neutral* and *detached* magistrate.’ ” In McCommon v. Mississippi, he said, the judge who issued the search warrant “indisputably ‘rubber stamped’ the police request.” The petitioner’s car had been searched pursuant to a warrant, and a sizable quantity of marijuana had been found in the trunk. Before trial, the owner of the car moved to have the evidence suppressed under the exclusionary rule, on the ground that there had not been probable cause for the issuance of the warrant. Brennan had carefully read the testimony from the pretrial hearing in

A New Yorker’s rendezvous place,
a fancy meeting you place,
Campton Place.

CAMPTON
PLACE
HOTEL

San Francisco, at Union Square
(415) 781-5555

CONCORDE HOTELS GROUP
PREFERRED HOTELS

. . unbeatable.

VERBATIM P.O. Box 78008 MN Indianapolis, IN 46268 $16.50 a year
The Language Quarterly
FOR SUBSCRIPTION (MC/VISA ONLY): 1-800-372-0400, EXT 3

The Grand Tour
of Europe.

Magnificent hotels, Europe’s most romantic cities and thirty-two hours aboard the King of Trains – 9 nights from an incredible $2,220.
Send $2 for a full-color brochure.
Venice Simplon-Orient-Express,
1 World Trade Center, Suite 2565 -N,
New York, NY 10048.

VENICE SIMPLON
ORIENT-EXPRESS

© Venice Simplon-Orient-Express Inc. 1990

Hemingway's Cap.

He probably bought his in a gas station on the road to Ketchum, next to the cash register, among the beef jerky wrapped in cellophane. Or maybe in a tackle shop in Key West.

I had to go to some trouble to have this one made for you and me but it had to be done. The long bill, longer than I, at least, ever saw before, makes sense.

The visor: deerskin; soft and glareless and unaffected by repeated rain squalls. The color: same as strong scalding espresso, lemon peel on the side, somewhere in the mountains in the north of Italy.

Ten-ounce cotton-duck crown. 6 brass grommets for ventilation. Elastic at back to keep this treasure from blowing off your head and into the trees.

Sizes: M, L. (Note: M fits S and L fits XL due to elastic. Really.)

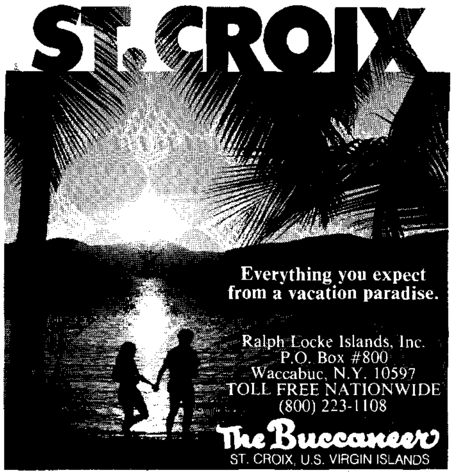
Price: $33. We pay shipping.

(He probably got change from a five when he bought the original.)

Call (800) 231-7341 (outside Kentucky)
(606) 268-2006 (from Kentucky).
Free shipping anywhere in U.S.A.
Visa, MasterCard, American Express.
Absolute satisfaction
or your money back.

Catalogue on request

The J. Peterman Company
2444 Palumbo Drive, Lexington, Kentucky 40509
© 1990 The J. Peterman Company


ST. CROIX
Everything you expect from a vacation paradise.
Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
P.O. Box #800
Waccabuc, N.Y. 10597
TOLL FREE NATIONWIDE
(800) 223-1108
The Buccaneer
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

ARCHAEOLOGICAL TOURS
1990 TOURS LED BY NOTED SCHOLARS
Egypt; Thailand/Nepal; Guatemala; Indonesia; Italy; Sicily; Tunisia; Greece/Santorini/Crete; Turkey; Malta/Sardinia/Corsica; Caves & Castles; Morocco; Anasazi Four Corners; Himalayas; India; Britain; Egypt & Israel; Yunnan & Thailand
archaeological tours
30 E. 42 St. Ste. 1202E, NY, NY 10017 • (212) 986-3054

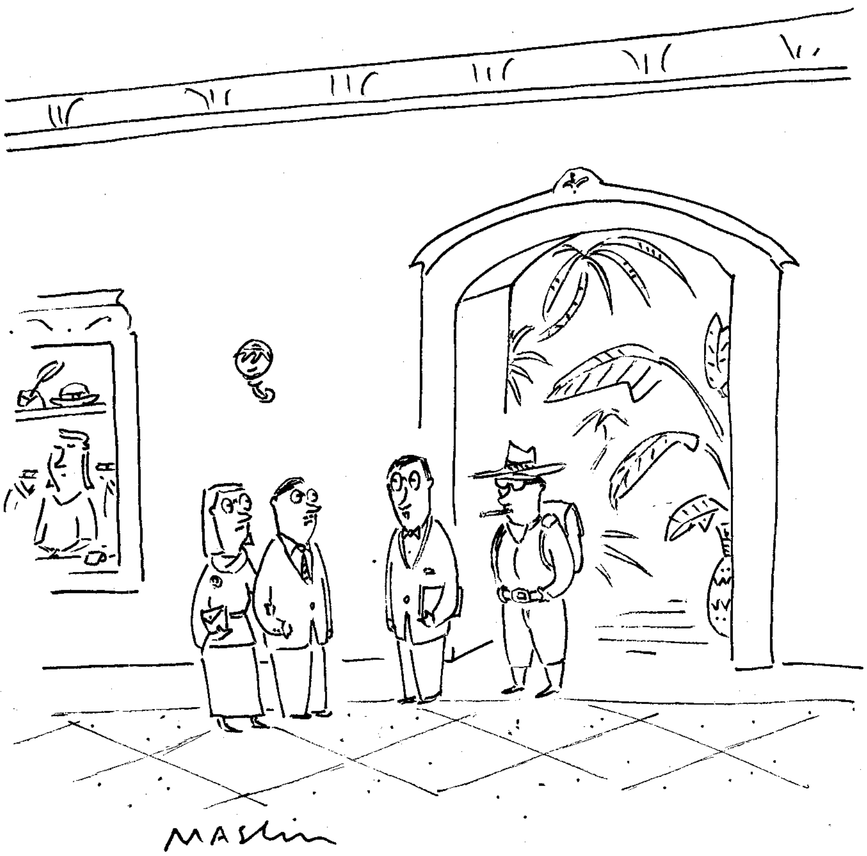
PAUL REST ◆ FINE ART
ART DEALER—BUY DIRECT
Russell Chatham
Landscape Art
This is a personalized art brokerage service for the discriminating collector and connoisseur. Search services are available for hard-to-find Objets D'Art.
FOR INFORMATION CALL:
800-333-9ART or FAX: 707-823-9338
8463 Peachland Avenue • Sebastopol, California 95472

Mississippi, and he quoted it in his dissent. The defense attorney asked the judge if he issued the warrant because officers of the law had asked for it rather than because of "any particular thing they told you." "That's right," the judge said. "If Sheriff Jones walked in there and said, 'Judge, I need a search warrant to search John Doe for marijuana,' or drugs or whatever—liquor or whatever it might be —I'm going to go on his word, because he's—I take him to be an honest law-enforcement officer and he needs help to get in to search these places and it's my duty to help him fulfill that."

Brennan then reminded his colleagues of what he had said in his dissent in United States v. Leon, the year before, the majority having ruled that an officer's execution of a defective warrant does not violate the Fourth Amendment if the officer did not know that the warrant was defective. "I warned that creation of a good faith exception implicitly tells magistrates that they need not take much care in reviewing warrant applications, since their mistakes will have virtually no consequence," Brennan wrote in his new dissent. "Today the Court tacitly informs magistrates that not only need they not worry about mistakes, they need no longer be neutral and detached in their review of supporting affidavits. The combined message of *Leon* and the Court's refusal to grant certiorari in this case is that the police may rely on the magistrates and the magistrates may rely on the police. On whom may the citizens rely to protect their Fourth Amendment rights?"

In the years since, Brennan, in conversation, has continued to seem gloomy about the prospects of the exclusionary rule. Yet in January of this year, in a ruling so surprising that it made the front page of the *Times*, he succeeded in preventing a further expansion of the exclusionary rule—one that would have greatly weakened it. In James v. Illinois, the defendant in a murder case had made incriminating statements to the police when he was arrested. But the arrest had been made without a warrant and without probable cause, and, accordingly, those statements were not at first admitted at the trial. However, a friend of the defendant gave testimony at the trial which was directly contrary to what the defendant had told the police. The prosecution moved, successfully, to have the defendant's original statement admitted in order to impeach his friend's testimony, and this exception to the exclusionary rule was upheld by the Illinois Supreme Court. In reversing the Illinois Supreme Court, the Brennan majority included Justice Byron White, who, in the past, had voted for a number of restrictions of the exclusionary rule, and, indeed, was the author of the majority opinion in United States v. Leon, which had established the good-faith exception. I asked Brennan how he had persuaded White to join him, and he smiled. "It was hard," he said. "Very hard."

FROM the beginning of his time on the Court, Brennan has been a persistent guardian of civil-rights protections for blacks. What is surely the most dramatic opinion he has drafted for the Court, Cooper v. Aaron (1958), was also signed by every other member of the Court—Earl Warren, Hugo Black, Felix Frankfurter, William O. Douglas, Harold Burton, Tom Clark, John Harlan, and Charles Whittaker. Chief Justice Warren said later that he did not recall that ever happening before; usually, even when the Court is unanimous, the opinion is signed only by its principal author, and joined by the other Justices. The reason for this show of unity was that the Court's unanimous 1954 decision, in Brown v. Board of Education, ruling that segregated public schooling is inherently unequal was being defied by Governor Orval Faubus, of Arkansas, and the Arkansas State Legislature. On September 2, 1957, Faubus had sent Arkansas National Guard units to block implementation of a plan by the Little Rock School Board to desegregate the public schools gradually, beginning with one high school. For three weeks, the soldiers, standing shoulder to shoulder, forcibly prevented nine black students from entering Central High School. On September 25th, the students finally got into the school, after federal troops were sent there by President Eisenhower. The following February, the school board decided it would be safer—in view of undiminished white hostility —if the integration plan was delayed, and the federal district court agreed to have the plan postponed for thirty months. In "Super Chief," a judicial biography of the Warren Court, Professor Bernard Schwartz, of the



"Good evening and welcome to Food Odyssey. This is Ramón. He will be your guide."

New York University Law School, describes what happened next: "The Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit reversed [the district court], but stayed its order thirty days to permit the School Board [to appeal]. . . . The black students then filed a motion in the Supreme Court to stay the court of appeals postponement." With the school term due to begin in September and the Supreme Court's term due to start in October, the Chief Justice called a rare Special Term of the Court, which heard oral arguments in August and September.

The Court's subsequent opinion, as it was constructed by Brennan, has been described by Professor Schwartz as "one of the classic statements of the rule of law under the Constitution." It was read aloud at the Court by the Chief Justice on September 29, 1958: "The controlling legal principles are plain. The command of the Fourteenth Amendment is that no 'State' shall deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws. . . . Article VI of the Constitution makes the Constitution the 'supreme Law of the Land.' In 1803, Chief Justice Marshall, speaking for a unanimous Court . . . declared in the notable case of *Marbury* v. *Madison* . . . that 'It is emphatically the province and duty of the judicial department to say what the law is.' . . . That principle has ever since been respected by this Court and the country as a permanent and indispensable feature of our constitutional system. . . . No state legislator or executive or judicial officer can war against the Constitution without violating his undertaking to support it. Chief Justice Marshall spoke for a unanimous Court in saying that: 'If the legislatures of the several states may, at will, annul the judgments of the courts of the United States, and destroy the rights acquired under those judgments, the Constitution itself becomes a solemn mockery.' A Governor who asserts a power to nullify a federal court order is similarly restrained."

As for the Brown decision itself, Brennan wrote:

> State support of segregated schools through any arrangement . . . cannot be squared with the [Fourteenth] Amendment's command that no State shall deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws. The right of a student not to be segregated on racial grounds . . . is indeed so fundamental and pervasive that it is embraced in the concept of due process of law. . . . The principles announced in [the Brown] decision and the obedience of the States to them, according to the command of the Constitution, are indispensable for the protection of the freedoms guaranteed by our fundamental charter for all of us. Our constitutional ideal of equal justice under law is thus made a living truth.

The *Times* noted that the Court's opinion in Cooper v. Aaron was written in "clear and simple language, understandable even to the most fanatic segregationist."

Justice Brennan has also long regarded sex discrimination as violating the Fourteenth and Fifth Amendments, and he has been more insistent than any of his colleagues that such discrimination be given a high level of constitutional scrutiny. His reasons are vigorously expressed in a 1973 case, Sharron and Joseph Frontiero v. Elliot Richardson, Secretary of Defense. Joseph Frontiero, attending college full time, was receiving a veteran's benefit of two hundred and five dollars a month. His wife, Sharron, was a lieutenant in the Air Force, and, claiming her husband as a dependent, she applied for an increased housing allowance and also for medical and dental benefits for her husband. Under federal law, male members of the uniformed services automatically received the increased housing allowance and the extra benefits for their wives, but a woman could qualify for the same extra housing and medical benefits only if she could prove that she was paying more than half her husband's living expenses. Sharron Frontiero was paying three-sevenths of her husband's living costs, and was denied the extra benefits.

Brennan's opinion for the Court went farther than some of his colleagues would have liked. The majority of the Court agreed that Sharron Frontiero had been subject to unconstitutional discrimination, but there was no majority for Brennan's view that discrimination by sex should be, like discrimination by race, examined by the Court with "strict judicial scrutiny." This is the highest standard in the Supreme Court classification of cases, and it places a heavy burden on the federal government or a state to justify unequal treatment. Although Brennan did not secure strict scrutiny for sex discrimination, he has, as the years have passed, come closer to getting a majority of the Court to at least look more rigorously at the constitutional implications of sex-discrimination cases. In the Frontiero case, he noted:

> There can be no doubt that our Nation has had a long and unfortunate history of sex discrimination. Traditionally, such discrimination was rationalized by an attitude of "romantic paternalism" which, in practical effect, put women, not on a pedestal, but in a cage. . . . Our statute books gradually became laden with gross, stereotyped distinctions between the sexes and, indeed, throughout much of the 19th century the position of women in our society was, in many respects, comparable to that of blacks under the pre-Civil War slave codes. . . .
>
> We can only conclude that classifications based upon sex, like classifications based upon race, alienage, or national origin, are inherently suspect, and must therefore be subjected to strict judicial scrutiny.

In his opinions, Justice Brennan often interchanges personal pronouns. That is, the case may concern a male defendant or plaintiff, but Brennan will refer to the principal as "she" at times and "he" at others. "I do it purposely," he told me. "I've been doing it for two or three years. Why? Well, why should we males be the only illustrious participants in whatever events we've been talking about?"

Of all the developments in constitutional law since he has been on the Court, Brennan regards as among the most significant the growing independence of the state courts. While a state cannot provide less protection of individual liberties than does the federal Constitution, any state can guarantee stronger protections for its citizens, and in January, 1987, for example, in an action warmly welcomed by Justice Brennan, Oregon's Supreme Court ruled that its state constitution mandates—the Supreme Court of the United States notwithstanding—that "obscene" material can no longer be prohibited or censored in the state. Oregon's Article I, Section 8, forbids the passage of any law restricting "the right to speak, write, or print freely on any subject whatever." And, the State Supreme Court said, "obscene speech, writing or equivalent forms of communication are 'speech.' "

I saw Brennan soon after that decision of the Oregon Supreme Court came down, and he started to reminisce about his role in the increasing independence of the state courts. He has been the primary force in getting more and more lawyers, legislators, and judges to think about the need for states to become aware of—and, if necessary, strengthen—their own constitutions.

"It all started around 1972," he said. "I initially suggested the idea in a speech very late at night to, I'm afraid, a quite inebriated meeting of the New Jersey State Bar Association. I was really concerned at the time about the way that things were going here at the Court—particularly in the area of the Fourth Amendment, but also in other areas of individual rights and liberties."

In 1977, Brennan wrote what proved to be a widely influential article, "State Constitutions and the Protection of Individual Rights," in the *Harvard Law Review*. "State courts cannot rest when they have afforded their citizens the full protections of the federal Constitution," he declared. "State constitutions, too, are a font of individual liberties, their protections often extending beyond those required by the Supreme Court's interpretation of federal law." Without "the independent protective force of state law," he said, "the full realization of our liberties cannot be guaranteed."

In 1986, addressing the American Bar Association's Section on Individual Rights and Responsibilities, in New York, Brennan was able to quote with satisfaction from a statement by Justice Hans Linde, of the Oregon Supreme Court: "A lawyer today representing someone who claims some constitutional protection and who does not argue that the state constitution provides that protection is skating on the edge of malpractice." Brennan, however, is far from entirely satisfied with the direction of constitutional law, state and federal. In the same speech he said something I have heard him say in his chambers and have read in many of his Court opinions, and particularly in his dissents: "We do not yet have justice, equal and practical, for the poor, for the members of minority groups, for the criminally accused, for the displaced persons of the technological revolution, for alienated youth, for the urban masses, for the unrepresented consumer—for all, in short, who do not partake of the abundance of American life. . . . The goal of universal equality, freedom and prosperity is far from won and . . . ugly inequities continue to mar the face of our nation. We are surely nearer the beginning than the end of the struggle."

Gallery
GALLERY

SHORTLY before the 1988 Presidential election, I reminded Justice Brennan that a number of liberals and libertarians had expressed concern for the future of the Court. If George Bush was elected, they pointed out, he might have several seats to fill, among them the seat of Justice William Brennan.

"Look," Brennan said. "This is an institution that has had its ups and downs for over two hundred years. By and large, it has done well, I think. There have been downturns from time to time. God help us, there was Chief Justice Taney and the Dred Scott decision. But we survived all that. So I don't see anything that serious, by way of changing jurisprudence, in contrast with what has happened in the past. And that's why I refuse to get sick about who might win. Anyway, whatever is to be, hell, we're a democracy. The only way the citizens can have their views felt nationally is through the Congress and the Presidency. That's our system."

Also part of the system is access to justice, and of all the members of the Court in this century—and perhaps throughout its history—Brennan has been the most interested in making the courts accessible to as many people as possible. "I have always felt that the courthouse door has been closed to too many people on the ground that they don't have sufficient reason for being heard," he told me. "Take the execution of Gary Gilmore, in Utah, in 1977. Gilmore insisted he wanted to die. He didn't want any more appeals. He had no patience for it. But his mother brought a case here trying to prevent the execution, and the Court refused to hear her on the ground that she had no standing to be heard. Good God, we can't refuse to discharge our responsibility to decide whether he should die or not. Anybody ought to have a right to be heard in a case like that. I've taken that position in many other kinds of cases, besides the death penalty."

Whenever I tried to engage Brennan in a broader discussion of his influence on the Court's direction in the past thirty-three years, he demurred. He discourages such talk. Although he works, as he must, case by case, he is keenly aware of the slightest nuance in the changing dynamics of the Court, but it is not his habit to see himself as a figure in marble in its halls. He regards his job as one of trying to include as many people as possible within the protections of the Constitution and of determining how to get four other votes on the cases that will help do that.

Over the years, Justice Brennan has made an invaluable collection of private Supreme Court history. Each term, he documents the evolution of the Justices' opinions in major cases: included in his files are notes of what went on during conferences, and so are draft opinions and memoranda circulated among the Justices. But, although historians have urged Brennan to make these histories available eventually, he is not sure what he will do with them. Just about every time I've talked to Brennan, I have asked him whether he has made up his mind about the fate of these histories, and so far he hasn't. "It's a very troublesome question for me as to what the hell to do with them," he said recently. "I have a very clear memory of how angry Hugo Black and Bill Douglas were when Alpheus Mason used Chief Justice Harlan Fiske Stone's private notes in a biography about him. They were memoranda of cases, histories of cases—the voting, the reactions of the members of the Court, and so forth. Just like my own. Black and Douglas were furious. They insisted that Stone's histories were one-sided and didn't tell the whole story. They said it was all a goddam lie. That's why Hugo Black insisted he was going to burn every damn paper of his. He said, 'I'm not going to have any colleague of mine in a position where he can say I've lied about what happened.' His instructions weren't carried out completely, but some of his papers *were* destroyed. What concerned Hugo Black bothers me, too. None of my colleagues have seen any of my memos. Nobody sees them except me. They cover the major cases from the time they're received at the Court. A lot of people want me to preserve them. For about ten years, I sat on the National Historical Publications Commission, and all my colleagues were very distinguished and well-known historians, and they were absolutely horrified at the thought that I might not preserve these histories."

"Me, too," I said.

"Well, there you are. One of these days, I'm going to have to make up my mind about what I'm going to do."

The conversation was interrupted by a telephone call, and while he talked I looked at the photographs of his children and his grandchildren lined up on a mantel behind his desk. After he hung up, he spoke with pride about his family. His elder son, William Joseph Brennan III, is a trial lawyer in Princeton, and is active in various bar-association committees. I asked the Justice whether, as I'd heard, William Brennan III is more conservative than his father.

Brennan laughed, and said, "Well, let me put it this way. In the coming election, we may be on different sides."

Another son, Hugh Leonard Brennan, is in the Department of Commerce, where he directs the Office of Procurement and Administrative Services, and Nancy Brennan Widman is the director of Baltimore's City Life Museums. "Hugh and Nancy are probably more like me," Brennan said.

The children's mother, Marjorie Leonard Brennan, died in December, 1982, after a long battle with cancer. In March of 1983, Justice Brennan wrote a memorandum to the conference—that is, to the eight other Justices—telling them that he had been married the day before to Mary Fowler, who had been his secretary for twenty-six years, and that they were on their honeymoon, in Bermuda. Brennan, whose health and spirits had declined during his first wife's illness and after her death, was clearly rejuvenated by his second marriage.

Mrs. Brennan, I had heard, often disagrees with her husband's opinions from the bench, feeling that the Justice is too liberal. I asked Brennan if that was so.

"Oh, she's a dear, dear, darling wife

View
With A Room.

High atop a butte
in Jackson Hole, Wyoming,
with a glorious view of the
Teton mountains, is a
secluded, luxurious resort
from which to enjoy it all:
Spring Creek Resort.

SPRING CREEK RESORT
P.O. Box 3154 Jackson Hole, WY 83001 307-733-8833
1-800-443-6139

Free Catalog
Teak & Mahogany
Outdoor Furniture

Precision-cut Kits or Fully Assembled

Let us show you our all-weather furniture of enduring beauty and character, handcrafted to last a lifetime. Classic garden benches, porch swings, chairs, tables, rockers and lounges. Available fully assembled, or as pre-drilled, precision-cut kits that are easy and fun to put together.

WOOD CLASSICS
R#1, Box OY11, High Falls, NY 12440
(914) 255-7871

COFFEE OF THE MONTH

I've searched 31 countries to find my favorite coffees. Now you can find them in your mailbox. Whole bean only. Free grinder with 6 and 12 month subscriptions.

Free brochure. Call 1-800-222-2726.

MY FAVORITE COFFEE
P.O. Box 416 Cornwall-on-Hudson, NY 12520

THE
PELHAM
SUITES
London

Magnificent
All Suite Hotel
in Sloane Street

DURLEY HOUSE,
115 SLOANE STREET, LONDON SW1X 9PJ.
TEL 01-235 5537 FAX 01-2596977 TELEX 919235 DURLEY G
USA TOLL FREE 1-800-553-6674

BERMUDA

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line to find out more about the quality properties listed below. Call toll-free from any touch-tone phone:

1•800•284•5539

Bermuda — A Short Trip To The Perfect Holiday	☎ 30056
Belmont Hotel	☎ 30066
Elbow Beach Hotel	☎ 30006
Glencoe Harbour Club	☎ 30018
Harmony Club	☎ 30046
Horizons & Cottages	☎ 30026
Lantana Colony Club	☎ 30040
Newstead	☎ 30030
Pink Beach Club	☎ 30020
Sonesta Beach Hotel & Spa Bermuda	☎ 30008
Stonington Beach Hotel	☎ 30036
Waterloo House	☎ 30028

Advertisement

and a darling lady, and she just has her own ideas and she voices them," he said. "I love it. I love it."

The Brennans do not go out much in the evening. The Justice rises at five in the morning, spends half an hour on his Exercycle, reads the papers, has breakfast, and by eight is in his chambers, where he reads Court papers. He usually stays at the Court until four-thirty, and he takes work home every night. "It's hard work," he said. "It takes up practically all your waking hours."

"Have you ever thought of some other line of work you might have preferred?" I asked.

He laughed. "Not for me. Ever. I really mean it. There's nothing I can think of that would have given me anything like the satisfaction I've had from this."

He had another appointment in a few minutes. I rose. Brennan rose, too, and took me by the elbow as he escorted me out of his office and through the corridors of the Court. He seemed to know all the staff members, including the elevator operators and the guards, by name, and he stopped and talked to a few of them about their children and other matters of interest.

I asked if he thought at all of when he might retire.

"I'll go when the good Lord tells me it's time to go. But not before then. The satisfactions of this job have accelerated each year. It's just incredible being here—I mean the opportunity to be a participant in decisions that have such enormous impact on our society." Justice Brennan turned to go back to his chambers. "Incredible," he said.

I SPOKE to Brennan again at the end of the 1988-89 Supreme Court term. There had been a series of civil-rights decisions, all opposed by Brennan, that, in the words of Barry Goldstein, until last July the director of the Washington office of the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund, were "not just decisions limiting affirmative action but cases limiting the ability of women and men to prove discrimination, limiting the remedies once discrimination is proved, and limiting the opportunity to settle."

A majority of the Court had also ruled it constitutional to execute murderers who are mentally retarded, and had decided that it is not "cruel and unusual punishment" under the Eighth Amendment to execute people who were sixteen or seventeen at the time they committed the crime. Moreover, the Court ruled that indigent prisoners on death row do not have a constitutional right to a lawyer to assist them in a second round of state-court appeals, even though such appeals often prove successful. I asked Brennan if he was still reasonably sanguine about the future of individual rights and liberties under the Court.

"Well, there is a pretty solid majority on the other side now, but it hasn't been an unbreakable coalition," he said. "I'm not discouraged to the point of giving up. I've selected my clerks for the next two years. I hope people don't overdo the suggestion that we're headed for perdition. This sort of thing has happened before, and the Court has finally righted itself." His voice brightened. "After all, Kennedy and Scalia joined me on the flag-burning case, for God's sake. And on a couple of others. As did O'Connor on some cases. I agree the emphasis of the Court is not in my direction, but I'm not going to walk out and say the hell with it."

Next to the abortion decision—Webster v. Reproductive Health Services, which gave power to the states to broaden restrictions on abortions, and in which Brennan dissented—the term's most controversial decision was Texas v. Johnson. Brennan, writing the opinion for a five-to-four majority, ruled that the First Amendment protects burning the American flag as an act of political protest. He wrote, "If there is a bedrock principle underlying the First Amendment, it is that the Government may not prohibit the expression of an idea simply because society finds the idea itself offensive and disagreeable. . . . We decline, therefore, to create for the flag an exception to the joust of principles protected by the First Amendment."

It was characteristic of Brennan to use the word "joust." He sees his life's work as a continual battle for five votes to help the words of the Constitution leap off the page, as he once put it, and into people's lives.

"Look, pal," Justice Brennan told me at the end of our conversation. "We've always known—the Framers knew—that liberty is a fragile thing. A very fragile thing." He smiled, and went back to work. —NAT HENTOFF

THE CURRENT CINEMA

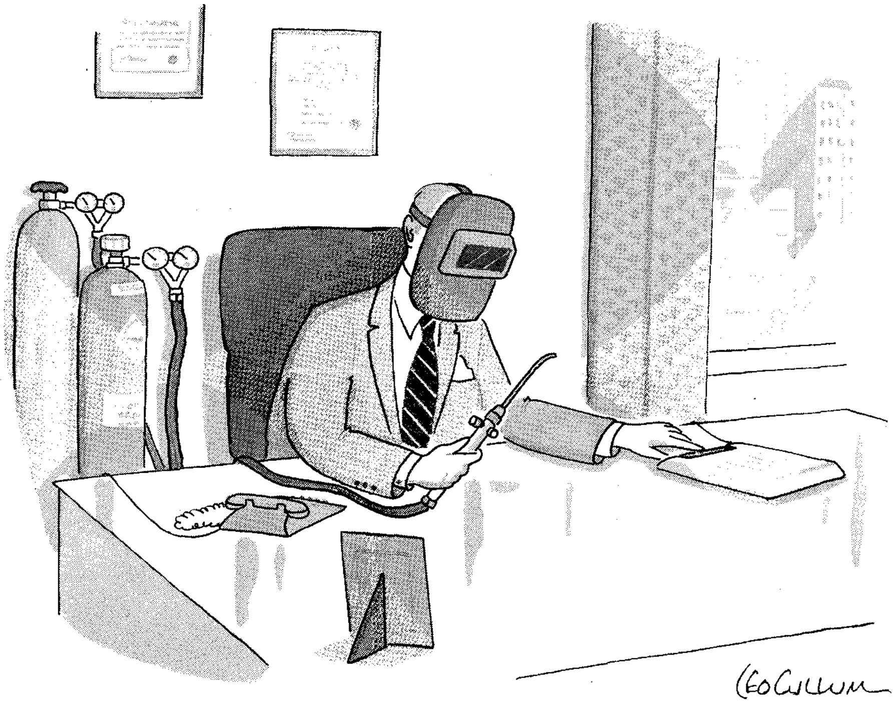
Expeditions

"MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON"—the beautiful title of Bob Rafelson's new movie—is the name given by ancient legend to the snowcapped peaks where the Nile was believed to originate. In 1857, a pair of Englishmen, Richard Burton and John Hanning Speke, set out inland from the east coast of Africa on an expedition to discover the true headwaters of the river. They reached Lake Tanganyika (eventually established as a source of the Congo River), and Speke, without Burton, finally stood on the shore of an immense lake that he named Victoria, for his queen—the lake that proved, after years of further exploration and bitter debate, to be the source of the Nile. Neither man, though, came anywhere near the Mountains of the Moon, which are not imaginary. (They're in the range now known as the Ruwenzori.) The lovely, evocative title turns out to be a broken promise, designating something that the movie has no intention of showing us. The climax of the expedition, the discovery of Lake Victoria, is far from awe-inspiring. Rafelson gives us only the briefest glimpse of the magnificent lake. He denies us the pleasure of a good look at this natural wonder, and Speke's pleasure is represented here by a cheesy bit of phallic symbolism: the straitlaced Englishman fires his rifle in the air, from the hip. That's that, and the rest of the film is a long spell of post-discovery *tristesse*.

This is an awfully strange movie. Rafelson seems to be trying for a mixture of irony and spectacle, but he doesn't carry it off. The romance of nineteenth-century exploration is deliberately underplayed: the idea, I think, is that we shouldn't be allowed to share too easily in triumphs like the discovery of Lake Victoria, because they're tainted by the cultural arrogance of European imperialism. It's hard to argue with that, except on the visceral level: we can't help feeling a sense of wonder as we look at the African landscape, and we can't help feeling stirred by the courage of men like Burton and Speke, who travelled through it for the sake of seeing something they'd never seen before. It's possible to imagine a movie that systematically frustrates the viewer's impulse to find this material grand and heroic—that treats such voyages of discovery purely satirically. But Rafelson hasn't made that movie, either. His historical irony isn't rigorous enough: it doesn't extend to Burton.

Sir Richard Burton was in his mid-thirties when he and Speke took off on their Nile expedition. He had travelled widely, in Europe, Asia, and Africa; he had mastered a couple of dozen languages; he had written seven books; and he had made a reputation as an intellectual adventurer, a man whose joy was to immerse himself in other cultures, to experience everything—even (or perhaps especially) things that his countrymen loathed and feared. Burton's embrace of the exotic was a little too enthusiastic—un-English, unsound—for his contemporaries, and his descriptions of other cultures' sexual customs often suggested a disturbingly intimate knowledge. (He spent much of the last decade of his life translating Eastern erotica, such as "The Kama Sutra" and "The Perfumed Garden.") Everything that made Burton an object of suspicion to his fellow-Victorians has turned him into an object of fascination to later generations. We read about this restless, iconoclastic, sexually curious, intellectually omnivorous figure and think, He was ahead of his time. Rafelson goes even further: his Burton is entirely a man of *our* time, the enlightened opposite of all the nineteenth-century values and mores we now reject. This Burton is, unfortunately, a historical distortion.

The movie is built around the contrasting personalities of Burton (Patrick Bergin) and Speke (Iain Glen), who stand in roughly the same relation to each other as Holmes and Watson: one brilliant and dashing, the other doltish and stolid. In this story, though, the dullard turns on the genius and tries to steal all the glory. Rafelson, who wrote the screenplay with William Harrison (the author of a 1982 novel called "Burton and Speke"), skews the facts to make Speke stupider and more pathetic than he was, and Burton more heroic. In the movie, Speke discovers Victoria on his own because Burton is being held prisoner by a cruel tribal king, and while Speke is shooting his gun off at the lake Burton is trying to save the life of a native bearer who has become his friend. None of this is accurate. The bearer is an invented character, and these incidents are based on *Speke's* encounter, on a subsequent expedition, with a king named Mutesa. While Speke was searching for the lake, Burton was resting up at an Arab trad-



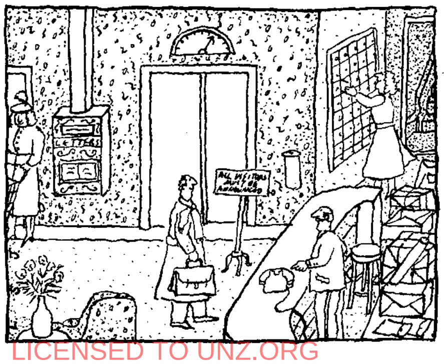
"If nothing else needs welding, Paula, I'm going to lunch."

ing post. He just wasn't interested in continuing: he was ill, he was tired of Speke's company, and he felt that they had accomplished enough already. It seems unlikely that Burton sent Speke off, as he does in the movie, with the passionate command "Find it, Jack!"

"Mountains of the Moon" also fudges the details of Speke's later betrayal of Burton. Speke did return to England a few weeks earlier than Burton, and, rather than wait for his colleague, did go straight to the Royal Geographical Society and proclaim himself the discoverer of the source of the Nile—although at that point he had no conclusive evidence to support his conviction. Rafelson explains this treachery by portraying Speke as a repressed homosexual who has been duped into thinking that the object of his affection—Burton—has betrayed *him*. The movie provides an Iago-like character who tells Speke that Burton once wrote a report that made Speke out to be a coward. In my reading about the feud between the two men I've come across nothing that suggests a historical basis for this plot contrivance. If Speke had reason to resent Burton, it was perhaps because Burton had included Speke's diary from an earlier joint expedition as a mere appendix to his own book. Speke took this as evidence of condescension, and was probably right. The truth may be that Speke, who didn't lack ambition, tried to grab more than his share of credit simply because he felt that Burton never gave him enough. "Mountains of the Moon" doesn't even give the poor man credit for cunning.

This rewriting of history makes Burton and, ultimately, his betrayer victims of their society's frustrated sexuality. And Speke's hysterical behavior—at once self-righteous and self-loathing—is made to stand for Victorian England's response to freethinkers like Burton. The movie practically canonizes Burton. Every attitude a modern audience might be expected to approve of is attributed to him, and him alone. Rafelson blithely modernizes Burton's relationship with his wife, Isabel (Fiona Shaw). We see her, just after their first meeting, leafing curiously through his translation of "The Perfumed Garden," but in fact the book wasn't published until more than thirty years later, and Isabel so hated her husband's preoccupation with erotica that she burned the manuscript of his expanded version of "The Perfumed Garden" after his death. We also see her happily in bed with him before their marriage, but in fact she was a fanatically devout Catholic, unlikely to have granted Burton (whom she hoped to convert) such favors. Rafelson's Burton, moreover, seems to be something of an anti-imperialist and a defender of the Africans. There's no trace of the racism and arrogance with which Burton characterized the African in his writings: "He seems to belong to one of those childish races which, never rising to man's estate, fall like worn-out links from the great chain of animated nature." Rafelson fails to make his hero human; he loves Burton but, by turning him into a prophet of twentieth-century values, betrays him. What's interesting about Burton, after all, is not that he was just like us but that he wasn't; for all his learning and experience, and even vision, he was still a man of his time.

As Burton, Patrick Bergin is physically impressive; he moves confidently and glowers well. It's probably not his fault that he's unable to convey much complexity or intelligence: the role consists mainly of swashbuckling poses. Iain Glen has the thankless part of Speke, and soldiers through it without embarrassing himself. Richard E. Grant, however, does oily wonders with the role of Laurence Oliphant, the poison-tongued dandy who turns Speke against Burton. And Bernard Hill does a very funny turn as the famous Dr. Livingstone; when Livingstone and Burton meet for the first time, they peel off pieces of clothing so they can compare wounds. Rafelson doesn't do everything wrong. He and his cinematographer, Roger Deakins, give the film a wonderful look in the African scenes; the beauties of the landscape are mostly observed with a casual air, a mysterious lack of surprise. It's a shame that Rafelson isn't able to give himself over to his genuine feeling for landscape. During the explorers' arduous trek we often feel, despite everything that's going wrong, that we're on the verge of seeing something amazing. But, whatever it might be, it remains just over the horizon. Finally, it's the director's obsession with Burton that does the movie in; Rafelson winds up repressing his own talents, and oppressing the viewer, too. He allows himself exactly one moment of visual and emotional exaltation. It's the discovery of Lake Tanganyika. Burton, who is being carried on a litter, is lifted up by his bearers, and he raises his arms triumphantly to the sky. This lesser discovery gets a much bigger treatment than Speke's first view of Victoria. The disproportion is unnerving. In "Mountains of the Moon," everything that isn't seen through the eyes of Richard Burton might as well not exist; it's as if his perspective alone validated the world.



JOHN BOORMAN doesn't seem to know the meaning of the word "repression." Every time he makes a movie, he aims at intoxicating us with ideas and images. His new film, "Where the Heart Is," is a reckless, uneven, and invigorating comedy. The tone is light and bubbly, but the film is densely packed with metaphors and allusions, and borrowings from wildly diverse styles of art and moviemaking. At times, it suggests something straight out of the sixties. The grownup children of the demolition contractor Stewart McBain (Dabney Coleman) live in a dilapidated Brooklyn house that their father isn't allowed to raze, because it has landmark status. He has thrown his kids out of their comfortable middle-class home and exiled them to this forlorn outpost because he thinks that hardship will toughen them up, cure them of their dreamy tendencies. The older daughter, Chloe (Suzy Amis), is an art-school graduate whose specialty is trompe-l'oeil body painting (she paints her friends and siblings to blend into her re-creations of famous works of art, then photographs the result); Jimmy (David Hewlett) is a Harvard dropout who spends his time fiddling with computers (he has created a game called Demolition, whose object is to get a little man in a turban out of the Taj Mahal before the bulldozers level it); and Daphne (Uma Thurman) is just a happily spoiled flake (with a spectacular figure, which makes her ideal material for her sister's body art). The house fills up quickly with other oddballs—a budding fashion designer (Crispin Glover), a homeless magician (Christopher Plummer), a brash Wall Street yuppie (Dylan Walsh), a ditsy anthropologist doing research on speaking in tongues (Sheila Kelley)—and turns into a busy artistic commune, which Boorman observes with bemused affection. This free-form household might remind us of the hippie communities of movies like "Alice's Restaurant," and there's even a moment, early in the picture, that recalls the "plastics" scene in "The Graduate." But Boorman keeps things airy and unsolemn: the people who transform this house from a crumbling ruin into a cozy, vibrant refuge aren't burdened with having to represent an "alternative life style." They're all still children, which is what Boorman loves about them; they approach everything in the spirit of play, and the resourcefulness of their youthful imaginations gives them a different kind of toughness.

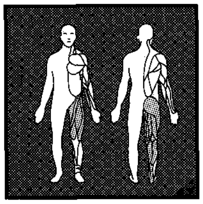
At other times, though, "Where the Heart Is" has the garish, forced gooniness of a Jerry Lewis movie. The scenes that show McBain responding to business problems are painfully broad; most of them end up with Coleman turning purple and trying to throttle someone. And the sequences of McBain at home with his wife (Joanna Cassidy) are just as bad. Boorman can't quite find a style for their middle-aged panic, and the frenzied overplaying of Coleman and Cassidy (a wonderful naturalistic actress, who seems miscast in this stylized role) exposes the weaknesses of the dialogue. The script, by Boorman and his daughter Telsche, is beautifully conceived but has more than its share of embarrassing lines—almost clever, almost profound epigrams that the actors sometimes manage to give an ironic spin to and sometimes don't. The awkward patches will probably put off a lot of viewers. When Boorman's inspiration fails him (as it has done with some frequency in his adventurous, erratic career), his ideas look stupid; he seems to be speaking in tongues. He thinks primarily in visual terms, and takes a lot of risks—including the biggest one for an artist, which is appearing ridiculous.

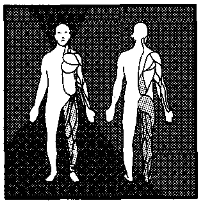
Boorman is a genuine romantic: an explorer. And this ragged expedition, for all its sputterings and wrong turns, does get to the place it set out for, and shows us marvels along the way. "Where the Heart Is" is a comedy of reconciliation. If it's attempting to bring together a few too many disparate elements, so what? The spirit is right, and the movie has a sweetly ironic sense of its own dreaminess. Near the end, with the absurdly intricate plot kicking into high gear as McBain loses his business and his home and is taken in by his kids (who are themselves threatened with eviction), everyone pitches in on the household's off-the-wall money-making projects—the designer's outré first collection and the weird calendar Chloe is creating for an insurance company. And as the characters throw themselves into their work the grizzled magician is heard to mutter sarcastically, "Why don't we do the whole show right here in the barn?" That's how seriously this movie takes itself.

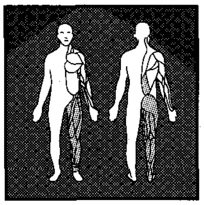
So when everything (or nearly everything) finally resolves itself, it's artificial in just the right sense. Boorman knows that he's playing; we know that he's playing with us, and don't mind. The movie is all over the place, yet it's more than an amiable mess; it's a small-scale but large-spirited work, daring and surprisingly affecting. There's a lovely freedom about Boorman's vision of contemporary life. It's liberating in the way that Dylan's "Like a Rolling Stone" was in the sixties—or in the way that Jean Renoir's films were in the thirties. All that Boorman really has in common with those artists is a deep distrust of what is ordinary, of anything that constrains the imagination. It's probably an accident that this movie's warm, buzzing Brooklyn commune reminds us of the happy publishing collective in Renoir's "The Crime of M. Lange," and that the image of Stewart McBain lying in the grass by the side of a pond and contemplating the light coming through the trees recalls so vividly Renoir's vision of the clochard Boudu's escape from bourgeois life in the blissful final sequence of "Boudu Saved from Drowning." "Where the Heart Is" isn't on the level of Renoir's films—it lacks the simplicity and the clarity of a great work—but it's in their territory. It's within sight of the source.

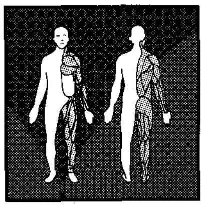
—Terrence Rafferty

Only NordicTrack gives you a total-body workout.









Treadmills, exercise bikes and stairclimbers don't give you half the workout NordicTrack does.

While most exercisers ignore the muscle groups in your back, chest, shoulders and arms, NordicTrack provides you with a total-body workout.

Its upper-body exerciser works the extensor muscles of your back, your upper back, and your trunk, rotators, biceps, triceps and chest.

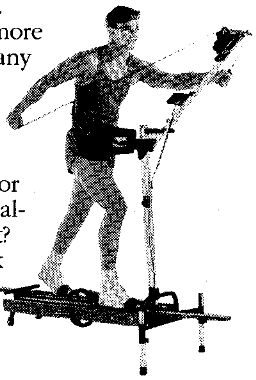
Its lower-body exerciser works your hip flexors, gluteus muscles, thighs, hamstrings, knee extensors and calves.

Meanwhile, NordicTrack quickly elevates your heart rate to the fitness-building level.

And burns more calories than any other type of aerobic exercise machine.

Why settle for less than a total-body workout?

Get on track with NordicTrack.



The world's best aerobic exerciser.

NordicTrack A CML Company

Free Brochure & Video
Call Toll Free 1-800-328-5888
In Canada 1-800-433-9582

☐ Please send me a free brochure.
☐ Also a free video tape ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
Name
Street
City State Zip
Phone ( )

141C Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318
265C0

LETTER FROM EUROPE

MARCH 1

RUSSIANS, like everybody else, are a little bewildered by Mikhail Gorbachev. They argue about what Gorbachev wants, and whether Gorbachev can last, and how "sincere" Gorbachev is—about *who* Gorbachev is. They cannot really decide if Gorbachev is a Communist in a democrat's suit or a democrat in Party clothing—if he is Karl Marx or Adam Smith or something mysterious that no one yet has hypothesized. In the first two months this year, Gorbachev has managed to put off secession in the Baltics and stop a coup in Azerbaijan and orchestrate what was probably the most astonishing Central Committee meeting since Stalin took over the Communist Party—producing a platform to abolish the Party's monopoly on political power and turn the Soviet Union from a Party fiefdom into a Presidential state. By now, Gorbachev's real problem is not in supplying enough reforms to satisfy the people but in finding enough people capable of reforming. Whether it was the Russian temperament that produced the Soviet system or the Soviet system that ruined the Russian temperament (and this is the chicken-or-egg argument everyone who visits the Soviet Union seems to have with himself), the one clear thing about the country today is that the "revolution" in Russia was made in Gorbachev's mysterious head. No one else made it. The people are demonstrating now, but they were too cynical to make it. The dissidents have been too weak to make it and the nomenklatura too afraid to make it, and the nationalities, trying to break away, are not interested in any Russian's revolution beyond the effect it has on them. In Eastern Europe, there seems to have been a bond between the people who dissented (and were willing to suffer) and many of the people who accommodated—who in the end made their lives and careers with the Communists, joining the Party, getting the jobs the Party provided, and the safety it provided. In a way, they depended on each other. The dissidents, in jail or underground or working as masons or night janitors or stokers, depended on the accommodators to get degrees and keep the schools open and the research going on and the presses running and the official invitations coming in from abroad—to keep the skills and ambitions of the society from dying—and the accommodators depended on the dissidents to keep the future from dying.

Dissidence is said to be an oddly liberating experience. Czech dissidents claim that, once taken, the decision to stop dissembling, to risk everything, to be exactly who and what they were, made life simple for them, and this may account for the extraordinary tolerance the dissidents show now toward people who lacked the courage for that kind of experience. But *glasnost* in Russia was a case of freedom by fiat, and maybe the country was too vast, and the population too divided, for anything else, because *perestroika* has proceeded by fiat, too, in a series of deals struck for foreign capital. There are a million visitors in Moscow every day, and at least half of them are there on business. Muscovites say the only reason there is room in town for all the foreigners is that so many Russians are abroad, travelling while they have the chance. The Muscovites are much more pessimistic than the foreigners. They were pessimistic before the Lithuanian Party broke with the Soviet Party, and before the fighting began in Azerbaijan and Tadzhikistan and Uzbekistan, and before the "democracy demonstrations" started across the country, and they are pessimistic now that Gorbachev has let Eastern Europe go, and given his reluctant blessing to German reunification. Pessimism was the style when Gorbachev was starting his first Party job, with the Young Communist League, in Stavropol, and it is hard, talking to Russians now, to judge which excites them more—their old gloom or their new freedom to discuss it. Certainly they have never had the freedom to complain so openly about their leaders, and they complain all the time about Gorbachev—people in Moscow do, anyway. The things they say may sound alarming in a city not used to speaking out, but in fact what you hear about Gorbachev in Moscow is not much harsher—and is often milder—than what you would expect to hear about George Bush in New York from someone reading the morning paper. To hear that Gorbachev is a cynic, that the Party owns him, or that he is a pawn of the right or a pawn of the left, or that he "owes" the hard-liners or the soft-liners something, or that he listens to his wife too much, or that he knows nothing about economics, or that he can't control the Army (or the police or the K.G.B. or the bureaucracy or the unions), is really only surprising in the context of the silence in Russia before. The fact that *Time's* Man of the Decade finishes after Andrei

"Stay away from him. He has an unbelievably long attention span."

HOMES & ESTATES

It's Very Private.

DeBordieu is 2,700 acres of breathtaking low country beauty, a beach you'll have all to yourself, Dye-designed golf and so much more. People say there'll never again be a place like DeBordieu. Call 1-800-476-7070.

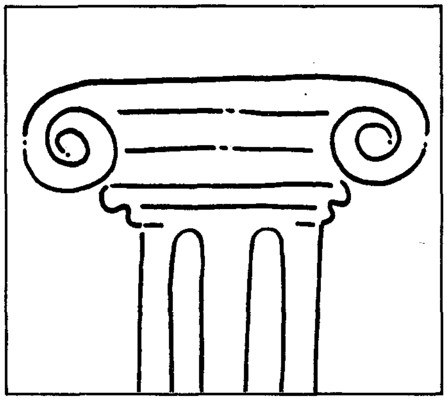
DeBordieu

A very private community on the ocean.
PO Box 1746 • Georgetown, SC 29442

Obtain the Property Report required by Federal Law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value if any, of this property. Registered with the New Jersey Real Estate Commission. Registration does not constitue an endorsement of the merits or value of the project. A Statement and Offering Statement has been filed with the Secretary of State of the State of New York. The filing does not constitute approval of the sale or lease or offer for sale or lease by the Secretary of State or or any officer thereof orthat the Secretary of State has in any way passed upon the merits of such offering. A copy of the Offering Statement is available, upon request, from the Subdivider. (NYA No. 90-14).

HOMES & ESTATES
is a biweekly feature in
THE NEW YORKER

For more information
on advertising in this
section, please call
Laura Baumstein at
(212) 536-5463



CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

Retire to the Village of Fearrington

Be neighbors with bluebirds, hollyhocks, shops, a country inn, and fascinating people of all ages. For complete information – 1-800-334-5475 or Box 111-N, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

Pocono Picnics

Outstanding summer camp in the Poconos-90miles from NYC available for day or weekend conferences or picnics-May,June Call Marvin 1-800-533-CAMP

"The ocean. Superb weather. Wonderful golf. We found it all at Landfall."

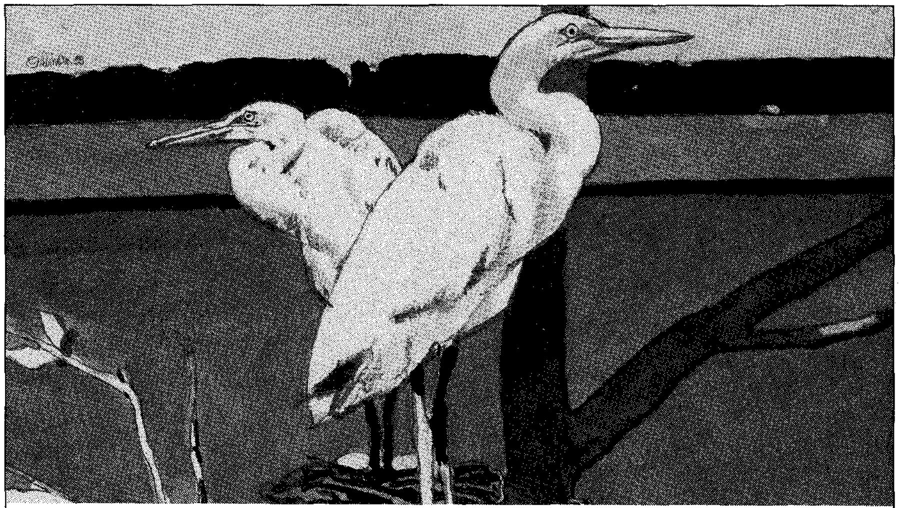
Landfall residents Alan and Betsy Bede,
formerly of New Canaan, Connecticut

Landfall is a 2,200-acre private community on the Intracoastal Waterway, with two great golf courses by Jack Nicklaus and Pete Dye, and a Tennis/Swim/Fitness Center designed by resident Director of Tennis Cliff Drysdale. Featuring homesites from $65,000 to $550,000; single-family homes, patio homes and villas from the upper one-hundreds to more than $1 million.

Landfall

1801R Eastwood Rd.
Wilmington, NC 28405
(919) 256-6111
Toll-Free (800) 227-8208
In N.C. (800) 634-7857

Developed by Landfall Associates, a Weyerhaeuser Company Affiliate.
Prices subject to change without notice.



BUILD YOUR NEST ON DATAW ISLAND. OTHERS HAVE.

Settle down to a place that's surrounded with pristine water. Clean, clear air. And far, far away from tourists. Just six miles east of Beaufort, SC, Dataw Island is a private community that offers a flock of activities, like championship golf, tennis and fine dining at a magnificent clubhouse. Plus fishing and boating. Homesites begin at $40,000. And homes, including site, range from $145,000 to over $300,000. Come for a Dataw Discovery Getaway. After all, why fly south for the winter when you can live there? *Discover Dataw Island.* **1-800-848-3838.**

DATAW
ISLAND

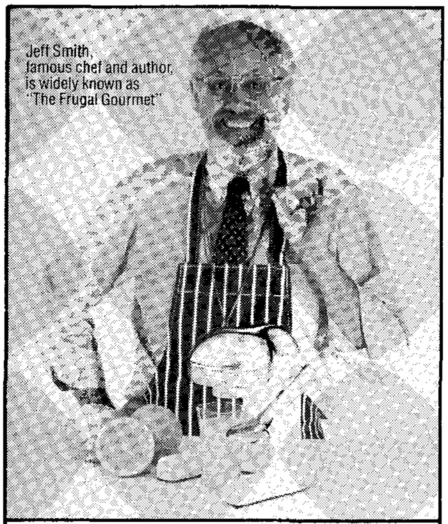
Dataw Island Realty, P.O. Box 819, Beaufort, SC 29901, (803) 838-3838. Arthur F. Levin, Broker in Charge. Obtain the Property Report required by Federal law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. This offer void where prohibited by law. Offering Statement available from subdivider. An Offering Statement has been filed with the New Jersey Real Estate Commission (NJA #J1187049SC). Filing with New York Secretary of State is not approval of merits of offering (NYA-87-148). A Community by Alcoa Properties, Inc. ALCOA MNY4

Sakharov in a Moscow weekly's popularity poll—which Gorbachev did, last fall, just before Sakharov died—is arguably a sign of normal skepticism, freely stated, instead of the old Russian response of sour idolatry or terror. Complaining about Gorbachev, and enjoying complaining, may be, if not the beginning of political community, at least a kind of political flexing, a whistling in the dark of the country's future, a way of stumbling into citizenship. But it is hard to gauge what Gorbachev's strength really is when so many people insist that every day is his last day in office.

SOVIET rule has been a paradox. No one who has been to Tallinn or Vilnius or Baku or Tashkent would call any of those cities "Russian." Russians have come and stayed and repressed and suppressed for more than five centuries, and yet you sense that when the last tank leaves and the last apparatchik draws his pension "Russia" will disappear from its empire without a trace of history to mark its passing—except, perhaps, in the extreme disaffection of its citizens. At the same time, Russia seems to have stripped the colors of some authentic, vital life from every people it has claimed for the Soviet system. One of the most curious things about the country today—about Russia and its colonies and client states and its various contiguous, contentious "republics"—is what the French would call a sense of *non-lieu*. A news photographer I met in Moscow put it this way: It is as if the Army, the Party, the bureaucracy—all the branches of "the apparatus"—had banked the latent images of the Russian empire in a darkroom box, and now a hundred subject peoples were suspended in a kind of psychic developing solution, waiting for themselves to reappear.

Russian reporters say that there are eighteen million apparatchiks in the Soviet Union, and another couple of million officers of the Party and the K.G.B. and the other state institutions, and from this they estimate that as many as a hundred million of the two hundred and ninety million Soviet citizens "belong" to the apparatus, and depend directly or indirectly (as wives or husbands or small children) on the state and the status quo for their money, and for whatever privilege they enjoy. The apparatchiks are the common denominator of the Soviet empire, and they share an interest in keeping it together. They have done what ideology was supposed to do, and failed—spread and saturated and, in the end, dominated. Right now, their claim on the country and on its angry people and perilous economy is as much of a threat to Mikhail Gorbachev as his Communist right wing or his Communist left wing or the ethnic conflicts around him, or even the possibility of civil war. The damage they have done will last much longer. This is a shocking country. There are nationalities in the Soviet Union, but there is no community, the way there is in Czechoslovakia or Hungary or Poland. You do not sense much of a social contract, or even much interest in what a social contract means. People are admittedly, aggressively, passive. Muscovites who marched to the Kremlin last month—it was the day before the Central Committee began its meetings—or in the demonstrations last Sunday kept telling reporters how surprised at themselves they were to be out demonstrating when ordinarily they were so cynical and suspicious and disengaged. So passive. They said they did not "do" things like demonstrating together. It is not their "character" to demonstrate, and they do not look after each other's interests—they do not trust each other enough. Their common currency is resentment, and it does not much matter anymore if this is because they are Karamazov's creatures or Stalin's creatures, serfs or Comrades.

A couple of months ago, on a plane from Prague to Moscow, I met an Estonian Jew—a cellist and composer—who lived in Novosibirsk and taught at the university there, and who said that as far as he was concerned the only way to live in the Soviet Union was to live as he did, in Siberia. Siberia was as far as you could get from Moscow. He joked that all the best people had been sent there. It was desolate and very poor, and no one from the apparatus wanted to go—which meant that, as a place, Siberia was *someplace*, and that long before *glasnost* and *perestroika* the conversation was dissident and lively, and the commerce was inventive, and the sense of community was strong. Travelling from the West through Eastern Europe into the Soviet Union is a little like progressively losing "place," and it may be that the cellist had a point in saying that you have to



POWER BREAKFAST
Fresh-squeeze your daily Vitamin C the way The Frugal Gourmet does. With the powerful Mighty OJ.
Rack-and-pinion gear system lets you squeeze with ease.
Easier to use, easier to clean than electric juicers.
Lifetime Warranty on moving parts.
Winner of International Design Awards.
The juicer selected by The Frugal Gourmet
Mighty OJ by Metrokane
For store nearest you, call (212) 879-9616

If a family member should require extended care for a psychiatric illness, you may want to consider the Greystone Program as an alternative to hospitalization. Since 1980, we have been providing services for a small group of residents in a warm, distinctive setting within our arboretum-like campus. The Greystone Program emphasizes personalized care in the Quaker tradition of respect for the individual. For more information, call (215) 831-4779 or write Barbara Hines, R.N.,M.S.N., The Greystone Program at Friends Hospital, 4809 Roosevelt Boulevard, Philadelphia, PA 19124.

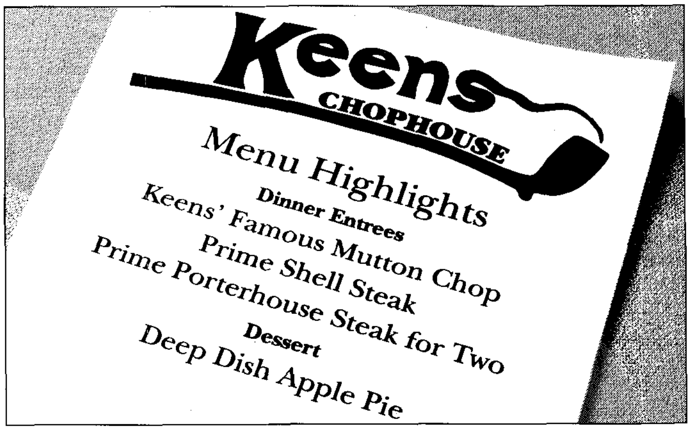
High Hampton Inn & Country Club
Golf. Tennis. Sail. Fish. Hike. Rest.
Scenic Blue Ridge Mtns. 1200-acre estate. • 140 Hampton Rd., Cashiers, NC 28717 ◊ 1-800-334-2551 Ext. 140

SWITZERLAND $263- to $849. per week plus airfare a la carte
Vacation Weeks with choice of hotels in the most scenic Swiss resorts; 6-15 day Alpine & Swiss-Italian Tours. May-Oct. 1990.
Free brochures: A.J.S. Travel Consultants, Inc.
177 Beach 116th St., Rockaway Park, NY 11694
(718) 945-5900 • 1-800-221-5002

go all the way to Siberia to feel located again. I had left Prague just before the seven amazing days that Václav Havel called Czechoslovakia's "velvet revolution," and the repression was terrible then, much worse than anything in the Soviet Union, and yet I missed Prague. It seemed so much more vividly itself than any of the other cities I visited on that trip—my first trip through the Soviet Union—even when those cities were as pretty as Tallinn or as exotic as Tashkent or as eerie as Kiev, opening its churches under what is now acknowledged to be a lingering Chernobyl cloud. Perhaps, in matters of dissent, or even of the slow, steady sabotage of disaffection, people talking to each other and to their enemies in their own language have an edge on people forced to answer for themselves in the enemy's language. The difference between Czechoslovakia four months ago and, say, Latvia today is more than the difference between an old Mitteleuropa high culture and the folk culture of the Baltics. It has to do with the fact that, while Russians controlled (and occasionally occupied) the countries of Eastern Europe for more than forty years, Russians never settled there. They settled in the Baltics to the point that now more than half the people in the local capitals of Riga and Tallinn are Russians (and Ukrainians and Armenians and Uzbeks) who address the natives in the language of the Russian capital.

THE Russian empire has always been policed by bureaucrats, communicating and corresponding in an official language that had nothing to do with the language most of its subjects spoke at home. And it may be that by now what really separates those subjects and the people of the splintering Eastern bloc is not so much an Enlightenment or an ideology or a Church or a Wall but has to do with where the bureaucrats come from and what the language of authority happens to be. Many people in the Soviet Union are concerned about language, and intellectuals there theorize a lot about the political uses of language. The babel of languages has come to be a metaphor for the cultural confusion, for the lack of community, for the obvious, astonishing fact that five hundred years after the Moscow conquests began in earnest there is still no reason

AMERICAN EXPRESS PRESENTS
A TASTE OF KEEN'S CHOPHOUSE.

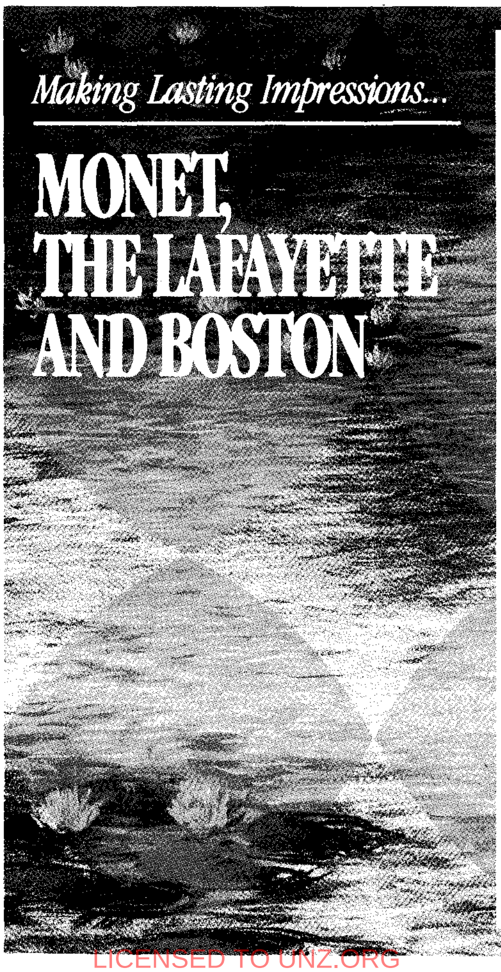

Keens CHOPHOUSE
Menu Highlights
Dinner Entrees
Keens' Famous Mutton Chop
Prime Shell Steak
Prime Porterhouse Steak for Two
Dessert
Deep Dish Apple Pie

72 West 36th Street, New York, NY 10018 212-947-3636

What did Lillie Langtry, Teddy Roosevelt and Babe Ruth have in common? An enduring love of our famous mutton chops. Come taste a tradition, and bring The American Express® Card.

Membership Has Its Privileges.®

©1989 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.


Making Lasting Impressions...
MONET, THE LAFAYETTE AND BOSTON

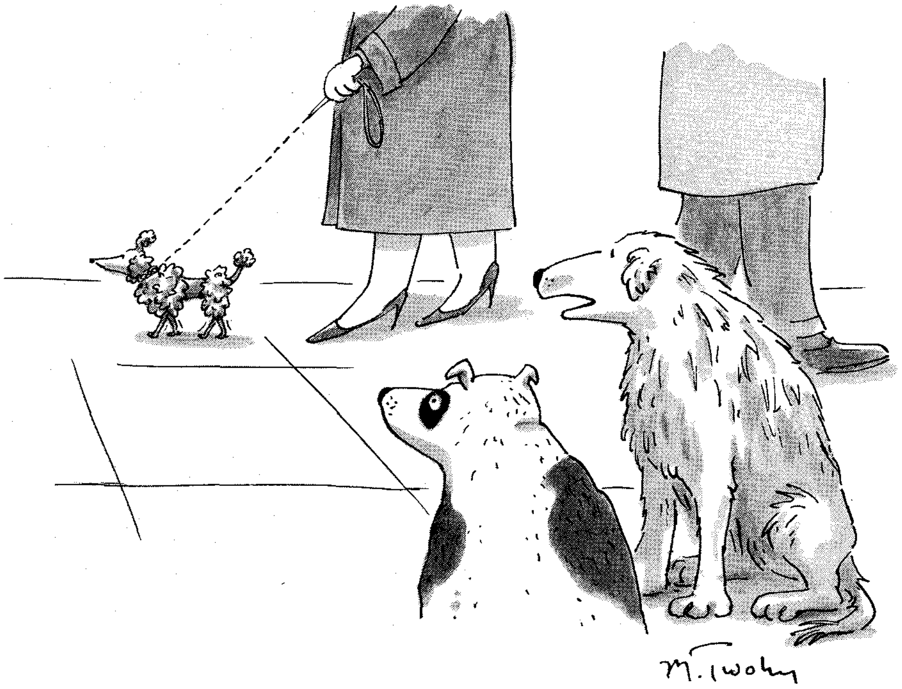
"Monet in the 90's: The Series Paintings" will be on display at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts February 7–April 29 ... and as one great impression deserves another, The Lafayette Hotel has a very special package for you and your favorite person.

Join us any time of the week during the exhibit and receive:

- *Two Nights Deluxe Accommodations*
- *Dinner In Le Marquis*
- *Buffet Breakfast*
- *Two Day Unlimited Use "T" (Boston Subway) Passes*
- *Historic Boston Blue Trolley Tour Tickets*
- *Monet Exhibit Tickets (Afternoon And Evening Tours)*

Only $333 per couple
(excluding tax and gratuities).
For reservations, call (617) 451-2600.

swissôtel
BOSTON
THE LAFAYETTE HOTEL
ONE AVENUE DE LAFAYETTE
BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS 02111



"You can't argue with success."

• •

for the Soviet Union to call itself a country—no national dream, no shared "history," no identity that people can agree on to make them responsible to one another. Some Russian intellectuals believe that restoring the simple meanings to words the commissars have corrupted will cure them of Communism, and some intellectuals from the republics believe that replacing official Russian with their own languages will cure them of Russia and give them back their nationality—by which they mean a kind of ethnic authenticity that others might find chilling as a concept but *they* have come to associate with everything positive and everything politically pure. In Estonia, where there is a long tradition of linguistic scholarship (one of the great linguistic institutes is at the University of Tartu, although, typically, the Russian section and the Estonian section avoid speaking to each other), a lot of the discussion is about the political uses of bilingualism in a totalitarian state. Mati Hint, a language professor from Tallinn and one of the leaders of the Estonian Popular Front, says that the Communists have had a "language ideology" for his country—that they were persuaded that once an Estonian was speaking like a Muscovite he would be a perfectly assimilated Soviet citizen, as if the Communist mind were a bonus of the Communists' language. But assimilation rarely works like that. Estonians (or Moldavians or Ukrainians) living in Moscow might be expected to assimilate—if they had a mind to assimilate—but it is hard to imagine them becoming enthusiastically "Russian" at home simply because some Russian functionaries and factory workers arrived and settled down and proclaimed Russian the official language.

The status of Russian was far from the most oppressive consequence of Russian rule in the republics, but it was often the most contested, being such an evident, accessible symbol of the relation between the ruling Russians and everybody else. Mati Hint became a hero in Estonia when he drafted an Estonian language law that went into effect last year. (He wanted Soviet bureaucrats and administrators and plant managers working in Estonia to be able to speak Estonian, and the bureaucrats and administrators and plant managers complained, because Estonian is a hellishly difficult language, with a Finno-Ugric base, close to Finnish but not to any Slavic grammar, and not much studied outside Estonia, which has a population the size of Houston's.) His law made a fascinating social document, and it was much admired in the other republics. It said that in "addressing" the state you had the right to a reply in the local language, and practically speaking that meant that if you were an Estonian in line at the post office and you asked for your stamps in Estonian the Russian behind the stamp counter had to answer you in Estonian. It accepted, on the other hand, that if you were a Russian buying stamps and asked in Russian the Estonian behind the counter owed you a Russian reply. The politics of language is often about this sort of encounter—about ordinary, everyday exchanges that carry messages of intimidation or humiliation or defiance.

Language, traditionally, has been a way of holding out on the Russians. It was the original samizdat. In Estonia, where there are a hundred and sixty thousand Soviet soldiers—one soldier for every nine people—thousands of Estonians belong to folk-song societies, and they used to contest what they call "the Occupation" by holding concerts in the big amphitheatre outside Tallinn and singing songs that none of the soldiers could understand. The Baltics, of course, have all had some measure of independence in their history. They can point to moments, at least, when they were free, and Lithuania, for one, ruled a medieval empire that cut a swath through Russia from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Making their claims for independence now, they say (with some justice) that those claims have to be judged by different standards from the claims of the southern republics, which were always distinct as nationalities but rarely as sovereign states, or the claims of the Asian republics, with their polyglot peoples and their history of tribal war and slavery. When strangers praise the "integration" in the Soviet Union—and occasionally someone still does, the latest being an Italian diplomat who made a speech about integration and was stopped by hoots of laughter—people in the Baltics want to know if Italy, say, or France would agree to be integrated with medieval Turkmenistan, the way Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania are now. People in the Baltics have always taught their children that Soviet rule could not survive, that the children must "prepare" themselves as Estonians or Latvians or Lithuanians to come into their own countries again—and that the obvious way to start was with their own languages.

But people in the Asian republics,

like Uzbekistan (where Tadzhik, Uzbek, Tatar, Kirghiz, Armenian, and a dozen other languages are spoken), have older enemies than the Russians. They had mastered a politics of language long before the Russians got to them. A Tadzhik in the markets of Samarkand will speak Russian to an Uzbek by way of announcing that he will under no circumstances say a word in Uzbek. And right now in Azerbaijan an Armenian speaking Russian at the barricades is simply refusing to speak Azerbaijani to the Azerbaijani shooting at him. It may be the real failure of Soviet language ideology that so many people speak languages besides their own and yet so few people seem proud of it, or even pleased with themselves, unless one of those languages is English or German or Swedish and is a way of claiming a piece of the West for them. The nationalities regard Russian as a kind of agitprop. They are no more moved by the language of Chekhov or, for that matter, of the song "Moscow Nights" than they are by the language of the collected Brezhnev. They avoid Russian because for them restoring their particular local language to its old primacy is a way of identifying who they are—or, rather, of identifying who they are not—and the beginning of autonomy.

For the Russians themselves, the problem of *russky yazyk*—the mother tongue—is much more complicated. Russians love their language. Russian dissidents used to say that for seventy years there were really two Russian languages, the private and, from the point of view of the state, clandestine Russian, in which reality was acknowledged (Russians would say in which "truth" was spoken), and the Russian of the apparatus, which Lenin might have called a vanguard Russian, deployed, as the Romans deployed their Latin, to shape and control perception so that in the end reality would "belong" to whoever described it with the most conviction and the best grammar. The dissident Lev Timofeev, who was sent to the camps for writing a book about the failure of state-socialist economics, likes to say that Gorbachev's real problem is not *prekrasnye dela*—"brave deeds"—but has to do with his not being brave enough with the words he uses, with not taking words like "socialism," "freedom," "citizen," and "*glasnost*," one by one, and examining them in public and trying to restore to them some of the moral value they have lost. There has not been an occasion for that sort of examination since the nineteen-twenties, and it is easy to see why Gorbachev, who is a practical man—not an intellectual and not notably passionate about questions of semantic ethics—doesn't worry much about providing one right now.

But intellectuals worry. The German social philosopher Jürgen Habermas, describing the coffeehouses of eighteenth-century England, talked about a "public sphere of discourse," and it is a public sphere that Russian intellectuals seem to miss now. There is not much of a tradition in Russia of a space, real or symbolic, where people meet and talk and publish and pronounce, and constitute a "public" that is separate from the state and the authority of the state—a space where citizenship can be negotiated. There are traditions of clandestinity instead. ("In Russia, to converse is to conspire, to think is to revolt," the visiting French marquis Astolphe de Custine wrote in his travel diary in 1839.) Timofeev thinks that right now it is probably easier for a Soviet politician to transform the economy or dismantle the Party than to understand that kind of space and feel comfortable with it, let alone in it. Gorbachev tried to fire the editor of the weekly magazine that had taken the famous popularity poll and concluded that Sakharov, not Gorbachev, was the most popular man in the Soviet Union. (The weekly was *Argumenty i Fakty*, and the editor refused to go.) It was one of the stories making the rounds in Moscow then, like the story of Boris Yeltsin falling into the Moscow River, drunk, in the middle of the night, while he was wandering around Uspensky with a bunch of flowers, trying to find the dacha of a new girlfriend—and later claiming that thugs had followed him to Uspensky and roughed him up and thrown him in. Or the story about aliens—they were nine feet tall and had three eyes—landing in a People's Culture and Rest Park in Voronezh and congratulating everyone in the park on *perestroika* and then departing with a jar of Russian earth. People laughed about Gorbachev's vanity, and talked about how a popularity poll was going to finish *perestroika*, but the les-

1st IN A SERIES
THE VISTA CLARA Experience

At first, you'll notice the surprising contrast of pure luxury against Santa Fe's rugged arroyos and powerful vistas. Next, as one of only fourteen guests, you sense the important yet subtle role our attentive staff plays as your mental and physical stresses naturally melt away.

As the week unfolds, you begin to feel a clarity, a renewed sense of self, and a genuine exhilaration as you return to purposeful action. This is the Vista Clara experience. It may be the most important choice you make for yourself all year.

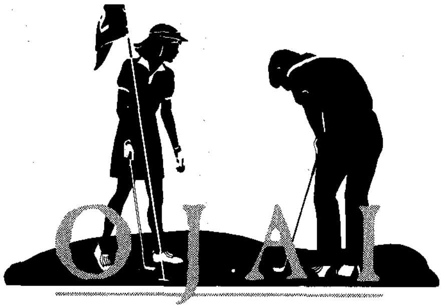
VISTA CLARA
HEALTH RETREAT & SPA
Box 111-G Galisteo, New Mexico 87540
(505) 988-8865
1-800-247-0301

BE ALMOST 2" TALLER!!
SIZES: 5-11
WIDTHS: B-EEE
FINE MEN'S SHOES

Look just like ordinary shoes except hidden inside is a height increasing innermold. Wide selection available including dress shoes, boots, sport shoes and casuals. Moneyback guarantee. Exceptionally comfortable. Call or write today for your FREE color catalog. "MD. RESID. CALL 301-663-5111"
TOLL-FREE 1-800-343-3810
ELEVATORS®
RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. NY03
P.O. BOX 3566, FREDERICK, MD 21701

STERLING CLASSIC
Our Ionic Column Pin. As Elegant Now As 450 BC. In Sterling $35. $3 Shipping. Check or M.O. Brochure Available.
JEFF DEEGAN DESIGNS
22 OVERHILL ROAD
PROVIDENCE, RI 02906
401 831 6246
1¼" tall

GET AWAY
To a land of no people, of purest air and water, the largest trees on Earth, pristine beaches, gorgeous mountain scenery. Untouched, sheltered wilderness island archipelago 80 miles off the British Columbia coast. Canada's Galapagos. Unbelievable marine and bird life. Comfortable, easy-going, 12 days, **ALL** Incl. from Vancouver.
QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS WILDERNESS TOURS
3524A West 16 Ave, Vancouver, B.C. V6R 3C1 • (604)738-4449



LUXURY GOLF AT THE INN

Tradition continues at this legendary resort near Santa Barbara. There's classic golf, tennis on eight courts, health club, two swimming pools & spa, and memorable cuisine savored in historic settings.

LUXURY GOLF HOLIDAY: $139 PER DAY*
Sunday thru Thursday

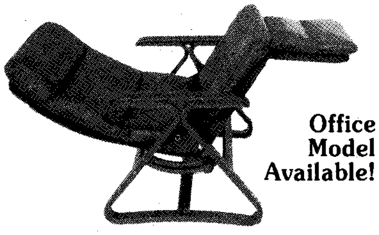
Special Golf Package includes a luxurious room with breakfast, dinner with your choice of menu, unlimited course play, and free range balls. Golf cart, taxes, and gratuities are extra.

$179 Friday & Saturday
*2 night minimum stay - all rates shown are per person, double occupancy. Effective thru 3/30/90 and are subject to change and availability.

OJAI VALLEY INN & COUNTRY CLUB
Ojai, California 93023
(805) 646-5511 (800)-422-OJAI

THE ULTIMATE CHAIR
for back relief and relaxation!

. . .and 25 other products for a healthy back!



Office Model Available!

BackSaver FREE 14 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write
53 Jeffrey Ave., Dept. NYH, Holliston, MA 01746 In MA 508-429-5940

BOSTON BOUND?

Our short-term furnished apartments cater to those not wanting a full year lease but wanting accommodations at attractive rates. We have pleasant, clean, fully equipped apartments, complete with linen, china and kitchenware in the nicer parts of Back Bay and Beacon Hill.

Home Away, (617) 523-1432
66 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108

HILTON HEAD
Island South Carolina
1-800-845-6802
IN SC 1-800-868-4887
Villa & Hotel RESERVATIONS
OCEAN FRONT

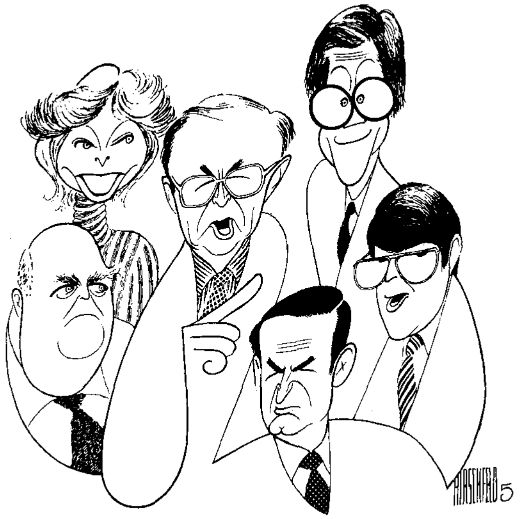
son was plainly that the same man who could tolerate the most unnerving dissent within the institutions of the state, like the Congress of People's Deputies and the provincial parliaments, and even turn dissent to his advantage, was easily undone by a mild slight in a trying-to-be-outspoken magazine—by what social scientists would call a "parallel institution," an institution of the civil society.

THE sessions of the Congress of People's Deputies are taped and then broadcast in the early evening, when most Russians are home from work, and apparently millions of people watch them avidly, on state television. (At first, they were broadcast live, in the daytime; the government started taping after a study showed that productivity had dropped twenty per cent when the Congress was in session.) Televised dissent—even official dissent—amounts to a revolution here, and the Russians are addicted to their new Congress, the way Americans were addicted to Oliver North and the Iran-Contra hearings. The first new freedoms came this way. The follies of the state were served up by the state for what enthusiasts say was the political education of the people and cynics say was the distraction of the masses. There have been terrible fights in the Congress between the selected deputies of the apparatus—seven hundred and fifty men and women from the unions and the various Soviet bureaucracies—and the fifteen hundred elected deputies, with their independent "interregional" faction led by Party renegades like Yeltsin, old dissidents, and leaders of the various nationality movements. The fights are very exciting—very Russian, the Russians say—with a lot of shouting and weeping and joking and kissing and insulting. They are free. They are absolutely uncensored. And the fact is that nothing in the new Russia is working as well, or as smoothly, or is as popular, as those heart-thumping rituals of official conflict. The decision to tape two thousand two hundred and fifty deputies arguing about politics the way people in Dostoyevsky argue about the existence of God and people in Tolstoy argue about the meaning of history, and to broadcast their arguments, seriatim, was right in the Russian spirit. It took the debate going on in the Soviet Union now, which is about the survival of Communism, and more urgently about the country's survival, and settled it into a Russian "talking" tradition—into a familiar, folkloric, even literary, genre. There are dissidents who say that it was less a way of opening the argument to the people than of buying time for the commissars.

Lev Timofeev used to publish a samizdat journal called *Referendum*. He did it with a group of intellectuals he knew—they had formed a local chapter of Helsinki Watch, the Moscow Helsinki Group, in 1976 and had ended up either underground or in the camps or in prison—and he says now that at first it was mainly a case of old friends talking to each other, trying to tell the truth, trying to keep conscience free, trying to keep the habit of what he likes to call "accurate expression." ("The élite of the oppressed," a writer who quit the group called them.) The journal was a homemade, mimeographed affair, with a run of two thousand copies, but Timofeev managed to put out thirty-three issues and brought it up to twenty pages—and then, abruptly, four years into *glasnost*, he stopped publishing for the better part of a year. He says the group had made a decision about language. They had decided that as public opinion "grew"—as the possibility of a Russian "public" grew, and official papers and magazines like *Ogonyok* and *Moscow News* could begin to print the truth, and deputies in the new Congress could get up and tell the truth on television—they would "withdraw temporarily for analysis and reflection," and, by withdrawing, force this new public to fill the "space of accurate expression" and, with any luck, enlarge it. They decided that no one in the Soviet Union should be able to beg off "accurate expression," to leave it to dissidents because truth was something dissidents took care of—something out of the way, in clandestinity—or because in the end people preferred the old Russia, where they knew the rules, to this *glasnost* Russia, where the old rules had been cancelled and the new ones remained to be written. In the new Russia, the freedom that people seized was less a matter of their legal rights than of the indulgence of a paterfamilias with two hundred and ninety million jealous children to satisfy. The idea was that in a "free" society anyone not directly attached to the state, and to the authority of the state, was by definition a dissident.

RIGHT now in Russia, words are totems. Russians—from the *kolkhoznik* on the tractor to the banker at Gosplan and the particle physicist at the Academy of Sciences—are trying out words, and convictions about words, with a kind of incantatory expectation, as if the words themselves had power to summon (or placate) the reality they are supposed to represent. One of the words—the word you hear most often lately—is "market." Russians are believers, and they have decided to believe in the miracle-working market. They wait for the market the way Pacific Islanders used to wait for the strong white god who was going to arrive with the next boat and bring them grace and cargo. They say "market" with the fervor they usually reserve for God, and a few of them still reserve for the Communist Party. They have memorized the canon of the market the way they memorized Lenin at school, and they repeat it confidently, by rote and in reverential tones—though all that most of them know about the market is that it is going to make life perfect. "Of course, it all depends on the market" is the first thing you hear in Moscow from politicians trying to plot their way out of the "post-*perestroika*" (which is to say the economic crisis in the Soviet Union now). The conservatives tell you that it's the market, and not democracy, that will save Russia. The radicals tell you that without democracy there will never be a market. The economists making a case for secession in Georgia or the Baltics say that it's having the strongest market, not the biggest territory, that will "save" Russia, and the economists making a case against secession say that you have to "invent the market" anyway to save Russia, whether you're talking about a big empire with fifteen Soviet republics or a "simple country" of a hundred and fifty million Russian people. It is part of a new litany of the sins of the Communist fathers and the appealing orphan virtues of their sons and daughters, who will begin to make their way westward as soon as the West "stimulates the market" by putting its money into Soviet projects.

The problem is that to have a market you have to have something to sell and someone who wants to buy it, and there



ADVICE AND DISSENT

They're contentious and contagious. They're the McLaughlin Group. (clockwise from left) Jack Germond, Eleanor Clift, John McLaughlin, Fred Barnes, Morton Kondracke, and Pat Buchanan.
Made possible by a grant from GE.

THE McLAUGHLIN GROUP
Check your local listing for station and time.

We bring good things to life.

Exclusively From the
BRITISH NATIONAL TRUST COLLECTION™

NOW...YOU CAN OWN SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S WRITING DESK

AT LAST... One of the world's most treasured antiques has been finely reproduced! Introducing... the *Writing Desk of Sir Winston Churchill* ...a replica of the great 18th century original on display in the Churchill Library at Chartwell.

The great desk (66" x 38") is being faithfully recreated by hand in a very limited edition. An engraved brass plaque of authenticity accompanies each desk.

Only Churchill's cigar burns are missing!

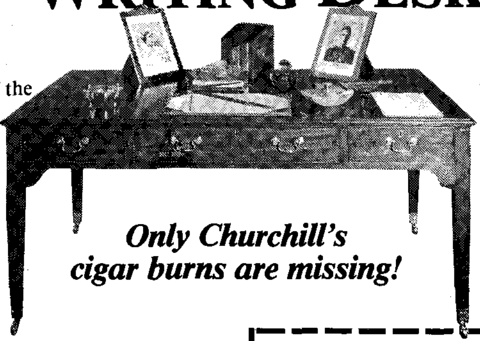
- ***A Fine Reproduction***... of the 18th century mahogany original, including the hand tooled leather top!
- ***Imported. Handcrafted***... by artisans using the same materials and techniques as found in Sir Winston's personal desk.
- ***Limited Quantity***... only a few will ever be made... and because of Churchill's stature as a world leader quick sellout is expected.
- ***Available Exclusively From the British National Trust Collection***... by special permission from the Churchill Family!

Call or Write for FREE details!

British National Trust Collection
77 Main Street, Tappan, NY 10983 A74

☐**YES!** Please send me your FREE literature with full details and pricing information on Sir Winston Churchill's Writing Desk.
Or Call **(800) 631-1362.**
In New York Call **(914) 365-0414.**

Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______
Telephone # ______



are not many people in the Soviet Union with anything to sell, or, for that matter, with what you would call real market experience—brokers or bankers or investors or, especially, producers who have had to compete with other producers for clients or capital. The mystique of the market has nothing to do with a marketplace. When Russians talk about the market, they are talking about everything from a new Communism to whatever government of the left or right they happen to admire. This winter, a radical Moscow historian named Sergei Stankevich—he is a People's Deputy and one of the leaders of a new movement of democratic grass-roots political clubs—drafted a charter for the clubs that began "We the Communists" and went on to call for the "return" of Communism to a market economy, private agriculture, and free political parties. A "moderate" political scientist named Andranik Migranyan—he is a fellow at the Institute of Economics of the World Socialist System and close in his thinking to Leonid Abalkin, Gorbachev's Deputy Prime Minister—started writing about the necessary, long "authoritarian transition" from totalitarianism to democracy (taking for his rather alarming models Franco's Spain, Pinochet's Chile, and South Korea), during which old conflicts would be "harmonized" and market forces would "invent pluralism and deconstruct the old hierarchical structures." For a couple of months, until the fighting broke out in earnest in Azerbaijan and, to an extent, diverted the argument, it looked as if most people with an audience, from idealists like Stankevich to skeptics like Migranyan who seemed to have got their Hobbes straight from Jeane Kirkpatrick, were appropriating "the market" for their own argument. There were not many experts around to contradict them, to tell them that "free-market Communism" is a contradiction in terms (as is "pluralistic parliamentary Communism," for that matter, or Communism where all the farms and factories are owned by capitalists) or that an underground opposition with strong republican passions in Spain and Chile may have had something to do with "inventing pluralism" and dismantling the old hierarchies. The care of the economy has passed from the old "experts," who were the Party fat cats, to new experts who have made their careers in classrooms at the Academy of Sciences—which, from the point of view of the marketplace, is no closer to the real world.

There is virtually nothing to buy in the Soviet Union. Russian industry has been accountable to the Party and to its quotas but not to its products, and the result is that the foreign businessmen coming to the country now come as salesmen, or as developers, or to buy something promising that they can straighten out and sell back, or to recycle the rubles they have made selling something else. They come to a never-never land of consumers waiting for something—anything—to appear and for the chance to buy it. Right now there are twelve hundred foreign firms with joint-venture contracts in the Soviet Union (although the newspapers say that fewer than fifty of them are actually in business). The best newspaper in Estonia, *Edasi,* is going into partnership with the Tartu town council and a Swiss fast-food company that wants to make a market in hamburgers and hot dogs. Robert Maxwell is printing the English-language edition of *Moscow News.* The Red Apple people are going to build Moscow supermarkets. Sheraton is building hotels. McDonald's is building restaurants. The first of twenty McDonald's restaurants opened a month ago, in Pushkin Square (it has nine hundred seats, in the tradition of the K.G.B. cafeterias), after a year when there was talk of trouble and everybody had his own McDonald's-in-Moscow story to explain it. At one point, the rumor, which McDonald's denied, was that the project was foundering because McDonald's had made a deal with the Russians to unload its rubles by buying Russian pickles for its restaurants in Europe, and the Russians had kept on making test pickles "in the Russian way," and had refused to change their recipe, and the only thing that would save the Moscow McDonald's was a compromise that involved McDonald's using its rubles to buy Russian hamburger buns.

Mainly, what the Soviets have to offer here *is* rubles. Their only surplus is their own money. It is not worth anything outside the country, and Gorbachev devalued it for tourists by ninety per cent this winter to end the fiction that it was worth something *inside* the country. (Before the devaluation, a dollar bought sixty kopecks on the official exchange and ten rubles on the black market, which is the market everyone who comes to Russia uses.) But there has been so little to buy for so long, so little on the store shelves, so little coming out of the state farms and factories, that even the poorest intellectuals—an academic with no Party honorariums starts out at a hundred and twenty rubles a month, which is half a factory worker's starting salary—have rubles in the tea tin. There is rarely tea in the tea tin. Tea is rationed now in the Soviet Union, along with sugar and salt, and even soap. The shortages are chronic. They used to be most severe in what is properly Russia, but now there is rationing in Georgia (where the people brag about hoarding for themselves, like a big family) and in the Baltics (where the Estonians brag about having a Protestant work ethic, and the Lithuanians and the Latvians about having a Catholic work ethic), and even in the cities of Central Asia, where the commissars rule like pashas, and are rich with drug money. Ordinary medicine is so scarce that it is hard to find a pharmacy open in the Soviet Union, and the hospitals are so short of antibiotics that surgery is often the only available treatment. Some hospitals cannot even get sterilizers. People with access to the West buy their own examining instruments abroad and bring them, sterilized, to the doctor, and every mother who can get hold of a syringe keeps one at home, in case her children need shots. Foreigners who live in the Soviet Union routinely bring in cigarettes and Scotch and instant coffee for their friends (in most of the country Marlboros are an acknowledged form of currency), but usually what their friends want most is medicine, any medicine—aspirin, cough syrup, penicillin. Important Party people have always had their own hospitals, where the medicine was fresh and the equipment was Western—the way they have always had hard-currency stores and, like the foreigners, charge accounts with Stockmann's, the Finnish provisioner that ships in meat and milk and vegetables, and just about anything else you want, twice a week to Leningrad and Moscow. In most of

Russia, it is impossible to get fresh, pasteurized milk for your children or, say, lettuce for yourself.

THE reformers—in the local political shorthand, Gorbachev's people are the reformers or the liberals or the moderates, Yeltsin's people are the radicals or the democrats or the insurgents, and Yegor Ligachev's people are the conservatives—say that the shortages today represent a kind of attrition, the end of a long line that never led anywhere but failure. They are certainly not celebrating *glasnost* and *perestroika* anymore. No one talks about celebrating. People in Moscow talk instead about their "post-*perestroika* depression." (A doctor I know, who practices acupuncture at one of the Moscow hospitals, says that her patients complain about post-*perestroika* depression the way they used to complain about "Russian soul-sickness.") They say that the excitement foreigners feel in Moscow is the foreigners' own excitement—that it is easy to get excited about *perestroika* when you are eating prosciutto sandwiches and drinking a Montepulciano *riserva* in a hard-currency bar run by an Italian franchise and staffed by friendly and efficient German waiters—and masks the fact that nothing Russian is working in the U.S.S.R., that life for most Russians isn't getting better. The apparatchiks blame Gorbachev for the chaos of *perestroika*, and the radicals blame Gorbachev for the shortcomings of *perestroika*, and Gorbachev's people say that their enemies are sabotaging *perestroika*, inciting strikes and holding back production, and, in a way, all of them are right. But there is not much that Gorbachev can do alone, and not much that Russia seems willing to do to help him. The real sabotage is a kind of endemic indifference and contempt.

Contempt is one of the givens of Soviet life. People accept it, and, to the extent they do, it makes the problems of a bankrupt political system or a bankrupt economy look relatively easy to solve—even when, as critics like Migranyan point out, there is no consensus on basic political and social values, and no democratic mechanism for establishing economic ones. When you travel in Russia, on a plane with cramped seats and filthy toilets and angry attendants and prison fare consisting of pink sugared water in dirty brown plastic cups and chicken necks and chunks of stale bread in paper bags that are held together by rusty staples, you learn something about the kind of contempt the Soviet state has had for its citizens, and its citizens have had for one another, and about the damage this contempt has done and the "soul-sickness" it has inevitably produced. You learn, sadly, that the crisis is only peripherally about shortages, or about nationalities, or even about the sacrifices made for too long by too many people to Communism's domestic and imperial adventures. The country is as labor-intensive as a Hong Kong sweatshop. (Russians like to say that the definition of a job is five people not doing the work of one.) Whatever the other shortages, there is no shortage of people who could wash a plastic cup or put the bread away in a breadbox, or, for that matter, design a pretty pair of shoes instead of an ugly pair, or paint the waiting room at the hospital, or boil the forceps and syringes, or fix the elevator in a housing project full of babushkas who can't make it up the stairs. But when the job counts, even Russians want foreigners. A couple of years ago, a group of American developers went into business with one of the construction companies of the Moscow City Council. They financed themselves by selling long-term prepaid hard-currency leases to foreign companies that needed Moscow offices and housing, and then they and their Russian partners, who have thirty-five thousand local workers on the payroll, hired a construction crew of Yugoslavs and Italians. (For a year, the only change in crew came when the Italian workers brought in Portuguese helpers.) It may have been taken for granted that no foreigner would buy a long lease in a building that Russian workers were putting up, because the Russians were bound to cheat on time and materials, and the workmanship was bound to be terrible—and, besides, the reputation of the Moscow City Council was at stake. In the end, the directors pulled out the Portuguese and put in Soviet labor.

Russia has always been a country of cruel bluff and impulsive, extravagant, fatal gestures—a candy-cane Kremlin thrown up among the raw-wood slums and open sewers of Ivan's Moscow, or a Pushkin card game where champagne and ruin are passed around on the same silver platter, or a feast in

LOSE
WEIGHT
ON
HILTON
HEAD
ISLAND

It's not often that you can enjoy a premier vacation resort while *at the same time* lose weight, improve metabolism, reduce cholesterol and develop a healthier lifestyle. But that's exactly what the Hilton Head Health Institute enables you to do.

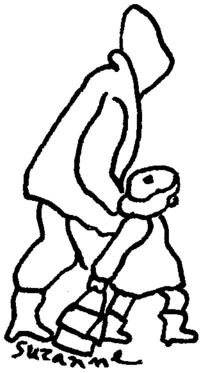
Since 1976 thousands of men and women have achieved long-term positive changes with our Health and Weight Control Programs. Rather than providing a short-term diet and exercise regimen the Institute offers a comprehensive mind/body approach as outlined in our bestselling books which include *The Hilton Head Metabolism Diet, If I'm So Smart Why Do I Eat Like This?* and *The Hilton Head Over-35 Diet.*

For a healthy vacation that will change your life for years to come call toll-free: 1-800-292-2440 or mail the coupon below.

Hilton Head Health Institute®
Valencia Road, Shipyard Plantation
P.O. Box 7138 NY
Hilton Head Island, SC 29938

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
____
City ____________________
State ____________ Zip ________
Phone (______) ________________

Chekhov where the vodka flows and the caviar keeps coming and the drunk dancing bear attacks the guests, and the host weeps because the guests complain. The great public spaces that were a Soviet specialty were displays, really—variations on the old Potemkin-village theme. Stalin's famous subway stations, with their shining tiles and socialist murals and crystal chandeliers, still lead into dangerous, deteriorated neighborhoods. His sweeping parks have grass where no one is allowed to play. His "people's" restaurants hold thousands, but the food is so grim and the service so insulting that "the people" eat fast, looking at their plates, as if they were on lunch shift at a labor camp, and leave as soon as they can get the bill. A welcoming place is almost by definition someplace out of sight, someplace private and unobserved.



Maybe this is why foreigners often seem a little shipwrecked in a city like Moscow, and why the places in which they congregate have a kind of feverish, exotic, survivors' camaraderie. Most foreigners do not know what to make of the Soviet state in its grandiose and intimidating public guises—of the ten-mile streets that were built for rocket-and-tank parades, of the ministries and K.G.B. offices and Party headquarters that overwhelm their neighborhoods like cathedrals in a Mexican village, of Lenin's bright-red propaganda-poster face still running fifty feet up most available walls. It does not seem to matter if the foreigners are Comecon managers and engineers who have been coming for years or Pakistani and Afghan merchants with trunks full of expensive guns and cheap jewelry or Japanese businessmen with orders to buy and a long view. The city around them has nine million people, and those people are always out walking on their way to a line or a job, and yet the city can feel empty. There can be a thousand shoppers in line at the stocking counters in GUM, the department store on Red Square, and the store feels empty. There can be a hundred thousand people in the square itself, and the square feels empty—or, more accurately, *you* feel alone. The city suffers from a kind of mental absenteeism. People seem to survive by turning in on themselves, turning invisible, hoping that no one will notice them as they endure the intimacies of going to work or getting the marketing done or doing business. They do not expect anything very pleasant from their dealings with each other. They joke about it sometimes. They say that, after all, Russians are peasants, and peasants are pigheaded and distrustful, childish in their resentments and quite irrationally abusive—that this is why the waiter locks the door of the restaurant when he sees you coming down the street, and the salesgirl picks up a magazine when you approach her counter, and the train station closes when you are trying to buy a ticket. "We're peasants," your Russian friend will say, and shrug, and look a little sheepish—and laugh. It is the national explanation and, in a way, the national absolution, a sworn statement of helplessness by people who have been so damaged by their own history that they are tempted to use what liberty they have now not for ordering their public lives and commitments but for claiming the privileges of the nomenklatura for themselves.

Gorbachev's "Russian" problem is that for millions of Russians democracy does not mean working harder, or even working together. It certainly does not mean sacrifice. Sacrifice is what Russians had to do for Stalin, and for Khrushchev, and for Brezhnev, and, with some logic, they say that the end of Stalinism means the end of sacrificing. It means that anyone with the wit to arrange it can take a van and "borrow" plates or chairs or punch bowls from the Hermitage for his daughter's wedding, the way only the Party bosses used to, or can smuggle in English sports jackets and American cigarettes and West German stereos or deal in favors like Paris travel vouchers and foreign-currency accounts and dachas in the country, and that it is up to the new, free Soviet state to guarantee, if not provide, protection. In a way, it means institutionalizing the lawlessness that was here before, sharing the opportunities for exploitation and the corruption—which is why Andrei Sakharov talked so much about the urgency of making laws and writing a proper constitution. Sakharov believed that until Russia came under the rule of law, "reform" was simply an extended concept of lawlessness.

RIGHT now, there are three million people working in what Russians call the coöperative sector. "Coöperative," in Russia, is another way of saying "private." It means an entrepreneurial adventure in goods or marketing or services, and has nothing to do with the great coöperative movements of the nineteen-twenties—which is to say with workers owning their farms and factories together and sharing profits. A coöperative today works this way: Three or four or a dozen people get together and decide, say, to produce T-shirts. They cut in the appropriate apparatchik and register as a coöperative, and the apparatchik sees to it that they get their knitting machines and cotton before the state T-shirt factories get theirs, and that a flat or a studio becomes "available" for their factory, and then they hire workers for often pitiful salaries and sell the T-shirts to GUM for twice the usual state T-shirt price, or privately for five or ten times that price, and people pay. People pay because the coöperative's T-shirts come in nice colors (and shrink in the first wash), whereas the state's T-shirts come in one ugly color (and shrink in the first wash). They know they are being taken—in Moscow, people who own coöperatives have been making as much as two or three thousand rubles a day—but at least they end up with T-shirts they wish would last. When you ask Muscovites about coöperatives, they sometimes talk about T-shirts, and they sometimes talk about veal. They say that it costs four rubles to produce a pound of veal, and that the state sells veal for two rubles a pound and bankrupts itself, the coöperatives sell veal for six rubles a pound and bankrupt their customers—and no one seems to have thought of selling veal for anything near the four rubles it is worth.

There are all kinds of coöperatives in Moscow: doctors' coöperatives, so that the doctor who gave you a cursory examination at the state hospital can make a proper diagnosis at home; lawyers' coöperatives, so that you will not lose your case with a state lawyer languidly defending you; grocery coöperatives, so that you can find fresh beets and string beans at the end of the line when you do your marketing; agricultural coöperatives, so that the local Party bosses can get free string beans for themselves; restaurant coöperatives, where you pay with a hard-currency credit card and drink the Georgian wine that never sees the inside of a state liquor store or a state restaurant; secretaries' coöperatives and translators' coöperatives and interpreters' coöperatives for the foreigners who have come to do business in the new Russia and can pay for their services in what the secretaries and translators and interpreters refer to nicely as "golden rubles," which is another way of saying dollars. Sometimes it seems as if the only people in Moscow who have not started coöperatives are the people who have always operated on their own—the taxi-drivers who demand five dollars and a pack of Marlboros to drive you around the corner to your next appointment, and expect to settle for two dollars *or* the cigarettes (and still get rich on what they make from the two dollars or the cigarettes on the black market), or the babushkas who line up at the state vodka stores at eleven in the morning, when the stores open, and wait in line all afternoon, and then, at six, sell their places to thirsty men coming off the afternoon factory shifts.

Most Russians have had their first legal experience of "the market" with one of these makeshift, middleman experiments in supply and demand. But the practice is old. The Party has always done business by selling favors—for complicity, if not for cash—and so has the Soviet underworld, which is an ethnic hodgepodge of a protection racket that everyone calls the Mafia, to glamorize it. In fact, there is a Central Asian Mafia (which deals in drugs and arms, and is said to encourage a lot of the ethnic violence in Central Asia, so that it can arrange to keep the peace in exchange for a measure of immunity from Moscow). There is an Azerbaijani Mafia and a Georgian Mafia and an Armenian Mafia and a Jewish Mafia and, of course, a Russian Mafia. Russian Jews who are trying to emigrate now because of anti-Semitism—there have been mornings when five thousand Jews line up outside the American Embassy, on Tchaikovsky Street, to wait for visa applications—say that most of the Jews who got out before them had to do business with the various Mafias, and put money in the right Party pockets, to purchase the favor of emigration permits in return.

Russians have grown up with these ironies of citizenship. They were given the West as an enemy by policemen and politicians whose own great privilege was access to the enemy's goods and the enemy's money, and often their only reward for complicity or for silence was the chance to flee to the enemy's country. At the worst of the Cold War, the most desirable piece of paper in Moscow was a dollar bill, and the national fantasy was an hour with a shopping cart in one of the dollar shops where the important Cold Warriors bought their Scotch and their stereos, and nobody bothered to explain to ordinary Russians why the enemy was so desirable. Russians who were paid abroad—musicians on tour, say, or writers with royalties—put their hard currency either in foreign banks, where they could never get at it, or in special Soviet banks that kept as much as ninety per cent of it for "taxes" and occasionally released the ten per cent that was left for officially approved foreign travel. (Hard currency buys a seat on Aeroflot that most Russians would have to wait a year for.) The Party used that currency to import luxuries for itself. Everyone knew it. Everyone knew that the measure of success for a Communist was his power to beat the system, to corrupt the system—ultimately, to ignore the system. It is not surprising that that kind of power became the measure for ordinary Russians, too, or that Russian workers, caught in the system still, are sullen and suspicious and unproductive, or that they keep to themselves and rarely smile at a stranger or do a favor for anyone who is not a relative, or that they are impatient and indignant when foreigners come and seek them out and start talking to them about George Bush's faults or Margaret Thatcher's problems—about social cost and social conflict and how nothing at home is perfect. A lot of Russian workers think that George Bush is perfect. They thought that Ronald Reagan was perfect. They know that American Presidents are "for" the market, which to their mind means "for" everybody making money and having nice clothes and taking foreign vacations (though they would never spend a vacation visiting other people's factories). The irony escapes them, but after forty-five years of Cold War most Russians love America and their idea of America. They would be startled to learn that people in countries like Czechoslovakia want to be "European," and to keep America out of their affairs. In America, everyone is an apparatchik, and

"I like P.R., but I want to walk where the kings walk."

The Elegance Of
BROWN JORDAN
leisure furniture

OFF SEASON RATES!

TAKE A TRIP THROUGH OUR CATALOG
THIS WINTER AND **SAVE 20%**.

Free Delivery Anywhere Continental U.S.A.
Worldwide Orders Prepaid to
Nearest Continental U.S. Port
Send $6.00 to Dept. N for 1990
84 page Catalog, Price List and Color Chart

Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______

Roberts
our 70th year
115 East Putnam Avenue/P.O. Box 433
Greenwich, CT 06836 1-800-899-4610
One of America's largest retailers of Brown Jordan furniture.

WILDLIFE T-SHIRTS

Support wildlife by wearing environmental t-shirts. (10% of profits go to environmental groups.) Many designs. $9.95 each. Heavyweight 100% cotton t-shirts in S, M, L, XL, in white, blue, silver, yellow. © Sweats also, $21.45 each. **FREE CATALOG.**

JIM MORRIS PO Box 831 DEPT NC
Boulder, CO 80306 (303-444-6430)
Satisfaction guaranteed. Share the Earth!
86 Jim Morris

WOMANSHIP
Learn to Sail Cruises
for and by women
Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
New England • Pacific Northwest
"Womanship . . . the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."
137 Conduit Street, Annapolis, MD 21401
Annap./Balt.: 301/269-0784 • Anywhere Else: 800/342-9295

GALAPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. 50 Trip dates. Machu Picchu Option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-420-1550
1311Y 63rd ST, EMERYVILLE, CA 94608

can hold up his neighbor for as much as "the market" will bear.

PEOPLE are right to worry about the lack of a consensus on basic values in the Soviet Union. There is opposition to Gorbachev, but there is not an opposition in the sense of a negotiated coalition, a coalition of interests and interest groups acting together. The three or four hundred independent interregional deputies are a mixture of Communist radicals, Marxist idealists, populists, conservatives, social democrats, dissident intellectuals, Orthodox priests, Russian revivalists, and nationalists of varying intensity and ethnicity and persuasion, not the least of whom are fanatic Russian nationalists trying to save the Russian soul from Jews and "Jewishness" with a brotherhood called Pamyat ("Memory"). Those deputies tried to put together a formal opposition this winter, saying that it would be a first step toward "pluralism," but they could not agree on the terms and concessions of a coalition, let alone on an agenda, and there was no provision for pluralism anyway in a legislature where over eighty-five per cent of the deputies had been vetted by the Communist Party and only two-thirds of them were elected directly to begin with. It is probably true that most of the radical deputies prefer Boris Yeltsin to Gorbachev, because Yeltsin is headstrong and direct, very "Russian," and he talks about making changes faster—about having another February Revolution. But this does not necessarily mean that they would choose him for President. Yeltsin is indiscreet, and he has a reputation for bravado. He likes to stir up trouble. He demands more than anyone in power in Russia can deliver. He practices what some Russians call "vodka populism"—which in the end can make the drinkers uneasy.

Gorbachev has had two nemeses—Yeltsin and Ligachev—and to some degree his staying power depended on each of them being more uncomfortable with the other than with Gorbachev himself. People in Moscow like to say that if Boris Yeltsin and Yegor Ligachev did not exist Gorbachev would have had to invent them, because Gorbachev's stand for "reform" keeps him in an acceptable middle ground in the new Russian politics only as long as he has Yeltsin on his left, standing for "chaos," and the old, conservative Senior Party Secretary Ligachev on his right, standing for "repression." Ligachev is the most visible of the Politburo conservatives—not least because he still dispenses patronage in Russia, Belorussia, and the Ukraine, and has a say in choosing the local Party Secretaries. He is all for an "authoritarian transition," but not to democracy or direct elections or the "invention" of private property or the phasing out of the nomenklatura. Ligachev wants a transition back to state Communism and the Kremlin, and he is supported by the apparatus, which feels that with a strong and unconciliatory Party—with the Party that Lenin intended, filling in for "the people," in their ignorance and self-interest, and making the important decisions for them—there would be no independence movements in the Baltics and no fighting in the Caucasus and no Azerbaijani Shiites trying to build bridges across the Araks River to embrace their "brothers" in Iran and no Ukrainians cutting work to chant all day in their churches. He sees the emergency in the Soviet Union right now as a failure of Party power, not as the failure of the Party itself. Every time Gorbachev concedes something—whether it is by saying that maybe Lithuania should secede if enough Lithuanians vote for secession, or by cancelling a call-up of the Army reserve because the reservists' mothers complain about sending their sons into "another" Afghanistan, or by crafting a platform that legalizes rival parties and private property—Ligachev warns the apparatus that Communism has lost a round, or that Russia is weakening, or that Russia's only real problem is the undermining effect of too much freedom.

Russians do not want more adventures like Afghanistan. To the extent that the Army "belongs to" Gorbachev (despite an obvious restlessness among the generals as they start pulling out of Eastern Europe), that the Army is behind Gorbachev, or is staying out of politics, or is sufficiently nervous about being *in* politics but on the wrong side not to be plotting against him, it is because of Afghanistan, and the frustration and humiliation of Afghanistan—the frustration that soldiers felt there, and the humiliation they felt at home. The Army was never despised in Russia for the invasions of Hungary and Czechoslovakia, but it began to be despised for the long war of attrition in Afghanistan, where fifteen thousand Soviet soldiers died. Afghanistan was not a point of pride or entitlement for the Army. It had nothing to do with Russia's ruling the world, or its part of the world, the way the Soviet occupations did in Eastern Europe. Afghanistan did not fit anyone's idea of empire. It was not Europe, which is still a kind of promised land for Russia—the place Russians have craved and emulated and imitated since Peter the Great built his city on the Baltic, the place they look to for validation, despite their posturing about Mother Russia and the Russian soul. Afghanistan was a reminder that at the end of all their imperial adventures was a hostile or indifferent Europe, a two-thousand-mile border with militant Islam, and more than fifty million Muslims in the country itself—eighteen per cent of the population. Afghanistan meant that Russia's problem with Muslim fundamentalism was not merely the Mujahideen next door but the fact that, after centuries of conquest and what the Communists call "ideological recuperation" of the Caucasus and Central Asia, Russia had ended up with a country in which there were more Muslims than Ukrainians or Belorussians or Georgians or Armenians or Lithuanians—more Muslims than anybody but the ethnic Russians themselves. Right now, there is one Muslim to every three ethnic Russians in the Soviet Union. And Gorbachev, juggling the claims of the various nationalities, is in a double bind, impossible to resolve. Letting the Muslim republics go means losing a band of buffer states between what you might call the "Christian" Soviet Union and Turkey, Iran, Pakistan, and the Islamic regions of India and China—buffer states that may be backward and truculent and corrupt but keep fifty million Muslims under Soviet control and under secular, Soviet law—while letting the Baltics go, and the Ukraine, and Moldavia, means losing what from Russia's point of view is the West of the East, with its *sixty* million people, and thus increasing the proportion of Muslims in the country. A Muslim Soviet Union is something that Russians find frightening.

THE Soviet Union was meant to be a kind of America. It was meant to be about an idea and not about

You can build the most beautiful Post & Beam home in America.

What kind of new home do you see yourself in? Traditional or contemporary; large or small; a rambling family place, secluded vacation getaway, or cozy retirement retreat?

Timberpeg's exclusive Post & Beam design system lets you create the perfect home for you. Warm. Roomy. Beautiful to look at. Superbly designed and crafted.

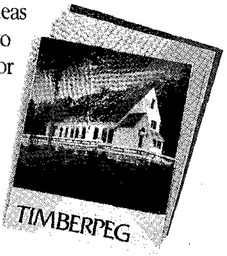
And with the help of your local Timberpeg representative, it's as easy as can be.

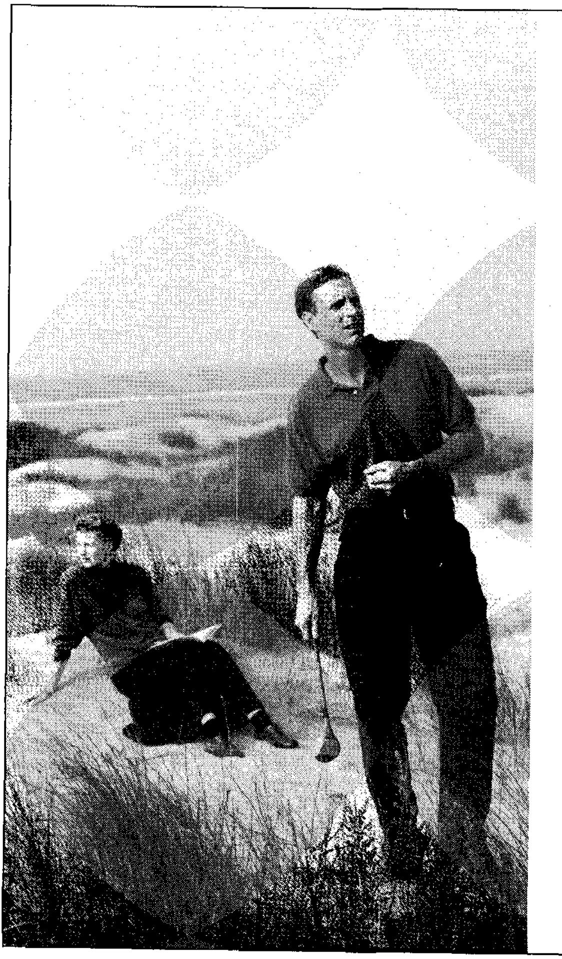
Here's how to begin.

For all the plans, ideas and advice you need to get started, just write or call for our $12 design portfolio (VISA® & MasterCard® accepted). We'll take care of the rest.

TIMBERPEG
The Artisans of Post & Beam.

Box 1500 K19, Claremont, NH 03743 (603) 542-7762 • Box 880 K19, Fletcher, NC 28732 (704) 684-1722
Box 8988 K19, Fort Collins, CO 80525 (303) 221-3355 • Box 70123 K19, Reno, NV 89570 (702) 826-4447
© T-Peg, Inc., 1989





THE BEACH IS ONLY THE BEGINNING.

Imagine living on a private island. With a Pete Dye ocean course underway and chosen for the PGA Ryder Cup. Plus, golf by Nicklaus, Player and Fazio. Come to Kiawah. And you'll come to call it home. Call 1-800-277-7008. Or write P.O. Box 12001, Charleston, SC 29412.

Name

Address

Phone

NY

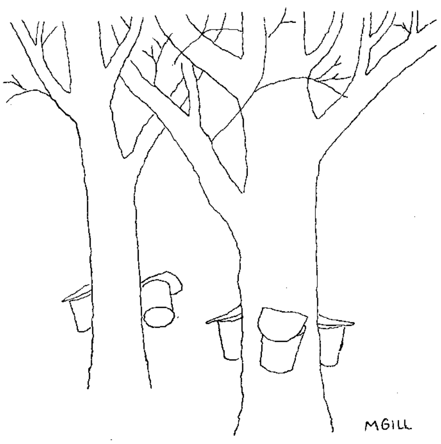
Kiawah Island

Obtain the Property Report required by Federal law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. Void where prohibited by law.

nationality, about society and not about the bloodlines of its citizens. This must have been what made the Soviet Union so attractive to so many people in the nineteen-twenties, what made it an authentically "modern" state, despite its terrible poverty and its stubborn failures. Only an idea could have held the Soviet Union together. Once that idea failed—once ideology was exposed or perverted or corrupted—the Soviet Union could never be more than a police state for the protection of a ruling clique and the containment of people whose antagonisms were atavistic at best and, at worst, genocidal. Once the idea of Communism was gone, there was not much of a raison d'être for the Soviet Union besides power. Freedom seems to have arrived too late for the Lithuanians, say, or the Moldavians to see it as a *Soviet* solution—only as something local, something specifically "national," something connected to an often impoverished sense of who they were born to be rather than what they grew up to believe in. Maybe that accounts for the almost operatic side to the ethnic arguments in the Soviet Union. They seem to have to do with passions from some other century. They seem to have no place in the modern world, and yet they are all over the modern world—and Gorbachev, balancing these passions, trying to calm these family feuds, seems less a President sometimes than a frazzled impresario.

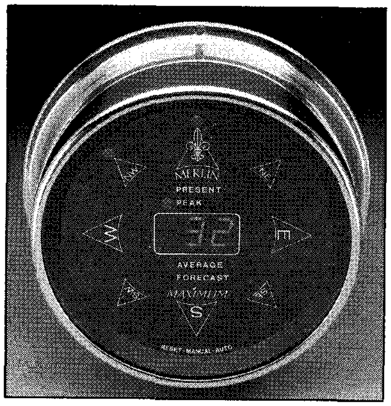
Moscow still belongs to Gorbachev. For one thing, he is *in* Moscow, and he can watch it closely and spend his money there and bring in the people he likes and replace them when they slip out of the proper *glasnost* spirit—when the Party rumbles. In Leningrad, the Party still provides high-school teachers with lists of the children who are going to pass their college-qualifying examinations, and even of what their grades are expected to be, and college teachers still get lists of students who are going to graduate. In Tashkent, the Party still uses textbooks about the West with chapters called "All Work and No Play" and "They Have No Right to a Childhood." A lot of the Soviet Union is like that—a kind of Communist "old country." And when Gorbachev goes out into that country and tests his reputation as a decent man, which is mainly what he has to offer, and begs for time, and in the end backs off, it is because there is no way, really, for him to balance the people's claims with the claims of a Communist Old Guard that has been digging in for a last stand against Moscow, steadily sabotaging *perestroika* by every means from encouraging strikes and slowdowns to actually stopping production.

This has been a terrible winter. The growth rate has dropped from four per cent to two per cent in the past year. A group called the United Workers' Front has been organizing workers against the coöperative movement and the Moscow government, and talks about "restoring the dictatorship of the proletariat." And a lot of people think that even when the Presidency is strengthened, as it is certain to be when the Congress meets this month, Gorbachev will have to declare a state of emergency in order to survive at all. They think that Gorbachev will need emergency powers even to begin separating the Soviet state from the Communist Party—dismantling the Party and the apparatus it supports, and settling the structures of real as well as rhetorical change in towns and cities where today you simply have the leaders of the "revolution of the top" opposing the survivors of the status quo on the bottom. They say that if Gorbachev *is* going to legalize parties, call elections, take land and industry out of state control, and create a political grass roots it can only be by a kind of decree—"democracy by decree"—like *glasnost* and *perestroika* to begin with. The reality now, with everyone appropriating the Party for its convenient structures (from its youth groups to its telephone lines, mailing lists, and photocopiers), is often a mockery of social revolution. Last month, a group of Communist insurgents were debating whether or not to quit the Party, and Sergei Stankevich, voting no, said, "We are not going to walk away from the Party with empty hands and bare bottoms." He meant that, at least for now, the only "pluralism" worth having was *in* the Party, not outside it.



It is mainly Gorbachev's people who argue that a real revolution—a structural and psychological revolution at the grass roots—has to involve giving Gorbachev extraordinary powers. The radicals—Stankevich, for one, and the economist Gavril Popov, for another—say that giving extraordinary powers to the Party Chairman is simply another way of giving the Party a last chance to save its power. Radicals (in and out of the Party) think that revolution at the grass roots has to start at the grass roots. They do not see any other way for the Soviet Union to avoid a civil war, or keep the Baltics from wanting to belong to Finland or Sweden, or the Azerbaijanis to Iran, or the Ukrainians to a mystical "pure" Ukrainian nation purged of everybody but themselves. It may be they are all waiting for the crisis that will draw the bottom line, suspecting that there is no way out of the agony of a dying faith except to let it die, to stop sitting by the deathbed administering "reforms," like last rites. The problem is that they cannot be sure that the new faith is going to include them. There is no real evidence that the Soviet "grass roots" are going to be democratic—not when there are Estonian nationalists talking about a *jus sanguinis*, and Latvians saying how astonished they are that "hot-blooded people" like the Armenians and the Azerbaijanis could manage to get together for peace talks, and Russians in the Writers Union trying to disband the Leningrad branch because of "Jewish influence." There is nothing to guarantee that the young deputies, most of them intellectuals (and many of them Jewish), who are so eloquent about democracy now will be much appreciated, or even tolerated, if, and after, the country falls apart. There is nothing to guarantee that the Party can be persuaded to "save" the country for a while by reforming itself, if not out of existence, then into a new existence—and this, certainly, is what Gorbachev wants it to do. Even now, no one really knows all the passions that Gorbachev set in motion the day *glasnost* was decreed.

A year ago, Gorbachev had leverage. He had Eastern Europe. He let Eastern Europe go, state by state, for



Your Window On The Weather.

Full line of matched weather instruments are housed in 6½″ solid brass cases. Microprocessor-based weather computers display trends as well as current information on wind speed/direction, barometer, thermometer and wind chill. Analog displays also available.

Ideal for home or office, for a gift or for yourself, Maximum instruments are available through select dealers, or direct from us.

Maximum, Inc.,
Suite N03, 30 Barnet
Blvd., New Bedford,
MA 02745
(508) 999-2226.

Free Catalog

MAXIMUM

"A private estate that sweeps all honors as the most enchanting lakefront sanctuary of its kind in America."
THE HIDEAWAY REPORT

THE POINT Experience life as it's meant to be, at this former Rockefeller estate in the Adirondack mountains—private, romantic, and eminently civilized. Luxuriate in front of a crackling fire with breakfast in bed; stroll, ski, or snowshoe across the frozen lake and through hushed hemlock forests; curl up and settle in with a good book; dine elegantly by candlelight in the Great Hall with old friends and new. Discover The Point—endorsed by nine years of rave reviews, and one of only fifteen Relais & Chateaux in the U.S.

THE POINT, Saranac Lake, NY 12983
518-891-5678 800-255-3530

Come to Scotland…
Come to Ardsheal House

Historic manor house on Loch Linnhe in the Western Highlands, now a small country hotel with superb food and fine wines. Write the Taylors for a brochure. Kentallen by Appin, Argyll PA38 4BX, Scotland, Tel. Duror (063174) 227.

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence

Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273 800-845-6966

Western confidence and Western credit, and, in the end, managed the complicated, perilous release of East Germany from its old rulers, and got West Germany's coöperation to the degree that Germans investing in the Soviet Union are now automatically insured by the Bonn government against commercial risk and political crisis. (Americans investing in the Soviet Union have to use English and Austrian subsidiaries of Ingosstrakh, the Soviet insurance company, and have no real guarantees of redeeming their currency if *perestroika* fails or Gorbachev falls.) Gorbachev left the Hungarians blaming the Poles for giving Eastern Europe's economies a bad reputation, and the Czechs complaining about Hungarian financial doubletalk, and the East Germans wondering what to do about emigration that has not been stopped, or even discouraged, by freedom and by promises of reunification—and East Europeans in general trying to accommodate the irony that the regime that met their own earlier revolutions with tanks and soldiers is shaking a finger at them now, lecturing them on democracy like a weary schoolmaster.

Gorbachev was buying time, and for a while he got it. But he has very little left to offer, and, in a way, he is waiting out history now—waiting to recover the costs of Afghanistan and of nuclear parity and of keeping an army in Eastern Europe, waiting for his new Presidency, waiting for the Party Congress to approve his platform, and then for the Congress of People's Deputies to approve the approval, and then, presumably, for elections to approve the approval of the approval, and for a new constitution and a ratification of the constitution, and for all the other creaking procedures of a democratic process. It is obvious that he wants his new Presidential powers ratified as soon as possible—if for nothing else than to keep him in charge, and in the Kremlin, until there is a constitution, and perhaps to keep the country from collapsing. There is not much more he can do without them except continue to barnstorm in the Baltics, and continue to send soldiers to the south, where there is martial law in Tadzhikistan, and nearly two hundred thousand Armenians are under siege in Nagorno-Karabakh, and the Party is still more concerned with its own authority than

NEW!
CHALK WHITE

YOU WANT SUN PROTECTION AND A GOOD LOOKING HAT?

The Duckster Sun Crusher™ offers many advantages:

- Wider brim **All** around. 2 3/4" min. vs 1" on most bucket hats.
- **No Exposure At the Temple**, plenty of shade for side of face and back of neck.
- 4" visor-like reinforced front brim with green underside to **Fight Glare**.
- Poly/cotton fabric is **Cool** and absorbent.
- Stitched eyelets for **Ventilation**.
- **Lightweight**.
- **Great Looking**. Traditional look with enough flare to provide **Excellent Protection**.
- Made by **Duckster**,™ the **quality hat maker**, with Duckster's logo embroidered on back of hat.

Color: Traditional Light Khaki with traditional Maroon Club band. Chalk White with traditional Navy Club band.
Sizes: S(6-3/4 – 7/8); M(7–7-1/8); L(7-1/4 – 3/8); XL(7-1/2 – 5/8); XXL(7-3/4 – 7/8)
Price: $20 + $2.50 postage & handling per order.

For faster service call (615) 886-5189 with Visa or MC.
To Order send check or MO to:

ANDREW THOMPSON CO.
843 Arden Way, Dept. N17
Signal Mountain, TN 37377

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Your Money Back.

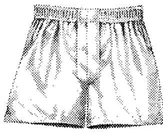
FINE GOODS
Andrew Thompson Co.
of Chattanooga

Any Recording By Phone or Mail

Now you can order any CD, Tape, or LP in print from our 200-page catalog. Send $6.00 (refundable on your first order) for our 45,000 title catalog with $50 in merchandise credits. Subscribers get our Annual Catalog + 1 year of **FREE** updates covering new releases & specials. Absolutely no obligation or unrequested shipments.

BOSE EXPRESS MUSIC CATALOG

Call ☎ 1-800-233-6357 or send to
Bose Express Music, D2, 50 W. 17th St NYC, NY 10011

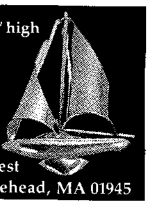


THE BEST UNDERSTATEMENT EVER MADE.

Quality fabrics, colors, patterns. Sea-island cotton® boxer shorts you can't buy in stores. For exclusive brochure:

THE GREEN POND COMPANY®

Dept. GP-2 3060 Peachtree Rd., Atlanta, GA 30305, 1-800-827-POND



SLOOP PIN 1½" high
Moveable main and boom, #10-N,
Sterling: $51 ppd. 14K: $328 ppd.
Gift boxed, satisfaction guar.
MC, VISA, AMEX, ck or M.O.
TORY'S 1-800-67-TORYS
M-F, 9-5, EST
Catalog upon request
106 Washington St., Dept. N, Marblehead, MA 01945

Have You Used
Bon Ami®
Lately?

Bon Ami

"Hasn't Scractched Yet"®

Trust Bon Ami to do your cleaning. The 104-year old cleanser with the chick on the can. It has no phosphorus to pollute. No irritating fragrance. No poisons. Bon Ami polishes away stubborn soil and stains. Doesn't scratch the way rough cleansers and liquids do. Look for Bon Ami at your favorite market.

Or send $1.00 for our
GOOD FRIENDS CATALOG™,
Dept. M, 1025
W. 8th Street,
Kansas City,
MO 64101.

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) 838-4565
or Ottawa
(613) 236-7181

Spring... savor it!
Unwind!
Relax!
Enjoy!
THE TIDES INN
"One of America's Finest Small Resorts"
Irvington, VA 22480 1-800-TIDES INN

HAND MADE IN EGYPT
Cartouche
18 K Solid Gold from $140.00
Sterling Silver from $ 35.00
A talisman with your name in Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics.
Free info. 1-800-237-3759 Visa • MC • Am-Ex • Disc
Or write: Nationwide, Box 8474-1, Pgh., PA. 15220

with the human cost of the violence. Economists say it could take as long as thirty years for the Soviet economy to "recover" from Communism. It is clear that, in disorder and distress, that economy is still the sum of parts that depend entirely on each other—the sum of its domestic arrangements—and one secession could easily bring down the house of cards. Not much else is clear in the Soviet Union. It may be impossible for anyone to keep up with the new names and the new strategies—the Baltics' peace talks, the Presidential state, the Russian revival, with its elders preaching "holy strikes" to the Siberian miners—but it is hard to stop trying. The distance that foreigners kept from things Russian during the Cold War, when life was horrible for them in the Soviet Union and they either withdrew to some acceptable psychological distance or went home, is clearly impossible to keep now. The foreign bankers and businessmen and trade delegates and technical advisers have had a front seat at Russia's "second" revolution, and in a way they are becoming the new Russia hands, replacing the professors who kept a Kremlin watch from Russian institutes at Harvard and Stanford and Columbia. They have watched the beginnings of a political revolution founder because there were no deep economic changes to absorb it, and, as for the few changes that were made, the language of change—the words like "democracy" and "the market"—arrived so far in advance of the reality that the great fear is that the language has become an easy and accepted substitute.

I SPENT some time in the Soviet Union travelling, and talking about change, with an American builder named Bernard Weissbourd, who happens to be the board chairman of a Chicago think tank I often visit called the Center for Psychosocial Studies—a center for cross-cultural research with a strong interest in the public sphere. Weissbourd was gathering information and impressions. He had come to look at some of the emerging institutions of a public sphere, but as a businessman and builder and investor he was getting more and more interested in the economic institutions. He was trying to figure out how you begin to give some sort of market education to a people who, say, sell their wood in Finland, cheap, and buy it back at great cost as paper rather than simply build a couple of paper mills at home. He was wondering what the prospects were for a country whose management model was still the state, and whose economic ethos had to do mainly with ripping off foreigners and accumulating foreign capital and peddling shares in the Soviet economy, like junk bonds, through Western investment bankers. He was interested in how you turn native skills into national motivation, and actually deliver the goods to people—which from the point of view of a progressive capitalist is the only way to assure the people of any power. And he was interested in questions of accountability because this is something that gets to foreigners in the Soviet Union right away—this sense that *no one* is *accountable*.

Weissbourd said that to his mind the real danger for Russia is the danger of being abandoned by a financial world that is supposed to run on accountability. He said that lately the important American financial and commercial institutions (which were burned in South America) were talking seriously about drawing back and concentrating their resources on the industrial countries of the West and the Pacific—on about eight hundred million of the planet's five billion people—and that the decisions on Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union seemed to be pending, and would rest in large part on the performance in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union over the next few years. People like Bernard Weissbourd come home from the Soviet Union and talk about a Third World country. They do it with some shock, because this Soviet Union which is disintegrating so fast and so easily also happens to be one of the two most powerful countries in the world. What they learn in the Soviet Union is how power can be terrible and tenuous at the same moment, and the question they ask is whether there is time for anyone to create something between Stalin's monolith and no country at all.

—JANE KRAMER

•

HAVE YOU MOVED OR PASSED ON RECENTLY?

The Alumni office is always interested in keeping up with you.—*Newsletter of the University of Chicago Alumni Club of Greater Los Angeles.*

Try us in the next incarnation.

AROUND CITY HALL

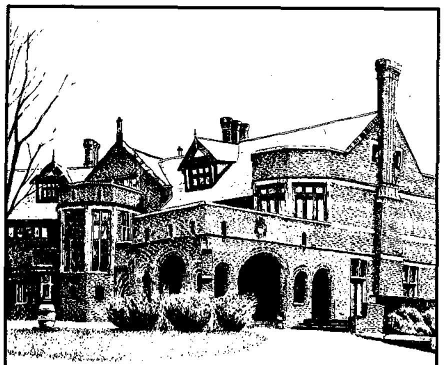
Starting Out

IT was David Dinkins' good fortune that any rocky moments he encountered during his first months as mayor—and there have been some—happened in a season when so much astonishing news was pouring in from other parts of the world that even the most earnestly civic-minded of his constituents had scant time to try to keep up with municipal developments. Every other week, it seemed, news stories bearing datelines from Eastern Europe, or the Soviet Union, or Central America reported some new political upheaval. Often they were illustrated by pictures of long-oppressed citizens out in the streets shaking their fists at their oppressors—pictures that were followed, a few days later, by headlines reporting a shift of governmental power. In this city of immigrants, throngs of New Yorkers who share the ethnic heritage of the demonstrators would gather, often in front of the United Nations, shaking *their* fists, and, if they were lucky, would rally again a few days later to celebrate a faraway victory. Among the very big distractions were local celebrations of the news, datelined Cape Town, of the release, after twenty-seven years in prison, of Nelson Mandela. A large rally at City Hall was presided over by the Mayor—who, like Mandela, cautioned that the release did not mean that apartheid had ended. The ceremony was an especially joyful occasion for Dinkins, the city's first black mayor. It also gave him a brief but welcome respite from the need to answer complaints about the slowness of the appointments to his administration and from the burden of making painful budgetary decisions. After years of an expanding economy, the city, like the state, is having to deal with faltering tax revenues. Dinkins was confronted at the beginning of last month with a budget gap of about four hundred and fifty million dollars in the current fiscal year and a gap of over a billion dollars in the twenty-eight-billion-dollar budget for the fiscal year that begins July 1st. (So far, the new mayor has been living up to his reputation for politesse by not engaging in the familiar political game called Trash Your Predecessors—for whatever goes wrong. In this case it would be Trash Your Predecessor, since Edward Koch, who came before him, was in office for twelve years. However, when some reporter mentions that all the elements of his budgetary predicament were in place when he took office he formally expresses his heartfelt thanks to the reporter for having noticed.) It was under a Tokyo dateline that another big distraction came last month when, on February 10th, the heavyweight champion, Mike Tyson, a native of Brooklyn (Bedford-Stuyvesant), was knocked out by James (Buster) Douglas, from Columbus, Ohio, in what Shirley Povich, the longtime Washington *Post* sports editor, called "boxing's greatest upset."

Not all the recent attention-diverting events took place out of town, of course. There was the bankruptcy of Drexel Burnham Lambert, whose headquarters were only a few blocks south of City Hall. Solemn commentators who had declared that the December conviction here of Leona Helmsley marked the end of the nineteen-eighties, the era of greed, now transferred that marker to the fall of the house of Drexel, the junk-bond specialists. The news pictures of sad-eyed young clerks emerging from Drexel headquarters, at 60 Broadway, and lugging away their boxes of office duffel as they spoke of their now vanished hopes and ambitions seemed to some to symbolize more dramatically than all the accompanying biographies of indicted Wall Street tycoons the perils of having gone to the predators' ball. Other headlines about what some New Yorkers considered major events taking place here announced the ongoing negotiations between the owners of the *News* and the unions over a new contract. If the talks ultimately fail, and a strike follows, it could mean the end of the *Daily News*. "The *News* is really the soul of New York City," Patrick Reilly, of the *Wall Street Journal*, said a few weeks ago. Negotiations have also gone on here between representatives of the owners and the union over the future of a preoccupation that some look upon as the soul of America: professional baseball.

The coverage of these events did not, of course, come anywhere near matching the amount of ink that has been expended on the marital split of Donald and Ivana Trump. When the story broke, on February 11th, Trump was in fact in Tokyo, at the side of Tyson, for whom, in the last year, he has been a promi-

"I'll take it."


Blantyre
A very gracious, very special country house hotel. 23 guest rooms on 85 acres. Exceptional cuisine . . . tennis, croquet and swimming.
Named one of 6 "Favorite Hideaways of the 80's" in the USA by Hideaway Report, and recipient of the "International Welcome Award" 1989 from Relais & Chateau Hotels.
Season, May through November. Please call 413-637-3556 (summer) or 413-298-3806 (winter).
Lenox, Massachusetts 01240

pply. Note/photo a must.
Warm & Beautiful. Exotic nature; very romantic. Looking for lovers of gourmet dining, tennis, water sports, breathtaking views, and life in general. Point Pleasant, at Smith Bay, St. Thomas. A unique and natural resort. Call 1-800-524-2300 or see your travel agent.
Intelligent, sincere, seeks same. A Warm. Super- modest. If

HIKE THE SWISS ALPS!
- *1and 2 Week Hiking Tours*
- *Inn-to-Inn Trekking*
- *Paragliding and Light Mountaineering Courses*
- *Scottish Highlands Tours*
- *Relais, Romantik, Four Star Hotels*
RYDER-WALKER ALPINE ADVENTURES
87 Morse Hill Road, Dept Y
Millerton, NY 12546
(914) 373-7005

"Beautiful Hand Cut Wooden Jigsaw Puzzles"
Intricately cut to order from 5-ply mahogany and personalized with interesting shapes and silhouettes. Call or send for free information.
Elms Puzzles, Inc. (301) 583-7535
8 Beech Leaf Court / Towson, MD 21204

nent adviser. He had planned to have the champion fight next in one of his Atlantic City casinos, and almost as soon as the referee reached the count of ten Trump was seen hustling through the stunned crowd to the dressing room of the new champion. By the time he got back to New York, it was evident that not even the "greatest upset" in boxing history rated the headlines being devoted to his domestic problems. New York's scandals, Mary McGrory wrote in the Washington *Post*, were different from "our scandals," meaning, she explained, those ordinarily attended to by "the people of Washington," such as Reagan's testimony about the Iran-Contra affair, and the "evaporating peace dividend"—concerns that in fact are of some interest to Americans outside Washington, including those in this city. (She did not mention the fact that Washington's mayor had three days before been indicted on eight counts of cocaine possession and perjury. It is possible that in referring to "the people of Washington" she did not have in mind every one of the residents of that seventy-per-cent-black city.) The Trump divorce, Miss McGrory wrote, concerns "excess, which is New York's signature vice." God knows the coverage of the breakup was excessive. A *Newsweek* headline described the Trump affair as "terminally tacky behavior," and then devoted two pages to its tackier details. Soon after the story broke, a pronouncement came from Dinkins' predecessor, who has long been on poor terms with Trump. "Piggy, piggy, piggy! . . . Greedy, greedy, greedy!" Koch once called him. Just the recollection of this utterance can cause intense nostalgia in some City Hall reporters, who increasingly associate Dinkins' polite—and often non-newsworthy—pronouncements with terminal tedium. Koch was quoted as saying that he was on Ivana's side though he didn't even know what that side was. The latest budgetary news out of Dinkins' office didn't stand a chance. Several City Hall reporters, one of them a bureau chief, temporarily shifted to the Trump beat. One cynical explanation for the immense coverage in the tabloids and on television which the Trump story received here, even more than in other places, was (besides its being a local story) that New Yorkers were grateful for a chance to read all about a confrontation that—unless there was anything to the rumor that one of Trump's extracurricular women friends had been Tyson's former wife, Robin Givens—would not require them to make any judgments concerning race, this being a town where the epithet "racist" is thrown around as "Fascist" and "Communist" were in times past.

Dinkins is far slower than his predecessor was in weighing in on issues that are not municipal-government concerns—and surely terminal tackiness is among these. There could be another reason he might decide that the Trump fight was one he would stay out of. In the past, Trump often seemed to encourage speculation that he might involve himself in politics; he would then say that he was not interested. (A couple of years ago, however, he said, "If I were to run for President, I'd win.") Possibly for vaguely political reasons, a year ago he made available at a reduced rate the grand ballroom of the Plaza Hotel, which he owns and his wife manages, for a party in honor of J. Raymond Jones, long known as the Fox, who was the legendary head of Harlem's George Washington Carver Democratic Club and dominated black politics in the city for some forty years, beginning in the nineteen-thirties. Out of the Carver Club came Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., the city's first black member of Congress, and also Basil Paterson, who was the Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor in 1970; he lost. Other Carver members were Percy Sutton, who ran unsuccessfully for mayor in 1977 (he has since got very rich in the cable-TV business); Powell's successor in the House, Representative Charles Rangel, who, as the third-ranking Democrat after the chairman on the Ways and Means Committee, is now the most powerful member of the city's congressional delegation; and Dinkins, who was long a Carver Club district leader. The party was in honor of the publication of Jones' biography, "The Harlem Fox," and a fund-raiser for his charitable foundation in the Virgin Islands, where Jones, ninety years old and confined to a wheelchair, now lives. (A prominent seat was reserved for him at Dinkins' inauguration on January 1st, but he was too frail to make it.) Most of the distinguished Carver Club alumni were at the Plaza

that night, as was Ron Brown, the newly elected chairman of the Democratic National Committee, who is the first black to hold the office. After Dinkins won the Democratic primary last September, Brown came here to congratulate him. At a press conference on that occasion, the two men recalled how in the nineteen-fifties and sixties Dinkins had often stopped by at Harlem's Hotel Theresa, where Brown's father was the manager and Rangel was, for a time, the desk clerk. In 1960, Fidel Castro, visiting the city and assigned to midtown quarters near the United Nations, moved with a large entourage to the Theresa, where he said his people would feel more at home than downtown. Brown recalled the stories about the live chickens being chased through the Theresa's hallways by members of Castro's ménage. The hotel quarters for the event honoring the Fox last year were notably more elegant. The Plaza affair was attended by both Donald and Ivana Trump; they arrived hand in hand. At one point, Rangel asked all former members of the Carver Club to come onstage. Over time, their numbers have dwindled, and he did some recruiting on the spot. "Come on up!" he shouted to Trump. "I appoint you an honorary member of the Carver Club!"—an honor that has not been rescinded. Trump obediently climbed onto the stage and joined the lineup of black politicians who have moved downtown from the hallways of the Theresa to the corridors of power.

VISITORS to the Dinkins City Hall may have the feeling at first that it's the same old place. For example, many of the cops there, who tended to be Irish and Italian, are still around. However, a quiet revolution—with no fist-shaking—has taken place. Someone moving through the halls—many of which are lined with giant portraits of politicians dating back to the eighteenth century, all of them white—now encounters many more blacks and Hispanics than were to be seen during most of the Koch era, when, at least in the case of the people close to the Mayor, City Hall was a nearly all-white establishment. Traditionalists will be happy to find that some things have not changed. The eight-foot portrait of Martin Van Buren, for instance, still hangs over the huge fireplace in the Blue Room, where mayoral press conferences are held. Van Buren, not a well-known name in American history, was endowed with some small celebrity during the last Presidential campaign, when George Bush was frequently reminded that, if history was any indication, it was not easy for an incumbent Vice-President to move into the Presidency, and frequently pointed out that it *had* been done—most recently by Van Buren, who, in 1837, succeeded Andrew Jackson. In his first news conference as President-elect, Bush referred to Van Buren as having "paved the way" for him.

The Van Buren portrait has not been in the Blue Room long. In 1970, the portrait over the mantelpiece was that of James Monroe, wearing white knee breeches, in the fashion of his day. Whenever Mayor John Lindsay held a press conference, there was a danger that the next day's news photo would show him standing below what at a casual glance seemed to be the long, shapely legs of a chorus girl. Lindsay's staff had Monroe replaced by Van Buren, not for ideological purposes but because Jackson's successor is shown wearing dark trousers, in the fashion of *his* day. When Vice-President Dan Quayle called on Dinkins last month, he met with the Mayor not in the Blue Room but in Dinkins' office, where there has been a more recent change of portraits. The two men got on well. "You run a good shop. I'm going to have to take notes for the White House," Quayle said. However, when reporters asked the Mayor, after Quayle left, if he still believed that in his budget Bush had been mean-spirited about the problems of the cities he said, "I'll stand by that." The politician's portrait on the wall of the mayor's office in the Koch years was that of Fiorello LaGuardia, as had also been the case in the Beame and Lindsay eras. In city elections, it is customary for LaGuardia's name to be invoked by virtually all candidates, and the 1989 race was no exception. However, it was Dinkins whom LaGuardia's granddaughter, a city resident, endorsed. Even so, a few weeks after Dinkins moved into the office LaGuardia's portrait turned up in the hallway outside the Blue Room, beside that of William O'Dwyer, the city's last Irish-American mayor. The portrait that now hangs in Dinkins' office is of Paul Robeson. It was in front of this picture that the Mayor and the Vice-President posed for photog-

FIGHT WINTER DOLDRUMS

THE ULTRA-BRIGHT MINI 5,000™

Research at university health science centers demonstrates that Ultra-Bright Light Systems help fight the problems caused by a daylight-deprived lifestyle or environment. These problems include winter doldrums, low energy and alertness, sleep/wake cycle difficulties, carbohydrate craving, and difficulty adjusting to shift work.

The success of Ultra-Bright light systems has been reported in *Scientific American, US News & World Report, Psychology Today,* and on leading news programs including ABC *20/20* and *Eyewitness News,* NBC *Today* show, and CBS *This Morning.*

The Ultra-Bright Mini 5,000 puts the light you need right on your desktop, nightstand, or end table. It's lightweight, truly portable, and wall mountable.

Just 60 minutes in front of the Mini 5,000 provides light of sufficient potency (springtime morning levels) to help you synchronize your body clock with your work schedule and lifestyle – to fight winter doldrums and perform at your peak.

For a **free brochure** call **1-800-LIGHT-25** anytime, or write to Medic-Light, Inc., Dept. NY, Yacht Club Drive, Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey 07849. In Canada call 1-800-668-2110 (in Toronto 782-2740).

Top o' the Cove

As special as La Jolla

Wine Spectator Grand Award Winner
Voted Most Romantic Dining,
San Diego Magazine 1984-88

(619) 454-7779

Sunsets, complimentary

Ordnance Survey

MAPS OF BRITAIN

Ordnance maps for travel or genealogy, to enhance history or literature. Send for our unique catalog. Telephone **(206) 485-2132**

David Morgan
11812 Northcreek Pky. N., Suite 103
Bothell, WA 98011

SOUTH OF FRANCE

Your pied-à-terre on the French Riviera should be La Collette Saint-Pierre. Explore Avignon to Pisa from our secluded 260-acre estate owned by a hospitable Anglo-American family. Five comfortable private apartments, pool, informal dining patios with splendid views and yet only half an hour from Cannes. Brochure available from La Collettte Saint-Pierre, P.O. Box 7543, St. Petersburg, FLA 33734. Or call France directly 94•76•96•79.

raphers. It shows Robeson not in the last, sad years, many of which he spent in exile from his native country, but in the prime of life, looking ready for anything, broadly smiling.

THERE have been other City Hall changes. In contrast to recent New York mayors, who saw sporting events only as photo opportunities, Dinkins is a devoted tennis player, and still, at the age of sixty-two, plays singles as often as doubles. When, before taking office, he announced that he would try to set aside three and a half hours each weekend for tennis, a non-tennis-playing City Hall reporter who wondered how a busy mayor could find that much spare time had to be reminded that Koch had worked out at a gym for an hour every day. There is evidence, however, that Dinkins, celebrated for his civility and lack of braggadocio, regards tennis as an undertaking serious enough to cause him to break some of his own self-imposed rules of behavior. Last September, Dinkins described to the *News* reporter Mike McAlary how the pleasures of tennis can surmount barriers. He recalled, during a visit to Milan, having played "a great game" with an Italian, although neither could speak a word of the other's language. "He sure understood the ass-whipping he got though," said Dinkins, happily. However, even some of the Mayor's strong admirers have complained that it would be nice if his speed on the courts were matched by a celerity in making appointments to the new city government.

As Dinkins moved into his third month as mayor, he had still not appointed commissioners of the departments of sanitation, buildings, city planning, correction, and probation. Also without top leadership were the Human Resources Administration, the Housing and Preservation Department, and the Health and Hospitals Corporation—three of the city's largest and most critical agencies. While the Mayor's slow pace in putting his administration together was often blamed on innate indecisiveness, there is little doubt that it also reflected his sense of the importance of being seen as the mayor of all the people, as he promised to be in his inaugural address—out of conviction and plain good sense. After all, the city's blacks, who gave him well over ninety per cent of their vote, account for only about a quarter of the population. Hispanics, who are only a little less numerous—and two-thirds of whom voted for him—obviously deserve major attention on the appointments lists. But even those groups that gave him meagre support, such as local white Catholics (his general-election opponent, former United States Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, was a white Catholic), have made it clear that, in their view, they're entitled. Irish-Americans have been especially indignant at their small representation in the new government. (Things looked good to outsiders when Dinkins named Carol O'Cleireacain as his commissioner of finance; it turned out, however, that she is Jewish; O'Cleireacain is her married name.) An editorial writer in the local *Irish Echo* was reminded of a distressing precedent. Long ago, when the Irish were the city's most recent immigrants, there were signs all around town that said "N.I.N.A." The editorial asked whether such signs—which stood for "No Irish Need Apply"—were up at the Dinkins City Hall.

Although there has been a clamor from numerous blocs of Dinkins' constituents to be given places near the seat of municipal power, the pressure from his fellow-blacks, now that they finally have a brother in charge at City Hall, has been especially intense. A few days after the election, Harlem's *Amsterdam News* complained about the membership of his twenty-one-person transition team, which consisted, they noted, of "one Asian, three Hispanics, five African-Americans and twelve mainland whites." When Dinkins' predecessors were seen as insufficiently attentive to black hopes and aspirations, local blacks often accused them of racism. When Dinkins chose one of his "brothers" over, say, a mainland white (about a quarter of his major appointments have been black), it was other New Yorkers' turn to use the word "racist," aloud or under their breath. The reason the word didn't get thrown around much earlier in the century the way it is today is that—officially, at least—it didn't exist. "Racism" didn't make the twelve-volume Oxford English Dictionary, published in 1933. It wasn't until 1938 that the word began to be used, in references to Nazi treatment of Jews. Sometime in the late nineteen-fifties, it began to be applied to black-white relationships in this country. Nowadays, of course, racism is a staple of sociological and political (and sidewalk) discourse. Sometimes the sense of the political dangers of the mention of any racial identification is pushed to the point of the ludicrous. Last month, William Manchester, defending his friend H. L. Mencken against the charge of racism, brought by readers of Mencken's diaries, noted in a letter to the New York *Times Book Review* that after Franklin Roosevelt took a public fall at the 1936 Democratic convention he had said, "I was the maddest white man you ever saw"—a remark that, Manchester wrote (surely inaccurately), "in 1990, could lose an election."

Whether or not the word "racist" is thrown around too much nowadays, here and elsewhere, New Yorkers who try to assure each other that race relations are improving in the city often find that the next day's front pages make things look worse than ever. On March 2nd, *Newsday's* banner headline read "2 KNIVES 3 COPS 11 SHOTS 1 DEAD CIVILIAN." David Cotto, a disturbed twenty-year-old in Brooklyn's Sheepshead Bay section who had threatened to commit suicide had become the fourteenth civilian—nearly all of them black and Hispanic, several of them unarmed, two as young as thirteen and fourteen years old—who had been killed by the city's mostly white police force since the beginning of this year. Last month, a black couple affluent enough to buy a two-hundred-and-sixty-thousand-dollar house in Brooklyn's Canarsie section didn't have time to move in before it was set on fire, apparently by someone in largely white Canarsie who didn't want them as neighbors. Even in periods when the New York racial scene seems relatively peaceful, news of some court proceeding will remind New Yorkers that quite a number of local place names have become international symbols of racial violence. The first anniversary of the rape and savage beating of the woman jogger in Central Park looms next month; the process of bringing to trial the band of young self-described "wilding" blacks and Hispanics who have been indicted as her attackers is still in the pretrial stage. When it is suggested to New York's black mayor that the wilding youths are a special political burden for a black official, he points out that within a few days of the crime he had denounced them as "urban terrorists." In the matter of the killing of a sixteen-year-old black, Yusuf Hawkins, last August, by residents of Brooklyn's Bensonhurst section, after he strayed into their all-white neighborhood, a crucial witness for the prosecution from Bensonhurst has suddenly disappeared. (The day after the murder, Hawkins' father said, "My son will never turn this corner again because of the pigment of his skin.") There have been racial confrontations here even in connection with the naming of streets. In February, 1988, a young white policeman, Edward Byrne, protecting a witness in a drug case in a black area of Queens, was shot dead by black drug dealers. ("Did you see his blue eyes?" one of them asked another after the shooting.) Last summer, some white policemen, acting on their own, put up a street sign saying "P.O. EDWARD R. BYRNE Av" near where he was shot. Residents of the neighborhood, including black members of the community board (which had not been consulted), denounced the act as racism, noting that black victims of white violence had not been similarly honored. Eventually, the City Council made the new name legal, with the support of the majority of the community board, who eventually went along, citing Dinkins' campaign vow to bring the city together. A few weeks later, the Reverend Al Sharpton led a march through Bensonhurst and the scene of Hawkins' murder, shouting "No Justice, No Peace!" and carrying signs that read "YUSUF HAWKINS BLVD." The marchers didn't try to hang the signs, however, and so far nothing has come of this project.

The question of racism leads to angry confrontations nowadays in unexpected areas, such as baseball statistics. In the summer of 1988, after an intense study of the numbers, Stephen Jay Gould, a Harvard geology professor, who is white, concluded in a lengthy article in the *New York Review of Books* that Joe DiMaggio's fifty-six-game hitting streak in 1941 was "the greatest factual achievement in the history of baseball." Accusing Gould of white bias, Les Payne, a columnist for *Newsday* and that paper's national editor, who is black, denounced this judgment "not only because it is silly but

Direct

From The New Yorker
Reader Services

Timely Information ♦

Special Promotions ♦

Retail Locations ♦

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line to find out more about the quality products and services listed below.
Call toll-free from any touch-tone phone:

1 • 800 • 284 • 5539

HAIG POINT® on Daufuskie Island. ☎ 30077

Mighty OJ Juicer ☎ 30014

CANADA'S NORTHWEST TERRITORIES
Within reach, yet beyond belief ☎ 30080

bonjour QUÉBEC ☎ 30081

A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE NEWFOUNDLAND & LABRADOR ☎ 30082

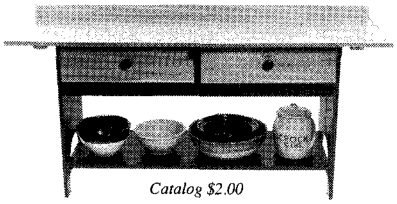
Amtrak® ☎ 30083

HILTON Senior Honors ☎ 30067

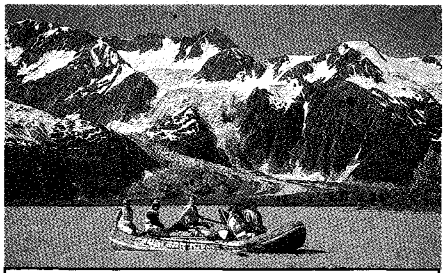
1696 Jonathan's Landing ☎ 30037

Advertisement

SHAKER

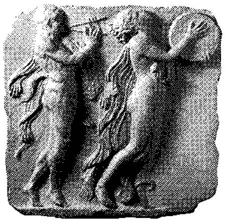


Catalog $2.00
Handcrafted furniture
in the Shaker tradition.
by
Gene Cosloy
Great Meadows Joinery
P.O. Box 392NY Wayland, MA 01778



CANADA BY RAFT
Down virgin rivers in mountains of British Columbia. Untouched wilderness. Sparkling Chilcotin and mighty Fraser. Cruise up coastal fjord, fly over glaciers of Coast Range plus 240 thrilling yet safe miles by raft through cleanest, most magnificent scenery on this Continent. Price $1975; 11 days ALL incl. from Vancouver. **J.H. MIKES, CANADIAN RIVER EXPEDITIONS, 845 CHILCO ST., VANCOUVER, B.C. (604) 738-4449.**

EXCLUSIVE REPLICAS OF



CLASSICAL SCULPTURE FROM MAJOR EUROPEAN MUSEUMS
BACCHIC DANCE • Found in 1776 on the site of *ancient Gabii. From the National Museum,* Naples. 26″ × 27″ $295.00 P.P. in terra cotta or green bronze finish.
GIUST GALLERY
1920 Washington St., Boston, MA 02118
PLEASE SEND $2.00 FOR CATALOGUE

The Adams Family's
Cartwright Hotel
San Francisco
We've transformed our little hotel into a home. Antiques and fresh flowers in every room. Complimentary afternoon tea. One block from Union Square.
$80 to $150.
(800) 227-3844
524 Sutter at Powell, San Francisco, CA 94102

because it is dangerous." He identified as the greatest baseball achievement in history Hank Aaron's seven hundred and fifty-five homers in a lifetime career, which he said was a record "which would not be surpassed this century and possibly not the next." Payne received a large quantity of mail denouncing him for black bias. Wrote a Massapequa, Long Island, reader, "I don't like racism, no matter what color it is." One might have thought that in the hashing over of a championship boxing match between two black fighters, such as that between Tyson and Douglas, the subject of racism would not come up. Two articles in the *Amsterdam News* last month, one of them under the headline "RACISM CLOUDS TYSON CONTROVERSY," declared that the biased reporting of the fight result by white sportswriters, "their faces twisted in hate" for Tyson, came about because they favor Tyson's estranged white manager, Bill Cayton, and "hate the guts" of his black promoter, Don King. A couple of weeks earlier, a writer pointed out in the same publication that Michael Milken, the central figure in the Drexel Burnham Lambert debacle, had arranged in 1987 for Reginald Lewis, the black entrepreneur who is one of Dinkins' major economic advisers, to receive financing which made it possible for Lewis to buy Beatrice's international foods division for nearly a billion dollars. Why, then, asked the *Amsterdam News* writer, had Milken been indicted on ninety-eight counts? ("That fact, in and of itself, made me suspicious.") And when Spike Lee's movie "Do the Right Thing," whose setting was the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, was not nominated for an Oscar for best director or best picture, Lee's comment was "Racism's involved in everything." Some blacks noted that the only actor in the film to receive a nomination was Danny Aiello, who played the Italian-American whose pizzeria young black residents of Bedford-Stuyvesant—outraged by the death of one of their friends at the hands of the police—eventually put to the torch. It would be hard to persuade them that the nomination for best actor of Morgan Freeman for his role as the chauffeur in "Driving Miss Daisy" didn't demonstrate one more time that the members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences—largely white and along in years—look more favorably on actors who play non-uppity blacks than on those who play blacks doing the right thing as they see it on the grubby and violent streets of places like Bed-Stuy.

At City Hall under its first black mayor, the matter of racism is not raised on a daily basis to a depressing degree, but it is certainly on the minds of some who come there. Last month, the papers reported that on a trip to Florida on city business Dinkins had flown first class, in violation of a regulation that requires all officials to travel coach. Dinkins paid the difference between the two fares. He apparently had not known that Koch had regularly booked himself into the coach section and the airlines had routinely, as a courtesy, bumped him up to first class. Wendell Foster, a black councilman from the Bronx, declared that the press was "picking on" Dinkins. Asked why this was, he said, "It's obvious to me." He announced that he favored having the City Council pass a law specifying that the mayor could travel first class, so that the city's first black mayor wouldn't have to ride in "the back of the bus." At the end of last month's press conference at which top officials in Dinkins' Office of Management and Budget presented the tentative budget for the next fiscal year, a black reporter rose to say that he was "not happy about the pigmentation" of those who had explained the financial plan. Several of the city's budgetary experts who were standing near the front of the room were black, but they had not done any of the talking. Dinkins handled this demurrer by gently mocking it. "All persons of color raise their hands," he said. None of the department's persons of color felt obliged to do so. And a few days after Dinkins took office United Press International received a call from a highly exercised local resident. Why, he asked, was a black flag now flying from the City Hall cupola? A black flag was indeed flying there, as, according to City Hall cops, it had flown since the early eighties. It bears the initials P.O.W. and M.I.A., and honors American soldiers missing in action in Vietnam. Presumably, the caller breathed a sigh of relief to learn that it was not a signal that, in a bloodless coup, the blacks had taken over entirely at City Hall.

—ANDY LOGAN

BOOKS

Sad But True

ONE subject has both fired and inhibited Mary Gordon's fiction: the nature of parental love bestowed, rationed, and withheld; its power to warp and to aggrandize. She has struggled with that subject—honorably, tenaciously, and sometimes blindly—in three novels. Her fourth, "The Other Side," is the resolution of her struggle.

The protagonists of Gordon's fiction are children who have been saddled with their parents' emotional bad debts. In "The Other Side," two such children play in vacant building lots primed for construction and unearth "inexplicable and random objects . . . a single shoe, a handbag," which frighten them. The image of those intimate possessions gone astray suggests how an unhappy child first glimpses his bereftness. What probably feels so dangerous and sinister about the discovery is the child's own rage. But the image also inadvertently suggests why Gordon's earlier novels promised a depth they didn't deliver: she built on the lot without excavating it.

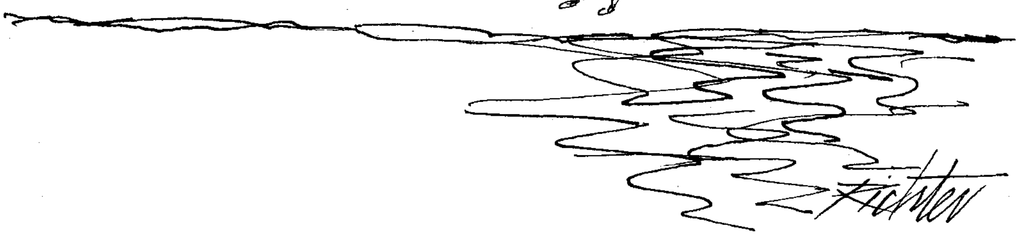
In 1978, Gordon made an auspicious début, with "Final Payments." The novel's foundations are those of a fairy tale. Isabel Moore, an only child whose mother is long dead, has lived in hermetic squalor and incestuous contentment with her father. Joe Moore thinks of himself as a sage among philistines and sinners. The reader perceives him as a devout provincial snob. To Isabel he has been Prospero: "His mind had the brutality of a child's or an angel's." Father and daughter have each successfully destroyed a rival. Isabel's rival is a mean, ugly, and stupid housekeeper with designs on Mr. Moore. The father's rival is his one and only disciple. Three weeks after surprising his daughter and the boy in bed, he has the first of several strokes. Isabel, exalted and relieved, abandons her lover and embraces her vocation:

> I was nineteen; I nursed him until he died eleven years later. This strikes everyone in our decade as unusual, barbarous, cruel. To me, it was not only inevitable but natural. The Church exists and has endured for this, not only to preserve itself but to keep certain scenes intact: My father and me living by ourselves in a one-family house in Queens.

The opening chapters of "Final Payments," in which Isabel reflects on her years of bondage, have the wryness, the bleakness, the comic decadence, the claustrophobia, and the magic of a Buñuel film. From Isabel's "intact," "anachronistic" vantage point, Gordon—like Buñuel, an unpious believer but a fervent moralist—can meditate on the fallen world. But it's a vantage point she rushes, inexplicably, to abandon. The father dies. Isabel sells their dump of a house. She tells an unctuous family lawyer that he can go to hell. She heads straight for the lingerie department of Bloomingdale's, to make up for lost time. And what could have been a brilliant parable about bereavement, lust, devotion, solitude, perversity, and disenchantment becomes a shopping trip for "experience": a vulgar modern bildungsroman.

Gordon's second novel, "The Company of Women," was an orchestral variation on the same theme. Felicitas Taylor is another paragon of learning and inexperience in search of ordinary happiness. She, too, has been reared by a family of parasites which has cleaved her to its bosom while instilling in her a sense of freakish superiority. The family is a cult: the child's mother and four other devoutly Catholic middle-aged women who practice chaste polygamy with a charismatic priest. With one jealous exception, the women dote upon Felicitas, while the priest—Father Cyprian—hones her intellect on the flint of his own sinful pride. "She won't throw her life away on some man," he tells her mother. Of course, Felicitas will do just that. She ventures forth to explore "the sewer of the modern world" (Barnard) and to lose her conscientiousness, and she slinks back home to atone for her transgressions. Her rebellion and atonement, however, are as contrived as Isabel Moore's. They generate scenes of hippie life in the early seventies that fill a dramatic void at the heart of the novel. But those scenes also distract Gordon from the emptiness that Felicitas has been trying to escape: the exhaustion of a child who has "lived all her life between extremes of honor and humiliation"; who has spent her vitality providing happiness for others.

A PROFESSOR of theology once described to me how, as a seminarian, he was taught to meditate: by imagining Piero della Francesca's "Resurrection" one detail at a time, beginning with the foot of the sleeping centurion and working his way up to Christ's face, in intervals of time marked off by the ringing of a bell. Gordon examines the characters in her first two novels with the same sort of rigorous, rapturous, but finally static intensity of focus. She captures their isolation—an isolation they complain about but revel in, no matter what kind of communal life they lead. She has a marvellous ear for their inner voices—what they yearn to say and can't—but not for their conversation. Instead of behaving, they project. And her prose,



Subscribe to LE JOURNAL FRANCAIS D'AMERIQUE, America's largest-selling French language newspaper.

travel to France

News, travel, books, art, cinema…tout en français.

24 times a year for only $31

☐ I enclose $31 (1 yr./24 issues) ☐ Bill me

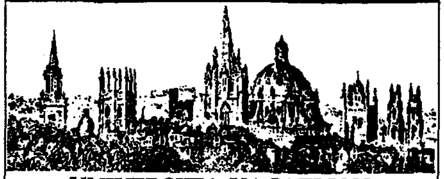
Name ______

Address ______

City ______ State ____ Zip ______

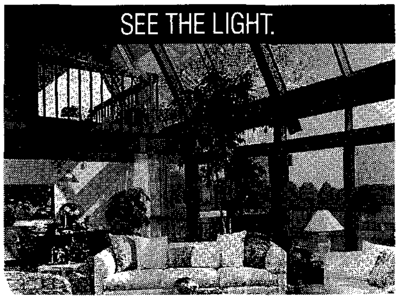
JOURNAL FRANÇAIS D'AMÉRIQUE
Room 104, 1051 Divisadero St. (800) 272-0620
San Francisco, CA 94115 In CA (415) 921-5100

O·X·F·O·R·D
AND CAMBRIDGE



• UNIVERSITY VACATIONS •
Exclusive series of one and two-week cultural vacations for adults. Spring, Summer, and Autumn programs.
FREE BROCHURE. In the U.S. contact:
• UNIVERSITY VACATIONS •
9602 N.W. 13th St., Miami, FL 33172
TOLL FREE: 800-792-0100

SEE THE LIGHT.



In a Deck House, you'll see the light in some wonderful ways. From the warmth and efficiency of solar energy to the elegance and comfort of natural light.

Call or send $12 for your Design Portfolio. Find out why Deck House is being called the most intelligent house ever built. 1-800-727-3325.

DECK HOUSE
930 Main Street
Acton, MA 01720

YOUR ASTROLOGICAL CHART

Scientifically calculated; expertly interpreted. Personal and business potentials analyzed in depth. Insights that can avert problems or help in therapy. Charts for relationships, children, and newborns. Custom-designed charts for beginning new ventures. Use this planning tool. It works. (212) 713-5414

Try the Rockies this summer!

Advance Reservations is your key to Rocky Mountain fun! From guest ranches to raft trips, mountain bike tours to tennis camps, helicopter hiking to golf, we offer a variety of memorable summer vacations. One call does it all!

ADVANCE RESERVATIONS (800)453-4565 or (801)649-7700
Dept. NY, P.O.Box 1179, Park City, Utah 84060

in the first two books, stiffens, plays dumb, waxes hip, affects toughness, or turns precious the way Felicitas and Isabel do when they have to mingle with ordinary people.

After an interval of five years, Gordon published "Men and Angels," whose subject was Motherhood and Art. It was a much richer and shapelier story than its predecessors. But in writing about an expatriate—a turn-of-the-century painter named Caroline Watson—Gordon assumed an expatriate's deference to the language and manners of her adopted country. In "Men and Angels" Gordon pays homage to "Mrs. Dalloway," in part by using her mentor's form: the modern chamber piece for mad and over-civilized voices. The dominant voice in "Men and Angels" belongs to an American art historian named Anne Foster, who, according to a jealous sister, fancies herself Clarissa Dalloway and Virginia Woolf rolled into one. Like Clarissa, Anne is lovely, maternal, benevolent, and happily married. Like Virginia, she's refined, ironic, attuned to the cosmos, and creatively employed. With her husband working abroad, Anne accepts an invitation to write the catalogue for a retrospective that may rescue Caroline Watson from obscurity. Anne's research entangles her with Caroline's heirs and Caroline's human failings. It also provides Gordon with a paradigm for her own project, which is a kind of moral archeology: piecing together an examined life from its discarded and obscure shards.

Caroline turns out to have been an exemplary modern woman before her time. She rejected the shackles of domesticity. She also rejected her son, whose "flesh made hers grow cold," while exploiting him as a model. Anne is a more enlightened—indeed, a passionate—mother, but as the demands of her own work increase she hires a nanny, a girl named Laura Post, who turns out to be crazy. Laura infiltrates Anne's household and then Anne's conscience in a manner that suggests how the skills necessary to art and motherhood sometimes coincide. There's simply nothing about the wretched Laura that Gordon shrinks from knowing or imagining. And Laura rewards her author the way children reward unfatuously devoted parents: by becoming real.

The discrepancy between the reader's perception of Laura Post as ominously disturbed and Anne's perception of her as mildly irritating and spacey gives the novel its tension. Anne's oversight is self-serving, and she will pay for it, but, in both narrative and human terms, not enough. Eager to make Anne exemplary, Gordon exaggerates what's at stake for her, and, beneath its Woolfian exaltation, Anne's mea culpa is a cop-out. "This is life," she muses about Laura's suicide. "What shall we make of it? For it is terrible, and shining, and our hearts are sore. Something dreadful has happened to us; more will happen: terrible, beautiful, there is no way of telling."

But the business of a novelist is to find a way of telling, and in her new novel Mary Gordon finds the way.

"THE OTHER SIDE" starts out as the portrait of a family gathering—the kind about which a cynical voice from a Philip Larkin poem whispers, "Get out as early as you can." Larkin uses street language, bourgeois platitudes, and hymn metre elegiacally. Gordon uses a tired and prosaic genre—the American-immigrant-family saga—for the same purpose: to mourn the awfulness of family life, and the embarrassed silence in which it is endured and which kills the soul.

As "The Other Side" begins, an angry and defiant old woman is dying. Ellen MacNamara has been angry and defiant for nearly ninety years. She was born in an Irish village, where her father was the publican and her mother the madwoman. Having run away to America, she has worked as a maid and a seamstress, worshipped Roosevelt, agitated for unions and social justice, and married a steady and tender fellow-countryman who helped build the subways, and who is now eighty-eight. After a series of strokes, Ellen has lost the power of coherent speech and become violent. Her husband, Vincent, is happily ensconced in a nursing home, and he dreads honoring an old promise: that Ellen will be permitted to die beside him in their bed.

In anticipation of Vincent's homecoming and Ellen's death, their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren—three contentious, embittered, working-class generations—have gathered in the family house in Queens. Ellen has not dispensed her love and esteem fairly among them. Two of her grandchildren, Camille and Dan, have had most of it, while the others have been cheated, punished, belittled, neglected, or just ignored. In the heightened atmosphere around Ellen's deathbed, all of them have an opportunity to examine their grievances and to reflect on their privations and guilty secrets.

Storytelling is not Gordon's strength, but by dispensing with a plot and relying on the novel's strict unity of place to provide its structure she frees herself to do what she does best: riffs, closeups, flashbacks, interior monologues. The MacNamaras may think about themselves in the terms of soap operas and Family Court shows, but Gordon's portraits of them have a classical composure, and even a grandeur. A perfectly rendered solitary sitter dominates the foreground of each picture, and in the background an open window reveals a landscape, or a vignette from the past, or a room where someone else is being married, flagellated, or born.

Perhaps the most striking feature of "The Other Side" is its restraint. Gordon's sentences used to be better than her novels, like the kind of lavish hair which outrivals a woman's face. But the prose of "The Other Side" is matter-of-fact, for the most part, not unlike Larkin's. Or, more precisely, its poetic lushness has been suppressed. In her earlier novels Gordon repudiated the pieties, fantasies, and clichés of Irish-American life or attempted to transcend them. Here she simply discloses their mediocrity and sadness. Ellen's grandson John, for example, is a volatile drifter, who still lives at home at thirty-seven, sleeping on dirty sheets and cursing his parents when they suggest that he get a job, but who, as he sits by Ellen's bedside, imagines that he'll study to become a nurse:

> He checks his grandmother's pulse, as if for practice. He looks up at the IV tube sending glucose to her arm as if he could discern its proper function or its failures, be the one to rightly raise alarm. His sister is a nurse. He likes his sister. He has always liked his grandmother. She left him alone. . . . In his mind, he performs perfectly at two interviews: one at a veterans' hospital, one at a nursing home. . . . Sitting beside his grandmother, he has already done it, gone to school, trained in the hospital. It looms before him, solid as a house, all this accomplishment. Accepting it as fact, he now refines, in great detail, all the particulars.

Out in the hall, meanwhile, John's father, Ray, is puzzling over John's

Make your pet happy, clean and comfortable, with . . .

Pet-Vac™

only $34.95*

- *Pet-Vac works off four C-batteries (not included). The new improved model works without a vacuum bag—dirt and debris are easily removed after every grooming. The unit is made of almost indestructible hi-impact plastic. It is beautifully styled in the shape of a large bone. Pets love it!*

But read this ad for an even better deal!

Your dog and cat are beset by fleas, ticks, and all kinds of dirt that they pick up in their wanderings through your house and through the neighborhood. No wonder they itch, scratch, have matted hair, fur balls and many other kinds of vexations. But, you can bring happiness to your dog and cat with *Pet-Vac*—a modest yet important "breakthrough" in pet care. It's essentially a low-suction vacuum cleaner, efficient and pleasant, with a comb/brush attachment. It grooms your animal while it removes fluff, dirt, dandruff and those little pests and their eggs and nits that cause your pets so much discomfort. They get lifted right off, for a speedy "adios." And your animals just love it. They line up to get "treated" and purr contentedly as you work on them and give them your tender, loving care.

We are one of the largest distributors of *Pet-Vac* in the United States and can bring you this neat grooming aid for just $34.95. But here is an even better deal: ***Buy two for $69.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Make your pet happy, clean and comfortable and keep your home free of dirt, ticks and fleas. If your pets could talk, *Pet-Vac* is what they would be asking for. Order your *Pet-Vac* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **Code #5047 A250** for *Pet-Vac*. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. UPS / insurance: $4.95 for one and $6.95 for three *Pet-Vacs*. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

The start of a lifetime love affair with Italy

"Cornelisen sees and reports all the bright colors of Italian life, but she also sees the harshness, the often brutal clarity, and the fatalism that anchor it. Her life in Florence is wonderfully described . . . her sentences supple and steely."
—*Los Angeles Times*

"A startling, unsentimental memoir . . . with flamboyance and humor."
—*Kirkus Reviews*

"She is a natural storyteller."—*New York Times Book Review*

WHERE IT ALL BEGAN
ITALY 1954
ANN CORNELISEN
Author of TORREGRECA

A WILLIAM ABRAHAMS BOOK
DUTTON
Penguin USA

Government Books & More!
Send for your free catalog
Free Catalog
Box 37000
Washington DC 20013-7000

GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send two dollars for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over eighty subjects.

EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N.Y. 12412

NATIONAL BESTSELLER

60182693248269310

A weathercaster announced a 50 percent chance of rain for Saturday and a 50 percent chance for Sunday and concluded there was a 100 percent chance of rain for the weekend. What should he have said about the chances for rain that weekend?

INNUMERACY
MATHEMATICAL ILLITERACY AND ITS CONSEQUENCES
by JOHN ALLEN PAULOS
VINTAGE BOOKS

Ans: 50–100 percent, not enough information to say

826932436978109965

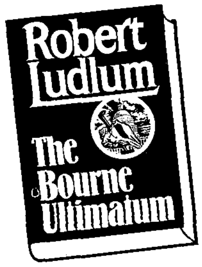
NOW IN PAPERBACK

DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

The New Yorker is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in your classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
25 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036

BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658



- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Reg.U.S.Pat.&T.M.Off.

(800) 626-3333

—THE INN ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD—

A splendid country hostelry in the Chilmark-Menemsha area for 22 adult guests in handsome accommodations on our secluded 100-acre estate. Well kept gardens, lawns & woodland trails encircle the Inn & tennis complex. Minutes away, are superb beaches, sailing, golf, safe bike paths, fishing & horseback riding. Rates include copious country breakfasts, bulging picnic hampers for alfresco lunch at the beach or on the lawn, hors d'oeuvres at cocktail time, and our legendary dinners. *4 night minimum booking - Season from June 27 - Sept. 6.*

-PLEASE WRITE FOR BROCHURE & RATES-

Blueberry Hill Farm
BOX 309 - CHILMARK, MASSACHUSETTS 02535 - PHONE (508) 645-2643

ruin and regretting his own detachment from it. Ray is typical of the men in this novel—or, at least, the Irish men, who are well-meaning but passive and inarticulate spectators in their own families, and are unable to protect their children ("his and yet not his," Ray thinks) from maternal rage.

While Ray mourns for his lost son, John's lawyer cousin, Camille, who hates John's mother, and would gladly prosecute her for soul murder, is deciding that the charges can't be made to stick. John may be a victim of drugs and Nam and bad schools and a tough neighborhood and the anger and passivity in his genes, but he's also the possessor of free will. "The Other Side" is affecting partly because its characters are unique in their unhappiness, and partly because Gordon suggests the existence of another side to each of their lives: a scenario in which it might have been, and could still—but probably won't—be otherwise.

Mary Gordon, like Ellen MacNamara, is descended from a line of Irish women who understand "the pleasures of judgment"; "the lust for it"; "the taste for condemnation like a taste for salt. . . . The reward for hours of exhaustion and for years of self-control." Gordon's pleasure, on the rare occasions when she takes a break from her impartiality, is to indulge in a charming cattiness—a talent for caricature. "I'm the only person in America who really understands Phil Donahue," Cam says to her Jewish lover in the course of a speech to him about Irish "flops."

> He's just mimicking a particular kind of priest. There was always one of them, not the pastor, the assistant pastor, prematurely gray. The middle-aged women always went to him to confession. . . . They felt they could talk to him about birth control. At the parish picnic he walked around with a mike, breaking up fights . . . The women all said to their husbands: Why can't you be more like him?

The fiery, resourceful, badly dressed Cam (it's difficult not to imagine her as Debra Winger) is not only Ellen's pet but Gordon's, and Gordon studies her minutely for a clue to the mystery of what makes one dutiful and clever girl from Queens happy. Cam has a little of Isabel Moore's noble masochism: she lives at home to care for a vain and drunken mother who has been "dying" of cancer for twenty years, and she tolerates a sexless marriage to a hollow man. But she doesn't suffer from Isabel's grandiosity. She isn't waiting to be saved or punished. She manages both to get things for herself—a lover, real estate, a rewarding job—and to do things for others.

The family gathering that Gordon invites us to in "The Other Side" is obviously a deathwatch. But the death that the MacNamaras have gathered to witness isn't as obvious as the demise of their matriarch. It's the slow process by which a child fails to become the person he wants to or might be, and in the course of pursuing a degraded, mistaken, or oppressive self-ideal becomes someone *other*. Camille escapes that estrangement. She is determined to outgrow the vengeful impotence of childhood—a dependence which, when it persists, produces fanatics like John's mother, who obsequiously court the gods' mercy, and delinquents like John, who court the gods' wrath.

It's only after you've finished the MacNamaras' story, though, that you realize what you, a stranger, came to their house to mourn, and here the rest of Philip Larkin's famous poem "This Be The Verse" seems apt enough to serve as Gordon's epigraph:

> They fuck you up, your mum and dad.
> They may not mean to, but they do.
> They fill you with the faults they had
> And add some extra, just for you.
>
> But they were fucked up in their turn
> By fools in old-style hats and coats,
> Who half the time were soppy-stern
> And half at one another's throats.
>
> Man hands on misery to man.
> It deepens like a coastal shelf.
> Get out as early as you can.
> And don't have any kids yourself.

"The Other Side" eventually becomes a wake for all those living parents who are dead to their children. The voice that speaks through Larkin's poem is the voice of one such child, orphaned by incomprehension. His grief and bitterness contend with each other, and the bitterness triumphs. But grief—a real resolution—prevails in "The Other Side."

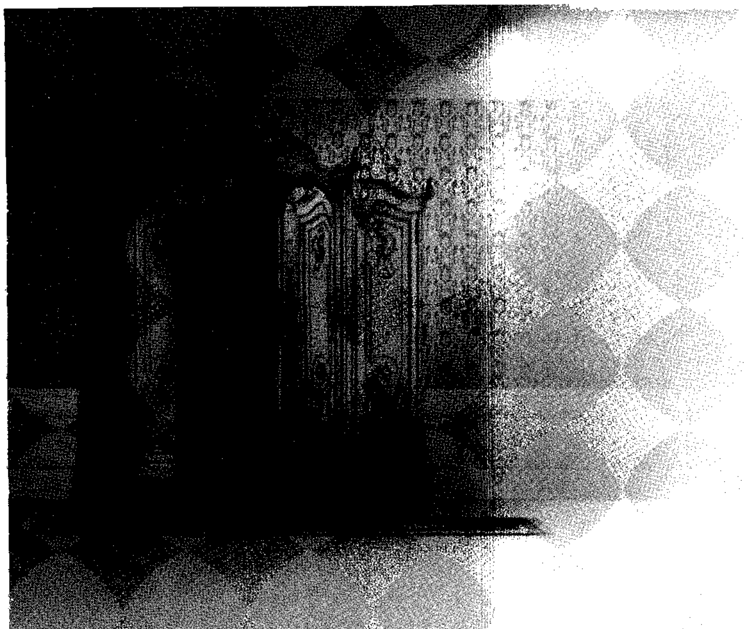
—Judith Thurman

•

English Springer Spaniel

D/L & W/F, 4 years, very attractive, charming personality, enjoy aerobic exercise as well as quiet evenings at home, eager for loving relationship. Your place or mine?—*Adv. in the Roanoke (Va.) Times & World-News.*

Bark if you love fitness.

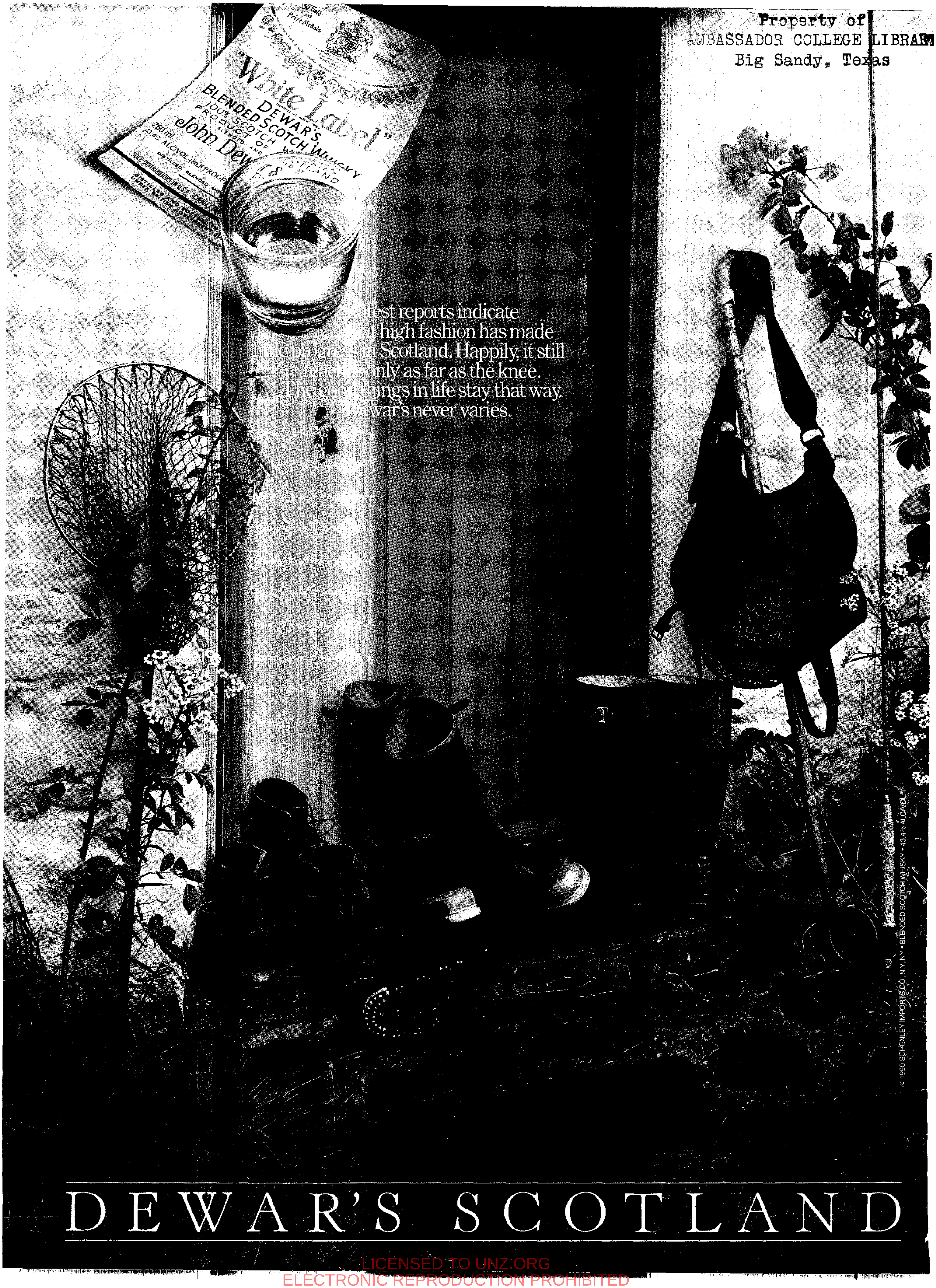


LOUIS XIV. What a closet should be.

A vision of how things should be. It can answer a practical need with a work of art. Or turn the simple act of driving into an extraordinary experience. The Lincoln Continental. One of the world's most advanced luxury cars. You can feel it in the ride of its air suspension. The control of its anti-lock brakes. The reassurance of its driver and right front passenger air bag Supplemental Restraint System. For a free brochure, call 1 800 446-8888. Or visit a Lincoln dealer. One drive and you'll see why most other luxury cars are just ordinary. And why Lincoln Continental is exactly what a luxury car should be.

LINCOLN. What a luxury car should be.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas


"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons
750 ml
43.4% ALC/VOL (86.8 PROOF)
SCOTLAND

Latest reports indicate that high fashion has made little progress in Scotland. Happily, it still reaches only as far as the knee. The good things in life stay that way. Dewar's never varies.

© 1990 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO. N.Y., NY • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 43.4% ALC/VOL

DEWAR'S SCOTLAND